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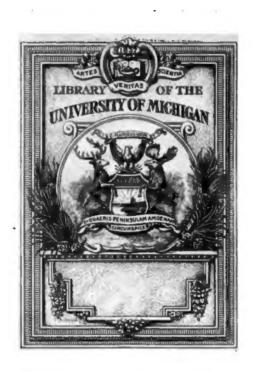
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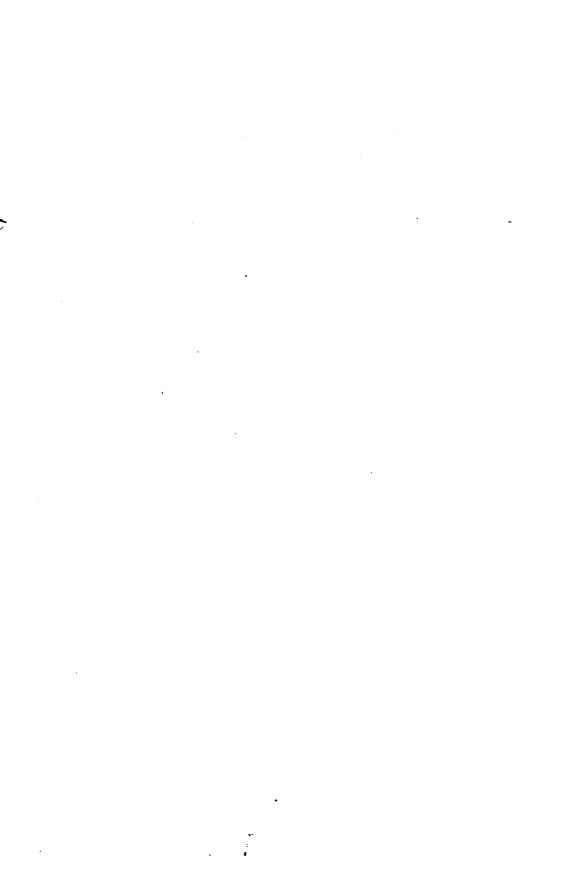
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McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

ILLUSTRATED

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

Volume IV

DECEMBER, 1894, to MAY, 1895



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CONTENTS OF MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE.

VOLUME IV.

DECEMBER, 1894, TO MAY, 1895.

| PAGE |
|--|
| BANK OF ENGLAND, THE. HENRY J. W. DAM. Illustrated |
| CHRIST CHILD IN ART, THE. ARCHDEACON FARRAR. Illustrated 75 |
| CRAWFORD, F. MARION: A CONVERSATION. ROBERT BRIDGES. Illustrated 316 |
| DIPHTHERIA ANTI-TOXINE-ITS PRODUCTION. WILLIAM H. PARK. Illustrated 365 |
| DIPHTHERIA, THE NEW TREATMENT OF. HERMANN M. BIGGS. Illustrated 360 |
| DRAMATIC SEASON, THE. EDWARD MARSHALL. Illustrated |
| DU MAURIER, GEORGE, THE AUTHOR OF "TRILBY": AN AUTOBIOGRAPHIC INTERVIEW WITH. ROBERT H. SHERARD. Illustrated |
| FICTION: SHORT STORIES. |
| AFTERWARDS. IAN MACLAREN |
| HARTE, BRET, A MORNING WITH. HENRY J. W. DAM. Illustrated |
| HUMAN DOCUMENTS: PORTRAITS OF DISTINGUISHED PROPLE AT DIFFERENT AGES. |
| BISMARCK, PRINCE. Twenty-two portraits |
| JOURNALISM, CHARLES A. DANA. Illustrated |
| LINCOLN AS COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF. ALEXANDER K. McClure. Illustrated 253 |
| LORD'S DAY, THE, W. E. GLADSTONE |
| LOTI, PIERRE, THE, OF PRIVATE LIFE. MADAME ADAM. Illustrated |
| MARENGO, THE BATTLE OF, JOSEPH PETIT. Illustrated |

| | PAGE |
|---|------|
| MOLLY MAGUIRES, THE OVERTHROW OF THE. CLEVELAND MOFFETT. Illustrated. | 90 |
| MOODY, MR. SOME IMPRESSIONS AND FACTS. HENRY DRUMMOND. Illustrated. | -00 |
| Two papers | 155 |
| NAPOLEON BONAPARTE. IDA M. TARBELL. | |
| SECOND PAPER. Illustrated. THIRD PAPER. Illustrated. FOURTH PAPER. Illustrated. | |
| FIFTH PAPER. Illustrated | 324 |
| NAPOLEON, THE SECOND FUNERAL OF. IDA M. TARBELL. Illustrated | 504 |
| NAPOLEON, THE TRUMBULL PORTRAIT OF. Illustrated | 234 |
| NAPOLEON, THE WAX CAST OF THE FACE OF. BARON DE ST. Pol. Illustrated | 231 |
| OCEAN FLYER, AN. Illustrated | 295 |
| OUR FIRST HUNDRED THOUSAND, Illustrated | 487 |
| PARKHURST, DR. CHARLES H.—HIS RECENT WORK IN MUNICIPAL REFORM. E. J. EDWARDS. Illustrated | |
| PINKERTON DETECTIVE AGENCY, STORIES FROM THE ARCHIVES OF. CLEVE- | ,, |
| LAND MOFFETT. | |
| THE DESTRUCTION OF THE RENO GANG | 549 |
| THE POLLOCK DIAMOND ROBBERY. Illustrated | 437 |
| POLLOCK DIAMOND ROBBERY, THE. CLEVELAND MOFFETT. Illustrated | 437 |
| PRAIRIE COLLEGE, A. MADAME BLANC, Illustrated | 541 |
| RENO GANG, THE DESTRUCTION OF THE. CLEVELAND MOFFETT | 549 |
| ROCK ISLAND EXPRESS ROBBERY, THE. CLEVELAND MOFFETT. Illustrated | 245 |
| "SHIPS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT," CONCERNING. BEATRICE HARRADEN. Illus- | |
| trated | |
| SKI, AN ALPINE PASS ON. A. CONAN DOYLE. Illustrated | |
| STEAMSHIP: AN OCEAN FLYER. Illustrated | ,- |
| STEVENSON IN THE SOUTH SEA, WILLIAM CHURCHILL, Illustrated | 278 |
| STEVENSON, ROBERT LOUIS: DIED DEC. 3, 1894. SCOTLAND'S LAMENT. A poem. J. M. BARRIE. Illustrated | -06 |
| MR. STEVENSON'S BOOKS. S. R. CROCKETT. Illustrated IN MEMORIAM: R. L. S. Jan Maclaren | 288 |
| STEVENSON, ROBERT LOUIS, PORTRAITS OF | 275 |
| TAMMANY. E. J. EDWARDS. | |
| FIRST PAPER. Illustrated | |
| THREE MEN AND TWO BEARS. Cy Warman. Illustrated | 193 |
| TISSANDIER, GASTON, THE BALLOONIST, ROBERT H. SHERARD. Illustrated | 493 |
| "TRILBY," THE AUTHOR OF: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHIC INTERVIEW WITH MR. GEORGE DU MAURIER, ROBERT H. SHERARD, Illustrated | |
| WIND AT SEA, THE. A poem. MRS. T. H. HUXLEY | |





NAPOLEON THE GREAT CROSSING THE MOUNT ST BERNARD, MAY, 1800.

Engraved by Antonio Gilbert in 1800, under the direction of Longhi, after portrait painted by David in 1805. Dedicated to the Prince Eugène Napoleon of France. Viceroy of Italy. It was soon after his return from Marengo that Napoleon expressed his desire to be painted by David. The artist had long desired this work, and seized the opportunity eagerly. He asked the First Consul when he would pose for him

- "Pose!" said Bonaparte. "Do you suppose the great men of antiquity posed for their portraits?"
- "But I paint you for your time, for men who have seen you. They would like to have it like you "
- "Like me! It is not the perfection of the features, a pimple on the nose which makes resemblance. It is the character of the face that should be represented. No one cares whether the portraits of great men look like them or not. It is enough that their genius shines from the picture."
- "I have never considered it in that way. But you are right, Citizen Consul. You need not pose; I will paint you without that "David went to breakfast daily after this with Napoleon, in order to study his face, and the Consul put at his service all the garments he had worn at Marengo. It is told that David mounted Napoleon on a mule for this picture, but that the General demurred. He sprang upon his horse, and, making him rear, said to the artist. "Paint me thus."

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By IDA M. TARBELL.

With pictures from the collection of the Hon. Gardiner G. Hubbard, who also furnishes the explanatory notes,

SECOND PAPER.

THIRTEENTH VENDÉMIAIRE.

PAUL BARRAS, revolutionist, conventionalist, member of the Directory, was one of the most influential members of the French government in 1795. When he saw the good work Napoleon was doing in the topographical bureau of the Committee of Public Safety, he resolved to be his friend. It was not long before he had an opportunity to put his prolege's talent to test.

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That night Paris was quiet. The next day Napoleon was made general of division. On October 26th he was appointed general-in-chief of the Army of the Interior.

INTERIOR.

At last the opportunity he had sought so long and so eagerly had come.

The first use he made of his power was republic; an overthrow now meant another for his family and friends. Fifty or sixty thousand francs, assignats, and dresses go to his mother and sisters; Joseph is to have "I accept," he said to Barras; "but I a consulship; "a roof, a table, and carwarn you that once my sword is out of the riage "are at his disposal in Paris; Louis is scabbard I shall not replace it till I have made a lieutenant and his aide-de-camp; Lucien, commissioner of war; Junot and It was on the night of 12th Vendé- Marmont are put on his staff. He forgets The very day after the 13th Copyright, 1895, by S. S. McCLURE, LIMITED

| | PA |
|--|-----|
| MOLLY MAGUIRES, THE OVERTHROW OF THE. CLEVELAND MOFFETT. Illustrated. | |
| MOODY, MR. SOME IMPRESSIONS AND FACTS. HENRY DRIMMOND. Idustrated. Two papers | |
| NAPOLEON BONAPARTE. IDA M. TARBELL. | |
| SECOND PAPER Illustrated | |
| FOURTH PAPER Illustrated | |
| THIRD PAPER Illustrated. FOURTH PAPER Illustrated FIFTH PAPER Illustrated SIXTH PAPER Illustrated | 1 |
| NAPOLEON, THE SECOND FUNERAL OF. IDA M. TARBELL. Illustrated | |
| | |
| NAPOLEON, THE TRUMBULL PORTRAIT OF. Illustrated | |
| NAPOLEON, THE WAX CAST OF THE FACE OF. BARON DE ST POL. Hustrated | |
| OCEAN FLYER, AN. Illustrated | |
| OUR FIRST HUNDRED THOUSAND. Illustrated | |
| PARKHURST, DR. CHARLES H.—HIS RECENT WORK IN MUNICIPAL REFORM. E. J. Edwards. Illustrated | |
| PINKERTON DETECTIVE AGENCY, STORIES FROM THE ARCHIVES OF CLEVE | |
| LAND MOFFETT. | |
| THE DESTRUCTION OF THE RENO GANG | : |
| THE POLLOCK DIAMOND ROBBERY Illustrated | 4 |
| THE ROCK ISLAND EXPRESS ROBBERY. Illustrated | |
| POLLOCK DIAMOND ROBBERY, THE. CLEVELAND MOFFETT Illustrated | 4 |
| PRAIRIE COLLEGE, A. MADAME BLANC, Illustrated, | - 5 |
| RENO GANG, THE DESTRUCTION OF THE. CLEVELAND MOFFETT | 5 |
| ROCK ISLAND EXPRESS ROBBERY, THE. CLEVELAND MOFFETT. Illustrated | . 2 |
| "SHIPS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT," CONCERNING. BEAUTICE HARRADEN. HING- | |
| trated | |
| SKI, AN ALPINE PASS ON. A. CONAN DOYLE, Illustrated | |
| STEAMSHIP, AN OCEAN FLYER, Illustrated | |
| STEVENSON IN THE SOUTH SEA. WILLIAM CHURCHILL. Illustrated | . 3 |
| STEVENSON, ROBERT LOUIS DIED DEC. 3, 1894. | |
| SCOTLAND'S LAMENT A poem J. M BARRIE. Illustrated MR STEVENSON'S BOOKS S. R. CROCKETT. Illustrated | |
| IN MEMORIAM R. L. S. IAN MACLAREN | |
| STEVENSON, ROBERT LOUIS, PORTRAITS OF | 1 |
| TAMMANY. E. J. Edwards. | |
| FIRST PAPER. Illustrated SECOND PAPER. Illustrated | |
| AND TWO BEARS. CY WARMAN. Illustrated | . 1 |
| 1 . HI GASTON, THE BALLOONIST. ROBERT H. SHERARD, Illustrated | |
| "" THE AUTHOR OF: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHIC INTERVIEW WITH MR DU MAURIER, ROBERT H. SHERARD, Illustrated | |
| TUP Annua Mag T U University | |

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GENERAL-IN-CHIEF OF THE ARMY OF THE INTERIOR.

At last the opportunity he had sought

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NAPOLEON WHILE FIRST CONSCI. OF FRANCE.

"Bonaparte, Ier Consul de la Rep. Franc " Engraved in 1801 by Audouin, after a design by Bouillon.

the Permons', where Monsieur Permon had just died. "He was like a son, a brother."

This relation he tried soon to change, seeking to marry the beautiful widow Permon. When she laughed merrily at the idea, for she was many years his senior, he replied that the age of his wife was a matter of indinerence to him so long as sne did not look over thirty.

The change in Bonaparte himself was great. Up to this time he had gone about ner, with a shabby round hat thrust down over his eyes, and with curls (known at that time as oreilles des chiens) badly pow-

ments were numerous and intense, he was at ter of indifference to him so long as she



JOSEPHINE, THE FIRST WIFE OF NAPOLEON.

Engraved by Audoum, after Laurent. This portrait, "Joséphine impératrice des Français, reine d'Italie," is surrounded by an elaborate frame of imperial emblems. After the divorce, Josephine's portrait was erased from the plate, and that of Marie Louise inserted.

dered and badly combed, and falling over the collar of the iron-gray coat which has boots." The majority of people saw in since become so celebrated; his hands, him only what Monsieur de Pontécoulant, long, thin, and black, without gloves, because, he said, they were an unnecessary at their first interview: "A young man



NAPOLEON IN 1803.

Painted by A Gérard in 1803; engraved by Richomme in 1835. This is considered by many the best portrait of Napoleon painted during the consulship.

shoulders, and a weak and sickly appear- had more. ance."

But now, installed in an elegant hôtel, friving his own carriage, careful of his person, received in every salon where he cared to go, the young general-in-chief

Barras had used his influence for Napos a changed man. Success has had leon in society as well as in public life,

with a wan and livid complexion, bowed much to do with this; love has perhaps

JOSEPHINE DE BEAUHARNAIS,



BONAPARTE.

Engraved by Bartolossi, R. A., an Italian engraver, resident of England, after the portrait by Appiani.

and before the 13th Vendémiaire he had with whom she since had been on inti-been admitted to the most brilliant and mate terms. All Madame Tallien's influential political salon of the day, that circle had, indeed, become attached to of Madame Tallien. Among the women Josephine de Beauharnais, especially whom he met there and at Barras' own Barras, whom she regarded as her real house was the Viscountess de Beauharnais protector, (née Tascher de la Pagerie), widow of the Marquis de Beauharnais, guillotined on pleasing. A creole past the freshness of the 5th Thermidor, 1794. At the time of youth—Josephine was thirty-two years old his death his wife was a prisoner. She in 1795—she had a grace, a sweetness, a

There was much about her that was owed her release to Madame Tallien, charm, that made one forget that she was



NAPOLBON WHILE FIRST CONSUL OF FRANCE,

"N. Bonaparte, Ier Consul de la République Française"-engraved by Mercoli file, after Dalbe.

irritable. By nature she was the perfection. Madame Tallien's circle, of ease and repose.

not beautiful, even when she was beside with her style, and skilful enough to use such brilliant women as Madame Tallien the arts of the toilet to conceal defects and Madame Récamier. It was never pos- which care and age had brought, the Vissible to surprise her in an attitude that was countess de Beauharnais was altogether not graceful. She was never ruffled nor one of the most fascinating women in

Napoleon was attracted to her from the Artist enough to dress in chinging stuffs first; but by her station, her elegance, her made simply, which harmonized perfectly influence, she seemed inaccessible to him.



NAPOLEON WHILE FIRST CONSUL OF FRANCE.

"Bonaparte, premier Consul"-designed and engraved by Chataignier.

Indeed, it was after he had known Josephine talents which will secure advancement;

said to him, "You should marry Madame Josephine was distressed. Barras was de Beauharnais. You have a position and her protector. She felt the wisdom of

some time that he sought the hand of the widow Permon.

Though he dared not tell her his love, it gives weight," and he asked permission all his circle knew of it, and Barras at last to negotiate the affair.



NAPOLEON IN 1802

"Bounaparte" drawn from the life by T. Phillips, Esq., R.A., in 1802. Engraved by Edwards.



NAPOLEON.

Engraved by J. B. Massard after J. H. Point. Below the portrait is printed in French and English the following legend

his advice, but Napoleon frightened and wearied her by the violence of his love. A letter of hers, written at this stage of the affair, shows admirably her feelings:

"'Do you like him?' you ask. No; I do not. 'You dislike him, then?' you say. Not at all; but I am in a lukewarm state that troubles me, and which in religion is considered more difficult to manage than unbelief itself, and that is why I need your advice, which will give strength to my feeble nature. To take any positive step has always seemed most fatiguing to my creole nonchalance. I have always found it far easier to yield to the wishes of others.

"I admire the courage of the General, the extent of his information (for he speaks equally well on all subjects), the vivacity of his wit, and the quick intelligence which enables him to grasp the thoughts of others almost before they are expressed; but I am terrified, I admit, at the empire be seems to exercise over all about him. His keen gaze has an inexplicable something which impresses even our Directors; judge, then, if he is not likely to intimidate a woman. In short, just that which ought to please me-the strength of a passion of which he speaks with an energy that permits no doubt of his sincerity-is precisely that which arrests the consent that often hovers on my lips.

Having passed my première jeunesse, can I hope to preserve for any length of time this violent tendemess, which in the General amounts almost to delirium? If when we are married he should cease to love me, would he not reproach me for what I had allowed him to do? Would he not regret a more brilliant marriage that he might have made? What, then, could I say? What could I do? Nothing but weep.

"Barras declares that if I will marry the General he will certainly secure for him the command of the Army of Italy. Yesterday Bonaparte, in speaking of this favor, which has excited a murmur of discontent in his brother officers, even though not yet granted, said to me: 'Do they think that I need protection to rise? They will be glad enough some day if I grant them mine. My sword is at my side, and with it I can go far.'

"What do you say of this certainty of success? Is it not a proof of self-confidence that is almost ridiculous? A general of brigade protecting the heads of government! I feel that it is; and yet this preposterous assurance affects me to such a degree that I can believe everything may be possible

[&]quot; His name will be renowned through all Europe and Egypt for his valor in combat, and yet more so for his wisdom in counsel"



NAPOLE N WHILE PIRST CONS. L. OF RANGE

"Napoleon Bonaparte, Premier Consul de la République Française" engraved by an English engraver, Dickinson, after a portrait by Gros. The original picture was given to the Second Consul, Cambacérès, by the First Consul, Bonaparte

to this man, and with his imagination, who can tell

what he may be tempted to undertake?
"But for this marriage, which wornes me, I should be very gay in spite of many other things; but until this is settled one way or another, I shall torment myself."

In spite of her doubts she yielded at last, been appointed commander-in-chief of the Army of Italy, and two days later he left his wife for his post.

NAPOLEON'S LOVE FOR HIS WIFE.

From every station on his route he wrote her passionate letters:

"Every moment takes me farther from you, and every moment I feel less able to be away from you. You are ever in my thoughts; my fancy tires itself and on the 9th of March, 1796, they were in trying to imagine what you are doing If I pict-married. Shortly before, Napoleon had ure you sad, my heart is wrung and my grief is increased. If you are happy and merry with your friends, I blame you for so soon forgetting the painful three days' separation; in that case you are frivolous and destitute of deep feeling. As you see, I



NAPOLEON WHILE FIRST CONSUL OF FRANCE,

"Napoleon Bonaparte, Ier Consul de France" below the portrait is the following legend : Philosophe profond, invincible Cuerrier, L'Olive sur sus front embellit le Laurier.

am hard to please. . . . When any one asks me if I have slept well, I feel that I cannot answer until a messenger brings me word that you have rested well. The illnesses and anger of men affect me only so far as I think they may affect you."

From Italy he writes:

"My only Josephine, away from you there is no happiness, away from you, the world is a desert in which I stand alone, with no chance of tasting the



BONAPARTE: APPOINTED COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE ARMY OF ITALY IN PEBRUARY, 2796, AND OF THE ARMY OF ENGLAND IN DECEMBER, 1797.

"Buonaparte, nommé général en chef de l'armée d'Italie en ventose An IV., puis général en chef de l'armée d'Angleterre, en frimaire An VI" Engraved by Tassaert in 1798, after the portrait of Appiani.

delicious joy of pouring out my heart. You have robbed me of more than my soul, you are the sole thought of my life. If I am worn out by all the torments of events, and fear the issue, if men disgust me, if I am ready to curse life, I place my hand on my heart; your image is beating there I look at it, and love is for me perfect happiness; and everything is smiling, except the time that I see myself absent from my love."

THE CONDITION OF THE ARMY OF ITALY.

But Napoleon had much to occupy him besides his separation from Josephine. Extraordinary difficulties surrounded his new post. Neither the generals nor the men knew anything of their new commander



JOACHIM MURAT (1771-1815)

Engraved by Ruotte, after Gros. Murat was born in 1771, in the department of Lot. He was destined for the church, but abandoned the seminary for the army. Exalted revolutionist, he sought to change his name from Murat to Marat after the death of the ami du peuple. In 1795 he was in Paris, idle, when he made the acquaintance of Napoleon When Barras called Napoleon to the defence of the convention, the 13th Vendémiaire, Murat was asked to aid, and for his services he was given a command in the army, and made an aide-de camp of Napoleon in Italy His valor in the first battles of the campaign, Montenotte, Ceva, Dego, and Mondovi, was rewarded by sending him to Paris with the first flags captured. Throughout the rest of the Italian campaign he continued to distinguish himself. In 1708 he went to Egypt. He made a brilliant cavalry charge at the battle of the Pyramids, was the first in the assault on St Jean d'Acre, and himself took Mustapha-Pacha prisoner at the battle of Aboukir He aided in the 18th Brumaire, and was rewarded with the command of the consular guard and the hand of Caroline Bonaparte. At Marengo be led the French cavalry, and was afterwards made governor of the Cisalpine Republic. In 1804 he was made a marshal of France, and in 1805 grand admiral, with the title of prince. He commanded the cavalry of the Grand Army in the campaign of 1805, and after Austerlitz was made grand-duke of Berg and Cleves. Murat led the cavalry at Jena, Bylau, and Friedland, and in 1808 was made general-in-chief of the French armies in Spain. Soon after he became king of Naples under the title of King Joachim Napoleon. Murat was greatly loved as a king, and effected many reforms in his kingdom. He was present in the

has he served? No one knows anything tioned, offered to present his comrades, about him," wrote Junot's father when "I run," he says, "full of eagerness and the latter at Toulon decided to follow his joy; the salon opens; I am about to spring artillery commander.

same questions, and the Directory could only answer as Junot had done: "As far whom nature is avaricious, and that she permits upon the earth only from age to age."

He was to replace a commander-in-chief who had sneered at his plans for an Italian campaign and might be expected to put obstacles in his way. He was to take an army which was in the last stages of poverty and discouragement. Their garments were in rags. Even the officers were so at the palace of a marquise, he was obliged to go in shoes without soles and tied on They had by cords carefully blacked. provisions for only a month, and half rations at that. The Piedmontese called them the "rag heroes."

Worse than their poverty was their inactivity. "For three years they had fired off their guns in Italy only because war was going on, and not for any especial object—only to satisfy their consciences." Discontent was such that counter-revolution gained ground daily. One company had even taken the name of Dauphin, and royalist songs were heard in camp.

Napoleon saw at a glance all these difficulties, and set himself to conquer them. With his generals he was reserved and severe. "It was necessary," he explained afterward, "in order to command men so much older than myself." His look and bearing quelled insubordination, restrained familiarity, even inspired fear. "From his arrival," says Marmont, "his attitude was that of a man born for power. It was plain to the least clairvoyant eyes that he knew how to compel obedience, and scarcely was he in authority before the line of a celebrated poet might have been applied to him:

"' Des egaux ? dès longtemps Mahomet n'en a plus.'"

"Who is this general Bonaparte? Where pass through Toulon, where he was staforward, when the attitude, the look, the In the Army of Italy they were asking the sound of his voice are sufficient to stop me. There was nothing rude about him, but it was enough. From that time I was never as I can judge, he is one of those men of tempted to pass the line which had been drawn for me."

Lavalette says of his first interview with him: "He looked weak, but his regard was so firm and so fixed that I felt myself turning pale when he spoke to me." Augereau goes to see him at Albenga, full of contempt for this favorite of Barras who has never known an action, determined on insubordination. Bonaparte comes out, nearly shoeless that when they reached little, thin, round-shouldered, and gives Milan and one of them was invited to dine Augereau, a giant among the generals, his orders. The big man backs out in a kind "He frightens me," he tells of terror. "His first glance crushed me." Masséna.

He quelled insubordination in the ranks by quick, severe punishment, but it was not long that he had insubordination. army asked nothing but to act, and immediately they saw that they were to move. He had reached his post on March 22d: nineteen days later operations began. The movement from that day is so rapid and so brilliant that a true notion of it is gained only in a summary.

SUMMARY OF THE ITALIAN CAMPAIGN.

On the 10th of April, 1796, he moved his army; on the 12th he gained the battle of Montenotte; the 13th, Millesimo; the 15th, Dego; the 22d, Mondovi. The Piedmontese, dazzled and terrified by his victories, put at his disposal the fortresses which commanded Piedmont, and on the 15th of May Napoleon entered Milan.

Austria, amazed and indignant, sent a new general, Würmser, to Italy. While waiting his arrival, Napoleon turned toward the south and quelled the plots against him which the Pope and the English were fomenting. By the end of July he was at Mantua, to meet Würmser. The Austrian general had divided his forces into three parts, so marching as to surround General Decrès, who had known Napoleon the French. Napoleon saw the tactics well at Paris, hearing that he was going to at once, and, leaving his position before

retreat from Moscow. During the retreat Napoleon offended him, and he resigned his command and began to intrigue with Austria. In January, 1814, the alliance with Austria was declared by Murat's seizing Benevento, while Austria promised him Ancona for thirty thousand men. The alliance was broken by Murat's declaration that he intended to restore the unity and independence of Italy, and he was defeated by the Austrians, May 2, 1815, at Tolentino. He escaped to France and offered his sword to Napoleon, who refused it. After Waterloo he was refused an asylum in England, and, with a few followers, he attempted to retake Naples, but was deserted, taken prisoner, and shot October 13, 1815.



- 6

Engraved by to Fiesinger after particle by their : Strasburg in 17.400. The son of a mason, he stude there, a the . r the military school of Munich from which he went a to the A. r. n turn to architecture. In 1752 he yould the revolution in a sent of ha in the Vendée, where he distinguished himself. Made general, fig. Now won laurels at Fleurus, Mons. Louvain and Maestricht and in the car page - + ; ted commanderin chief temporarily but was recalled when about higher training recomments being given to Hoche Disappointed, he resigned from the army When Nap and we have the Farge to asked for Kleber. In all the battles of the campagn he showed his bravery and say that the battles of the billion of the statement the leave the first and the first terminate for the statement of the stateme and Kleber was trying to negotiate with the Eagle hand Turk and Turk and extended when Admiral Keth ordered him to give up h s army as prisoners a war. K. See, W. 5, 10 Section the army, with Keith ordered from to give up a status as presents a way to the status of the second to the second t country when he was assassinated. June (4.1)



NAPOLEON AT THE BATTLE OF THE PYRAMIDS, J. 15 21, 1798.

Engraved by Vallot in 1838, after painting by Gros (1810). The moment chosen by the artist is that when Napoleon addressed to his soldiers that short and famous harangue, "Soldiers, from the summit of these pyramids forty centuries look down upon you." In the General's escort are Murat, his head have and his sword clasped tightly; and after him, in order. Duroc, Sulkowski, Berthier, Junot, and Eugène de Beauhanais, then sub-lieutenant, all on horse-back. On the right are Rampon, Desaix, Bertrand, and Lassalle. This picture was ordered for the Tuileries, and was exhibited first in 1810. Napoleon gave it to one of his generals, and it did not reappear in Paris until 1832. It is now in the gallery at Versailles. Gros regarded this picture as his best work, and chose Vallot himself to engrave it.

Mantua, fell on one division at Lonato and the Cisalpine was formed from Reggio, defeated it on July 31st. Then, before the Modena, Lombardy, and part of the States other two could unite, he engaged them; of the Pope. the first at Lonato on August 3d, the second at Castiglione on August 5th. Both battles he won.

On September 8th, at Bassano, Würmser was again defeated, escaping with but a remnant of his army, which he led into Mantua.

A new Austrian army, fifty thousand strong, under Alvinzi, was sent into Italy. With forty thousand men Napoleon met them on the Adige, and in the three-days' battle of Arcola-November 15, 16, 17-he disabled this, the second force sent against him by the Austrians since he had defeated the one he found in Italy the preceding April.

Obstinate in spite of her losses, Austria sent Alvinzi to renew the attack. He had an army of sixty-five thousand men—full twenty-five thousand more than Napoleon. **Most of them were fresh troops:** all of the French army was worn. On the 14th of January, 1797, the two armies met on the table-land of Rivoli. Again Alvinzi was completely routed, and this time driven into should be concentrated." the Tyrol.

One branch of his army had been sent to relieve Würmser and was marching rapidly to Mantua. Napoleon hurried from Rivoli, overtook and defeated this relief force, and on the 2d of February, 1797, Würmser surrendered.

The Papal States and the various aristocratic parties of southern Italy were threatening to rise against the French. The spirit of independence and revolt they were bringing into the country could not but weaken clerical and monarchical institutions. An active enemy to the south would have been a serious hindrance to Napoleon, and he marched into the Papal States. A fortnight was sufficient to si- at Dego. lence the threats of his enemies, and on February 19, 1797, he signed with the Pope few days later made Beaulieu believe that the treaty of Tolentino.

In March he was again in pursuit of the Austrians. Steadily he drove them from point to point until Vienna itself was in sight, and at Leoben, in April, an armistice was signed.

On May 16th the French took possession On October 17th, one year seven months and seven days after he left frontier of the Rhine and the Low Countries to the mouth of the Scheldt. Austria and excellent artillery made a direct attack

NAPOLEON'S RULES OF WAR.

The military genius that this twentyeight-year-old commander had shown in the campaign in Italy bewildered his enemies and thrilled his friends.

"Things go on very badly," said an Austrian veteran taken at Lodi. "No one seems to know what he is about. The French general is a young blockhead who knows nothing of the regular rules of war. Sometimes he is on our right, at others on our left; now in front, and presently in our This mode of warfare is contrary to rear. all system, and utterly insufferable."

It is certain that if Napoleon's opponents never knew what he was going to do, if his generals themselves were frequently uncertain, it being his practice to hold his peace about his plans, he himself had definite rules of warfare. The most important of these were:

"Attacks should not be scattered, but

"Always be superior to the enemy at the point of attack."

"Time is everything,"

To these formulated rules he joined marvellous fertility in stratagem. in the begining of the campaign of 1706 Napoleon made a feint of marching toward Genoa. Beaulieu, his opponent, directed a large body of troops there. instantly countermarched, and routed the Austrians left behind at Montenotte. This done, and before Beaulieu, moving slowly and ponderously, could join his colleague, the French had literally sprung between the two bodies, engaging and defeating first one at Millesimo, and then the other

It was his skill in stratagem which a Napoleon was going to cross the Po at Valenza, and induced him to place a large part of his army there. Convinced that this had been done, Napoleon sped to Piacenza, and was across the river without disturbance and on his enemy's flank, before the latter had discovered that he had changed route.

In November, when engaging Alvinzi's Paris, Napoleon signed the treaty of Campo first army, Napoleon was in camp at Ve-Formio. By this treaty France gained the rona. The Austrians were across the Adige. Their superior position, greater numbers, was given Venice, and a republic called impracticable. On the night of the 12th



NAPOLEON IN THE MINGLE AT JAPKA IN USE AS A PEST-HOUSE, MAY, 1799.

Engraved by Vallot, after painting by Gros. At Jaffa the plague broke out in the army. To permunde the soldiers that it was only a fever and not to be feared. Napoleon went to the hospital himself, and even touched the afflicted. In 1801 Groathad undertaken to paint the Battle of Nazareth and the brilliant action of Junot when he broke a column of ten thousand Turks with a body of three hundred horse. Napoleon stopped the artist, and bade him take as a subject the Pest at Jaffa. The canyas was exhibited in the Salos of 1804, and had an immense success. The state bought the picture for sixteen thousand francs.



AUGEREAL (1757-1816)

Engraved by Lefevre, after a design by Le Dru Augereau, son of a Paris fruit-dealer, was born in 1757 Began his military career as a carbineer in the Neapolitan army. In 1792 joined the republican army. From the army of the Pyrenees he passed to that of Italy, where his intrepidity and military talents soon won him a first place. At Lodi and Castiglione he distinguished himself, and he shared with Bonaparte the glory of Arcola. After the treaty of Campo Formio he was chosen by Napoleon to carry the flags taken from the enemy to Paris. He aided the government in the coup d'etat of the 18th Fructidor, and it was he who arrested Pichegru. After the death of Hoche he was sent to take his place in the army of the Rhineand-Moselle. Afterwards he was elected a member of the Council of Five Hundred. He returned to Paris about the time that Bonaparte came from Egypt, and at first he opposed him; but after the 18th Brumaire the two became friendly again, and Augereau received the command of the army of Holland. When Napoleon became emperor, Augereau was made marshal, was given the eagle of the Legion of Honor, and the title of Duke of Castiglione. He distinguished himself at Jena and Eylau, served for a time in Spain, and performed produgies of valor at Leipsic. On the Restoration, Augereau joined Louis XVIII.; but when Napoleon returned from Elba he tried to regain his good will. The Bourbons refused him after the Hundred Days. He died in 1816.

Early in the evening he gave orders to leave Verona, and took the road westward. The French army It looked like a retreat. believed so, and began to say sorrowfully among themselves that Italy was lost. When far enough from Verona to escape the attention of the enemy, he wheeled to the southeast, crossed the Adige, and in the morning was on Alvinzi's rear, where, for three days, the battle of Arcola was fought.

This fertility in stratagem, this rapidity of action, this audacity in attack, bewildered and demoralized the enemy, but it raised the enthusiasm of his imaginative Southern troops to the highest pitch.

He insisted in this campaign on one other rule: "Unity of command is necessary to assure success." After his defeat of the Piedmontese, the Directory ordered him, May 7, 1796, to divide his command with Kellermann. Napoleon answered:

"I believe it most impolitic to divide the army of Italy in two parts. It is quite as much against the interests of the republic to place two different

generals over it.

"A single general is not only necessary, but also it is essential that nothing trouble him in his march and operations. I have conducted this campaign without consulting any one. I should have done nothing of value if I had been obliged to reconcile my plans with those of another. I have gained advantage over superior forces and when stripped of everything myself, because persuaded that your confidence was in me. My action has been as prompt as my thought.

"If you impose hindrances of all sorts upon me, if I must refer every step to government commissioners, if they have the right to change my movements, of taking from me or of sending me troops, expect no more of any value. If you enfee-ble your means by dividing your forces, if you break the unity of military thought in Italy, I tell you sorrowfully you will lose the happiest oppor-

tunity of imposing laws on Italy.

"In the condition of the affairs of the republic in Italy, it is indispensable that you have a general that has your entire confidence. If it is not I, I am sorry for it, but I shall redouble my zeal to merit your esteem in the post you confide to me. Each one has his own way of carrying on war. General Kellermann has more experience and will do it better than I, but both together will do it very badly.

"I can only render the services essential to the country when invested entirely and absolutely with

your confidence.'

He remained in charge, and throughout the rest of the campaign continued to act more and more independently of the Directory, even dictating terms of peace to please himself.

INFLUENCE OVER SOLDIERS AND GENERALS.

It was in this Italian campaign that the almost superstitious adoration which Na-

of November he went quietly into camp, poleon's soldiers and most of his generals felt for him began. Brilliant generalship was not the only reason for this. It was due largely to his personal courage, which they had discovered at Lodi. A charge had been ordered across a wooden bridge swept by thirty pieces of cannon, and beyond was the Austrian army. hesitated. Napoleon sprang to their head and led them into the thickest of the fire. From that day he was known among them as the "Little Corporal," He had won them by the quality which appeals most deeply to a soldier in the ranks—contempt of death.

> His addresses never failed to stir them to action and enthusiasm. They were oratorical, prophetic, and abounded in phrases which the soldiers never forgot. Such was his address at Cherasco, after the armistice with Piedmont:

> "Soldiers!" he said, "in fifteen days you have gained six victories, taken twenty-one stands of colors, fifty-five pieces of cannon, and several fortresses, and conquered the richest part of Piedmont. You have made fifteen hundred prisoners, and killed

or wounded ten thousand men.

"Hitherto, however, you have been fighting for barren rocks, made memorable by your valor but useless to the nation. Your exploits now equal those of the conquering armies of Holland and the Rhine. You were utterly destitute, and have supplied all your wants. You have gained battles without cannons, passed rivers without bridges, performed forced marches without shoes, bivouacked without brandy and often without bread. None but republican phalanxes—soldiers of liberty—could have borne what you have endured. For this you have the thanks of your country.

"The two armies which lately attacked you in full confidence, now fly before you in consternation. . But, soldiers, it must not be concealed that you have done nothing, since there remains aught to do. Neither Turin nor Milan are ours. The greatest difficulties are no doubt surmounted; but you have still battles to fight, towns to take,

rivers to cross. .

Such was his address in March, before the final campaign against the Austrians:

"You have been victorious in fourteen pitched battles and sixty-six combats; you have taken one hundred thousand prisoners, five hundred pieces of large cannon and two thousand pieces of smaller; four equipages for bridge pontoons. The country has nourished you, paid you during your campaign, and you have beside that sent thirty millions from You have enriched the public treasury to Paris. the Museum of Paris with three hundred chefs d'auvre of ancient and modern Italy, which it has taken thirty ages to produce. You have conquered the most beautiful country of Europe. The French colors float for the first time upon the borders of the Adriatic. The kings of Sardinia and Naples, the Pope, the Duke of Parma have become allies. You have chased the English from Leghorn, Genoa, and Corsica. You have yet to march against the Emperor of Austria."



VISCOUNT NELSON, DUKE OF BRONTÉ (1758-1805).

Engraved by Dick, after portrait by Knight. Nelson was born at Barnham, England He entered the navy at twelve years of age Was made a post-captain when twenty one years old, and during the next few years was engaged actively in the American war. After the peace of Versailles, in 1783, he served in the West Indies. When war was declared between France and England in 1793, Nelson was given command of the "Agamemnon," and sent to the Mediterranean, where he took part in the sieges of Bastia and Cadiz. At the latter place he lost an eye. For his services in the winter of 1795-96 he was made commodore, and for his during and skill in the engagement with the Spanish off Cape St Vincent, February 13, 1797, he received the Order of the Bath and was made admiral. It was here that Nelson led his crew with the cry, "Westminster Abbey or victory!" When Napoleon started for Egypt, Nelson was ordered to intercept him, but his squadron was crippled in a gale and Napoleon escaped. On August 2, 1798, he attacked the French fleet in the harbor of Aboukir, and destroyed all but two of the thirteen French ships. The Battle of the Nile, as this engagement is called, is considered Nelson's masterpiece, and for it he received a peerage. This victory gave encouragement to Europe to attack revolutionary France afresh Nelson now went against Naples, where, after the French had been driven from Italy and an amnesty declared, he allowed the trial and sentence of Caraccion, the admiral of the Neapoistan fleet a junicial murder similar to that of the Duc d'Enghien. In the spring of 1801 Nelson went to the Baltic against

His approval was their greatest joy. Let him speak a word of praise to a regiment, and they embroidered it on their banners. "I was at ease, the Thirty-second was there," was on the flag of that regiment. Over the Fifty-seventh floated a name Napoleon had called them by, "The terrible Fifty-seventh."

His displeasure was a greater spur than his approval. He said to a corps which had retreated in disorder: "Soldiers, you have displeased me. You have shown neither courage nor constancy, but have vielded positions where a handful of men might have defied an army. You are no longer French soldiers. Let it be written on their colors, 'They no longer form part of the Army of Italy.'" A veteran pleaded that they be placed in the van, and during the rest of the campaign no regiment was more distinguished.

The effect of his genius was as great on his generals as on his troops. They were dazzled by his stratagems and manœuvres, inspired by his imagination. "There was so much of the future in him," is Marmont's expressive explanation. They could believe anything of him. A remarkable set of men they were to have as followers and friends—Augereau, Masséna, Berthier, Marmont, Junot.

IMPRESSIONS OF THE ITALIAN CAMPAIGN IN PARIS.

The people and the government in Paris had begun to believe in him, as did the Army of Italy. He not only sent flags and reports of victory; he sent money and works of art. Impoverished as the Directory was, the sums which came from Italy were a reason for not interfering with the high hand the young general carried in his campaign and treaties.

Never before had France received such letters from a general. Now he announces Correggio to Michael Angelo;" now, "a brandts. dozen millions of money;" now, two or three millions in jewels and diamonds to be sold in Paris. In return he asks only for men and officers "who have fire and a firm resolution not to make learned retreats."

The entry into Paris of the first art acquisitions made a profound impression on the people:

"The procession of enormous cars, drawn by richly caparisoned horses, was divided into four sections. First came trunks filled with books, manuscripts, . . . including the antiques of Josephus, on papyrus, with works in the handwriting of Galileo.

Then followed collections of mineral prod-. For the occasion were added wagons laden with iron cages containing lions, tigers, panthers, over which waved enormous palm branches and all kinds of exotic shrubs. Afterwards rolled along chariots bearing pictures carefully packed, but with the names of the most important inscribed in large letters on the outside, as, The Transfiguration, by Raphael; The Christ, by Titian. The number was great, the value greater. When these trephies had passed, amid the applause of an excited crowd, a heavy rumbling announced the approach of massive carts bearing statues and marble groups: the Apollo Belvidere; the Nine Muses; the Laocoon; The Venus de Medici was eventually added, decked with bouquets, crowns of flowers, flags taken from the enemy, and French, Italian, and Greek inscriptions. Detachments of cavalry and infantry, colors flying, drums beating, music playing, marched at intervals; the members of the newly established Institute fell into line; artists and savants; and the singers of the theatres made the air ring with national hymns. This procession marched through all Paris, and at the Champ de Mars defiled before the five members of the Directory, surrounded by their subordinate officers."

The practice of sending home works of art, begun in the Italian campaign, Napoleon continued throughout his military career, and the art of France owes much to the education thus given the artists of the first part of this century.

His agents ransacked Italy, Spain, Germany, and Flanders for chefs-d'œuvre. When entering a country one of the first things he did was to collect information about its chief art objects, in order to demand them in case of victory, for it was by treaty that they were usually obtained. Among the works of art which Napoleon sent to Paris were twenty-five Raphaels, twenty-three Titians, fifty-three Rubenses, that he has sent "twenty first masters, from thirty-three Van Dykes, thirty-one Rem-

NAPOLEON'S STAR.

In Italy rose Napoleon's "star," that mysterious guide which he followed from

the Northern Courts, which had renewed the armed neutrality of 1780. At Copenhagen he engaged the Danish. His victory was not complete, but it broke up the league and won him the title of viscount. On the renewal of war between France and England in 1803, Nelson went to the Mediterranean, where for two years he kept the French shut in port at Toulon, while Napoleon was preparing for the invasion of England at Boulogne. In March, 1805, the French Admiral Villeneuve escaped. Nelson sought him in the Mediterranean, chased him across the Atlantic and back again, and finally, in September, 1805, found him at Cadiz. In October the French were forced to battle off Cape Trafalgar, where Nelson won a glorious victory, though at the cost of his life. His remains were conveyed to England, and interred in St. Paul's Cathedral on January 9, 1806.



"LUCIEN BONAPARTE, PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL OF THE FIVE HUNDRED, 18TH BELMAIRE, 1799."

Lucien Bonaparte, born at Ajaccio, March 21, 1775, was educated in France, and returned to Corsica in 1792. Ardent revolutionist, he abandoned Paoli, and left Corsica for France. Obtaining a place at Saint Maximin, he became prominent as an agitator. Here he married Christine Boyer, his landlord's daughter. In 1795 Lucien left St. Maximin and soon after was made commissary to the army of the North, but resigned the next year. The two years following he passed in Corsica, but went to Paris in 1798, on being elected deputy to the Council of Five Hundred. He soon became prominent as a speaker, and his house was a centre for the best literary society of the capital. He was made president of the Council of Five Hundred after Napoleon's return from Egypt, and aided in the conf d'etas of the 18th Brumaire. In the reorganization of the government Lucien was named Minister of the Interior, but he and Napoleon did not get on well, and he was sent as ambassador to Spain. Returning, he took an active part in the delicate work of the Concordat and Legion of Honor. Lucien was made senator after the consulate for life was arranged, but he made a second marriage which displeased Napoleon. He left France, settling in Rome,



NAPOLRON CROSSING THE GREAT ST. DERNARD, 1800.

Engraved by François, after a picture by Delaroche painted in 1848, published in 1852 by P & D. Colnaghisco, London. "The Queen of England possesses at Osborne a reduction of this portrait made by Delaroche himself."

rather than give up his wife. Napoleon made overtures to him later, but they were refused, and he was ordered to quit the continent. He wished to go to the United States, but was captured in :810 by an English cruiser, and taken to England, where for a time he was a prisoner. In :814 he returned to Rome. While Napoleon was at Elba, Lucien offered him his support, and during the Hundred Days he sat in the French Chamber of Peers. After Waterloo he advised Napoleon to dissolve the Assembly and proclaim himself dictator, and it was he who suggested that the second abdication be made in favor of Napoleon's son. He parted with his brother June 29, and left France. At Turin he was arrested and kept prisoner for three months. When liberated he settled in Rome with his family, where he passed the rest of his life in literary and antiquarian labors. He died June 29, :840. Lucien Bonaparte did some creditable literary work, including an epic poem on Charlemagne, studies in Etruscan vases, and most valuable, his historical Memoires.

Lodi to Waterloo. Here was born that faith in himself and his future, that belief that he "marched under the protection of the goddess of fortune and of war," that confidence that he was endowed with a "good genius,"

faith.

"Vendémiaire and even Montenotte did not make me believe myself a superior man. It was only after Lodi that it came into my head that I could become a decisive actor on our political field. Then was born the first spark of high ambition."

Trained in a religion full of mysticism, taught to believe in signs, guided by a throughout his active, practical, hard-working life. Marmont tells that one day while wife, which he always wore, was broken. "He turned frightfully pale, and the impression upon him was most sorrowful. 'Marmont,' he said, 'my wife is very ill or she is unfaithful.'" There are many similar anecdotes to show his dependence upon and confidence in omens.

LOVE IN WAR.

In a campaign of such achievements as that in Italy there seems to be no time for love, and yet love was never more imperative, more absorbing, in Napoleon's life than during this period.

"Oh, my adorable wife," he wrote Josephine in April, "I do not know what fate awaits me, but if it keeps me longer from you, I shall not be able to endure it; my courage will not hold out to that point. There was a time when I was proud of my courage; and when I thought of the harm that men might do me, of the lot that my destiny might reserve for me, I looked at the most terrible misfortunes without a quiver, with no surprise. But now, the thought that my Josephine may be in trouble, that she may be ill, and, above all, the cruel, fatal thought that she may love me less, inflicts torture in my soul, stops the beating of my heart, makes me sad and dejected, robs me of even the courage of fury and despair. I often used to say, Man can do no harm to one who is willing to die; but now, to die without being loved by you, to die without this certainty, is the torture of hell; it is the vivid and crushing image of total anni-hilation. It seems to me as if I were choking. My only companion, you who have been chosen by fate to make with me the painful journey of life, the day when I shall no longer possess your heart will be that when for me the world shall have lost all warmth and all its vegetation. . . I will stop, my sweet pet, my soul is sad. I am very tired, my mind is worn out, I am sick of men. I have good reason for hating them. They separate me from my love."

Josephine was indifferent to this strong passion. "How queer Bonaparte is!" she said coldly at the evidences of his affection which he poured upon her; and when, after a few weeks' separation, he began to implore her to join him, she hesitated, He called Lodi the birthplace of this made excuses, tried in every possible way to evade his wish. It was not strange that a woman of her indolent nature, loving flattery, having no passion but for amusement, reckless expenditure, and her own ease, should prefer life in Paris. There she shared with Madame Tallien the adoration which the Parisian world is always bestowing on some fair woman. At opera and ball she was the centre of attraction: even in the street the people knew her. "star," there is a tinge of superstition Notre Dame des Victoires was the name they gave her.

In desperation at her indifference, Napoin Italy the glass over the portrait of his leon finally wrote her, in June, from Tor-

> "My life is a perpetual nightmare. A black presentiment makes breathing difficult. I am no longer alive; I have lost more than life, more than happiness, more than peace; I am almost without hope. I am sending you a courier. He will stay only four hours in Paris, and then will bring me your answer. Write to me ten pages; that is the only thing that can console me in the least. You are ill; you love me; I have distressed you; you are with child; and I do not see you. . . . I have treated you so ill that I do not know how to set myself right in your eyes. I have been blaming you for staying in Paris, and you have been ill there. Forgive me, my dear; the love with which you have filled me has robbed me of my reason, and I shall never recover it. It is a malady from which there is no recovery. My forebodings are so gloomy that all I ask is to see you, to hold you in my arms for two hours, and that we may die to-gether. Who is taking care of you? I suppose that you have sent for Hortense; I love the dear child a thousand times better since I think that she may console you a little. As for me, I am without consolation, rest, and hope until I see again the messenger whom I am sending to you, and until you explain to me in a long letter just what is the matter with you, and how serious it is. If there were any danger I warn you that I should start at once for Paris. . . You! you!—and the rest of the world will not exist for me any more than if it had been annihilated. I care for honor because you care for it; for victory, because it brings you pleasure; otherwise, I should abandon everything to throw myself at your feet.'

> After this letter Josephine consented to go to Italy, but she left Paris weeping as if going to her execution. Once at Milan. where she held almost a court, she recovered her gayety, and the two were very happy for a time. But it did not last. Napoleon, obliged to be on the march, would implore Josephine to come to him here and there, and once she narrowly

escaped with her life when trying to get away from the army.

Wherever she was installed she had a circle of adorers about her, and as a result she neglected writing to her husband. Reproaches and entreaties filled his letters. He begs her for only a line, and he implores her that she be less cold.

"Your letters are as cold as fifty years of age; one would think they had been written after we had been married fifteen years. They are full of the friendli-ness and feelings of life's winter. . . . What more can you do to distress me? Stop loving me? That you have already done Hate me? Well, I wish you would; everything degrades me except

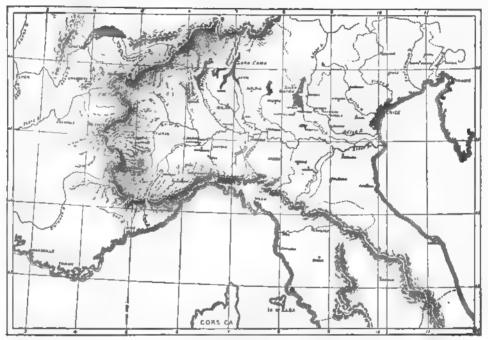
" I reached Milan, rushed to your rooms, baving thrown up everything to see you, to press you to my heart-you were not there; you are travelling about from one town to another, amusing yourself with My unhappiness is inconceivable.

Don't put yourself out, pursue your pleasballs. . ure; happiness is made for you

It was between such extremes of triumphant love and black despair that Napoleon lived throughout the Italian campaign.

RETURN TO PARIS.

In December, 1797, he returned to Paris. His whole family were collected there.



MAP OF NORTHERN ITALY, ILLUSTRATING THE NAPOLEON CAMPAIGNS OF 1796-1802 - REPRODUCED, BY PERMISSION OF G. P. PLYNAM'S SONS, FROM MORRIS'S LIFE OF NATOLEON, IN THE "HEROES OF THE NATIONS" SERIES.

hatred; but indifference, with a calm pulse, fixed eyes, monotonous walk! . . . A thousand kisses, tender, like my heart."

It was not merely indolence and indifference that caused Josephine's neglect. It was coquetry frequently, and Napoleon, informed by his couriers as to whom she received at Milan or Genoa, and of the pleasures she enjoyed, was jealous with all the force of his nature. More than one young officer who dared pay homage to Iosephine in this campaign was banished "by order of the commander-in-chief." Reachher gone. His disappointment was bitter.

forming a "Bonaparte colony," as the Parisians called it. There were Joseph and his wife; Lucien, now married to Christine Boyer, his old landlord's daughter, a marriage Napoleon never forgave; Eliza, now Madame Bacciochi; Pauline, now Madame Leclerc. Madame Letitia was in the city, with Caroline; Louis and Jerome were still in school. Josephine had her daughter Hortense, a girl of thirteen, with her. Her son Eugene, though but fifteen years old. was away on a mission for Napoleon, who, in spite of the boy's youth, had already taken him into his confidence. According ing Milan once, unexpectedly, he found to Napoleon's express desire, all the family lived in great simplicity.

The return to Paris of the commander- and won for France "the strongest place in-chief of the Army of Italy was the signal in Europe." July 2d he entered Alexanfor a popular ovation. The Directory gave him every honor, changing the name of the street in which he lived to rue de la Institute; but, conscious of its feebleness, and inspired by that suspicion which since the revolution began had caused the ruin of so many men, planned to get rid of him.

Of the coalition against France, formed in 1793, one member alone remained in arms—England. Napoleon was to be sent against her. An invasion of the island was first discussed, and he made an examination of the north coast. His report was adverse, and he substituted a plan for the invasion of Egypt—an old idea in the French Government.

The Directory gladly accepted the change, and Napoleon was made commander-in-chief of the Army of Egypt. On the 4th of May he left Paris for Toulon.

To Napoleon this expedition was a merciful escape. He once said to Madame Rémusat :

"In Paris, and Paris is France, they never can take the smallest interest in things, if they do not take it in persons. . . . The great difficulty of the Directory was that no one cared about them, and that people began to care too much about me. This was why I conceived the happy idea of going to Egypt."

He was under the influence, too, of his imagination; the Orient had always tempt-It is certain that he went away ed him. with gigantic projects—nothing less than to conquer the whole of the East, and to become its ruler and lawgiver.

"I dreamed of all sorts of things, and I saw a way of carrying all my projects into practical execution. I would create a new religion. I saw myself in Asia, upon an elephant, wearing a turban, and holding in my hand a new Koran which I had myself composed. I would have united in my enterprise the experiences of two hemispheres, exploring for my benefit and instruction all history, attacking the power of Engiand in the Indies, and renewing, by their conquest, my relations with old Europe. The time I passed in Egypt was the most delightful period of my life, for it was the most ideal."

His friends, watching his irritation during the days before the campaign had been is what such wings demand. He will die here. He must go." He himself said: "Paris weighs on me like a leaden mantle."

EXPEDITION IN EGYPT, 1798-1799.

dria. On July 24th he was in Cairo, after the famous Battle of the Pyramids.

The French fleet had remained in Abou-Victoire, and making him a member of the kir Bay after landing the army, and on August 1st was attacked by Nelson. poleon had not realized, before this battle. the power of the English on the sea. knew nothing of Nelson's genius. The destruction of his fleet, and the consciousness that he and his army were prisoners in the Orient, opened his eyes to the greatest weakness of France.

> The winter was spent in reorganizing the government of Egypt and in scientific work. Over one hundred scientists had been added to the Army of Egypt, including some of the most eminent men of the day: Monge, Geoffroy-St.-Hilaire, Berthollet, Fourier and Denon. From their arrival every opportunity was given them to carry on their work. To stimulate them, Napoleon founded the Institute of Egypt, in which membership was granted as a reward for services.

> These scientists went out in every direction, pushing their investigations up the Nile as far as Philoe, tracing the bed of the old canal from Suez to the Nile. unearthing ancient monuments, making collections of the flora and fauna, examining in detail the arts and industries of the people. Everything, from the inscription on the Rosetta Stone to the incubation of chickens, received their attention.

> On the return of the expedition, their researches were published in a magnificent work called "Description de l'Egypte.'

> The information gathered by the French at this time gave a great impetus to the study of Egyptology, and their investigations on the old Suez canal led directly to the modern work.

The peaceful work of science and lawgiving which Napoleon was conducting in Egypt was interrupted by the news that the Porte had declared war against France, and that two Turkish armies were on their way to Egypt. In February he set off to Syria to meet the first.

This Syrian expedition was a failure, enddecided upon, said: "A free flight in space ing in a retreat made horrible not only by the enemy in the rear but by pestilence and heat.

The disaster was a terrible disillusion for Napoleon. It ended his dream of an Oriental realm for himself, of a kingdom embracing the whole Mediterranean for Napoleon sailed from France on May France. "I missed my fortune at St. Jean 19, 1798; on June 9th he reached Malta, d'Acre," he told his brother Lucien afterward; and again, "I think my imagina- Chénier, Roederer, Monge, Cambacérès, tion died at St. Jean d'Acre." The words Moreau, Berthier, Murat. are those of the man whose discouragement at a failure was as profound as his hope vember, 1799, the plot culminated, and at success was high.

As Napoleon entered Egypt from Syria, he learned that the second Turkish army was near the Bay of Aboukir. He turned against it and defeated it completely. In the exchange of prisoners made after the battle, a bundle of French papers fell into his hands. It was the first news he had had for ten months from France, and sad news it was: Italy lost, an invasion of Austrians and Russians threatening, the Directory discredited and tottering.

If the Oriental empire of his imagination had fallen, might it not be that in Europe a kingdom awaited him? He decided to leave Egypt at once, and with the greatest secrecy prepared for his departure. army was turned over to Kléber, and with four small vessels he sailed for France on the night of August 22, 1799. On October 16th he was in Paris.

THE 18TH BRUMAIRE.

For a long time nothing had been heard of Napoleon in France. The people said he had been exiled by the jealous Directory. His disappearance into the Orient had all the mystery and fascination of an Eastern tale. His sudden reappearance had something of the heroic in it. He came like a god from Olympus, unheralded, but at the critical instant.

The joy of the people, who at that day certainly preferred a hero to suffrage, was spontaneous and sincere. His journey from the coast to Paris was a triumphal march. Le retour du héros was the word in everybody's mouth. On every side the people cried: "You alone can save the the reins of government."

At Paris he found the government waiting to be overthrown. "A brain and a sword" was all that was needed to carry out a coup d'état organized while he was still in Africa. Everybody recognized him as the man for the hour. A large part of the military force in Paris was devoted to him. His two brothers, Lucien and Joseph, were in positions of influence, the former president of the cinq-cents, as one of the two chambers was called. All that was most distinguished in the political, military, legal, and artistic circles of Paris rallied to him. supported him were Talleyrand, Sieyès, affairs.

On the 18th Brumaire, the 9th of No-Napoleon was recognized as the temporary dictator of France.

NAPOLEON AND JOSEPHINE.

The private sorrow to which Napoleon returned was as great as the public glory. During the campaign in Egypt he had learned beyond a doubt that Josephine's coquetry had become open folly, and that a young officer, Hippolyte Charles, whom he had dismissed from the Army of Italy two years before, was installed at Malmaison. The liaison was so scandalous that Gohier, the president of the Directory, advised Josephine to get a divorce from Napoleon and marry Charles.

These rumors reached Egypt, and Napoleon, in despair, even talked them over with Eugène de Beauharnais. The boy defended his mother, and for a time succeeded in quieting Napoleon's resentment. At last, however, he learned in a talk with Junot that the gossip was true. He lost all control of himself, and declared he would have a divorce. The idea was abandoned, but the love and reverence he had given Josephine were dead. From that time she had no empire over his heart, no power to inspire him to action or to enthusiasm.

When he landed in France from Egypt, Josephine, foreseeing a storm, started out to meet him at Lyons. Unfortunately she took one road and Napoleon another, and when he reached Paris at six o'clock in the morning he found no one at home. When Josephine arrived Napoleon refused to see her, and it was three days before he relented. Then his forgiveness was due to country. It is perishing without you. Take the intercession of Hortense and Eugène, to both of whom he was warmly attached.

But if he consented to pardon he could never give again the passionate affection which he once had felt for her. He ceased to be a lover, and became a commonplace, tolerant, indulgent, bourgeois husband, upon whom his wife, in matters of importance, had no influence. Josephine was hereafter the suppliant, but she never regained the noble kingdom she had despised.

RETURN OF PEACE.

Napoleon's domestic sorrow weakened in Among the men who no way his activity and vigor in public He realized that, if he would keep his place in the hearts and confidence of the people, he must do something to show his strength, and peace was the gift he proposed to make to the nation.

When he returned he found a civil war raging in La Vendée. Before February he had ended it. All over France brigandage had made life and property uncertain. His

new régime ended it.

Two foreign enemies only remained at war with France—Austria and England. He offered them peace. It was refused. Nothing remained but to compel it. The Austrians were first engaged. They had two armies in the field, one on the Rhine, against which Moreau was sent, the other in Italy—now lost to France—besieging the French shut up in Genoa.

Moreau conducted the campaign in the Rhine countries with skill, fighting two successful battles, and driving his opponent

from Ulm.

Napoleon decided that he would himself carry on the Italian campaign, but of that he said nothing in Paris. His army was quietly brought together as a reserve force; then suddenly, on May 6, 1800, he left Paris for Geneva. Immediately his plan became evident. It was nothing else than to cross the Alps and fall upon the rear of the Austrians, then besieging Genoa. Such an undertaking was a veritable coup de théâtre. Its accomplishment was not less brilliant than its conception. principal passes lead from Switzerland into Italy: Mont Cenis, the Great Saint Bernard, and the Mount Saint Gothard. last was already held by the Austrians. The first is the westernmost, and here Napoleon directed the attention of General Melas, the Austrian commander. The central, or Mount Saint Bernard, Pass was left almost defenceless, and here the army was led across a passage surrounded by enormous difficulties, particularly for the artillery, which had to be taken to pieces and carried or dragged by the men.

Save the delay which the enemy caused the French at Fort Bard, where five hundred men stopped the entire army, Napoleon met with no serious resistance in entering Italy. Indeed, the Austrians treated the force with contempt, declaring that it was not the First Consul who led them, but an adventurer, and that the army was not made up of French, but of refugee Italians.

This rumor was soon known to be false. On June 2d Napoleon entered Milan. The Austrians soon after advanced into the plains of Marengo, where, on June 14th, the battle was fought. The story of the battle is described in a picturesque narrative by a member of the army, which will appear in the next number of this magazine.

The Parisians were dazzled by the campaign. Of the passage of the Alps they said, "It is an achievement greater than Hannibal's;" and they repeated how "the First Consul pointed his finger at the frozen summits, and they bowed their heads."

At the news of Marengo the streets were lit with "joy fires," and from wall to wall rang the cries of Vive la république, Vive le

premier consul, Vive l'armée.

The campaign against the Austrians was finished December 3, 1800, by the battle of Hohenlinden, and in February the treaty of Lunéville established peace. England was slower in coming to terms, it not being until March, 1802, that she signed the treaty of Amiens.

At last France was at peace with all the world. She hailed Napoleon as her savior, and ordered that the 18th Brumaire be celebrated throughout the republic as a solemn fête in his honor.

The country saw in him something greater than a peacemaker. She was discovering that he was to be her lawgiver, for, while ending the wars, he had begun to bring order into the interior chaos which had so long tormented the French people, to reëstablish the finances, the laws, the industries, even to harmonize the interests of rich and poor, of church and state. To Napoleon's work as a statesman and lawgiver, the next article in this series will be devoted.

Note.—This Life of Napoleon began in the November number, and will continue through four numbers more. There will be seventy five portraits of Napoleon in the series and one hundred other pictures. Chosen as these pictures are from the collection of the Hon. Gardiner G. Hubbard, one of the richest Napoleon collections in existence, too much can scarcely be said in their praise.

DIKKON'S DOG.*

BY DOROTHY LUNDY,

was his unexpectedness. Grubbins bins, ain't that so, honey?"

was Dikkon's dog.

enced fellows.

of reprisal. McAllison was in his stock- as of habitual drowsy apathy, ing-feet; so that his howls, when Grubbins's was making out-door life impossible, and good appetite fer yer Christmas grub?" casting an untimely chill over the twilight of Christmas Eve.

it's only Grubbins's way !"

"Ma certie! It's a way wull lead Maister Grubbins to the grave that's too lang at Grubbins, who had tranquilly returned a redshkin bullet for sauce wid it!" to his interrupted slumbers.

por the man ain't born that 'll send him to the Northwest,

HE distinguishing trait of Grubbins it; not while my name's Dikkon! Grub-

The gaunt yellow dog was alert and on All the cats in the old regiment could his feet at the first syllable of his name have told you that the time it was least safe spoken in his master's voice. He shambled to try to slip by Grubbins was when he sat heavy-footedly across to the bench where gazing across the plains, apparently ob- Dikkon sat, just in from a bit of fatigue livious of everything on earth but the duty at the stables, toasting his soaked and progress of a mule-train just fading off the odorous cowhide boots at the low fire in distant horizon. The young and untaught the barrack-room stove. Grubbins laid kitten who attempted, at such times, to his rough, grizzled muzzle on his master's glide, with shadow-like swiftness and si- knee, and Dikkon's brown and knotted lence, behind Grubbins's meditative back, hand fell affectionately on the dog's head. had a never-to-be-forgotten vision of lanky. The two sat looking at each other with a vellow legs lengthening themselves in a look of perfect understanding and full comleap, bristling yellow hair, and glaring yel- panionship. As they sat thus, there was low eyes; and if that kitten got off with a curious likeness between man and dog. the loss of his ear or two-thirds of his tail. Dikkon's close-cropped hair was of the he was congratulated by his more experi- same dusty yellow as Grubbins's scraggy coat; chronic malaria and long exposure Private McAllison was new to the old to every weather had brought Dikkon's regiment, which explains his premature complexion to much the same hue that was assumption that Grubbins was too soundly. Grubbins's by birthright; the faded eyes asleep to resent his tail being stepped on of the man had an expression oddly akin by a friend hastily crossing the barrack- to that which from the dog's eyes looked room, or to identify that friend for purposes up at him -a latent gleam through a mist

"Thet's so: ain't it, honey?" drawled teeth met through the end of his heel, were. Dikkon again; and Grubbins rapped his louder than they otherwise might have stumpy tail in fervent affirmation. "Pears been. Private Mooney, his neighbor of to me yo' haven't took 's much exercise as the right-hand cot, gave up in disgust his common to-day, Grubbins," went on his latest attempt to get sufficiently sound master, "Don't yo' feel like racin' down asleep to forget the dismal downpour that a cat or s'uthin', so 's to get up a moughty

The men chuckled. The idea of Grubbins's appetite requiring a tonic was a "Hould up yer yellin', can't ye, ye Scotch deeply humorous one. Dikkon opened the omadahn?" said Private Mooney. "Shure door, and Grubbins, with a short, approving sniff of the freshening air, trotted loose-leg-

gedly across the soaked parade.

"Shure it's an appetite we'll ahl be needbeen awaitin' him; if not by meelitary in for our Christmas grub," said Private execution by the Colonel's orders, then by Mooney, stretching his brawny arms with preevate assassination!" Thus McAllison, a cavernous yawn. "The mule-thrain's with the polysyllabic so emitty of his na- over due, and divil a thing for Christmas tion, nursing his wounded heel, and glaring. Day but bull-beef an' hard-tack, wid likely

"Redskin bullet! Bosh! In midwin-"I reckon Grubbins's grave ain't dug yet, ter!" Thus Corporal Perkins, newly from

"Corporal, me joy, it's forgettin' ye are rimimbered where he'd buried, an' in tin that down in this suburb av Tophet there's niver a winter at ahl, and the redshkins dishport thimsilves as loively at Christmas as on the sacrid Fourth o' July! Shure I niver pass that clump o' brush beyant the ould shtables on a black night—an' it's black nights a-plinty we have, as see the wan that's a-shuttin' down like a box-lid this blissid minnit-widout falin' me schalp-lock a-wigglin' wid spirituous terrors!"

"But the sentries?"

"Faith, it's happined before that the divil led his own by ways onseen o' the righteous—manin' Uncle Sam's senthries, that last—an' he'll do ut agin! I say agin, a redshkin bullet's the Christmas prisint likeliest to come the way ay us poor sinners.'

"Dikkon, ma lad!" Thus McAllison, stopping by Dikkon's bench to put on his rough overcoat, his injured heel well greased, and his Scotch equanimity apparently restored. "I've nae ill-will tae the bit beastie, an' forbye he but defendit the richts o' his ain tail. But I'll gie ye a hint for a Christmas gift; it was the Colonel himself was sayin' but the nicht's nicht, that the next complaint of Dikkon's dog that came tae his ears, the beastie wad hae a bullet an' a ditch, an' nae mair said!"

Dikkon sprang to his feet. A dull flush kindled under his yellow skin; the gleam in his faded eves shone keen through their dulled indifference.

"He will, will he?" There was a savage snarl in the man's voice. "An' what mought he be, that's been with the old regiment only six months, an' not half the use to it

then or now that my old dog-

"Hold hard, Dikkon!" "Whisht, me boy! It's the short cut to the guard-house you're takin'!" There were grunts and exclamations of remonstrance on every side. Dikkon looked about him with a sort of bewilderment. The momentary flush and gleam were gone. He sat down again, quietly enough, and put out his feet to the to be rispicted accordin'!" fire.

that he's onsafe to play wid. An' Grubbins Take ut lasht shpring, whin the Colonel aloud. paid the saints know what ahl for thim scoutin' afther a last year's bone he'd mis- does to another!"

minnits the Colonel's vigitible garden was ploughed up more complate than the field before wan av our batteries at Chatta-

nooga, four years back."

"But that didn't rile him for coppers with Grubbins's gobblin' up little Miss Marion's taffy." Thus Corporal Perkins, picking up his cap, in the general exodus toward the parade. The rain had stopped for a moment. A wild wind was angrily driving the clouds in frightened masses before it; the freshness of the outside world was good to feel, after the stuffy and smoky atmosphere of the barrack-room. Marion she's the apple o' the Colonel's eye an' the light of it; an' I pity dog or man that sets her cryin' many times as she cried the other day when Grubbins caught on to her taffy the cook had set out to cool,

"There they go now! See 'em?" Thus one of the men at the window. There was

a general turning of heads.

" Faith, it's shmall blame to the Colonel." -from Mooney-"for it's a sunbame little Miss Marion carries in the eyes of her an' the heart of her; an' she kindled it from the wan that wint away wid her mother whin they laid her, an' the ould Colonel's heart wid her, in her grave a year gone!"

And indeed three-year-old Miss Marion was a winsome sight to see, as in her wee blue-hooded rain-cloak, a golden-haired kobold, she danced across the parade by her soldierly grandfather's side, smiling up confidingly in the face that never was stern for her, and leading tenderly, by a ribbon as blue as her rain-cloak or her eyes, a tiny terrier, also blue-blanketed, and mincingly remonstrant at the wet grass that brushed his dainty paws. The men approved of Miss Marion, but the terrier was not regarded with favor in barracks. "For whin I want a dog, I want a dog," said Private Mooney, voicing the general sentiment. "An' whin I want a ladvlike rat, I don't want him pritindin' to be a dog, an' ixpictin'

The men were making their way out for "Bedad, the Colonel's bark is a dale a whiff of fresh air before retreat should worse nor his bite, we ahl know!" Thus sound. Dikkon alone had not left his Mooney, pacifically. "It's only whin his place by the fire. As Mooney, last of the pepper-pot av a timper gits a rough shake, men, was opening the rough door, he was arrested by Dikkon's voice, sounding musis tryin' at times, his bist frinds know, ingly, and as if unconscious that he spoke

"It's a moughty queer world," Dikkon seeds from the North, an' whin they was said, "where an old yaller dog will stand comin' up umbrageous, in sails Grubbins, to one man for what a pretty little baby



DIKKON'S BROWN AND KNOTTED HAND FELL AFFECTIONATELY ON THE DOG'S HEAD,

man's quick appreciation of a chance to th' same reason. All that's left to me o' gratify a long-baffled curiosity, Mooney somethin' I loved." soundlessly closed the door, threw down chair. After a pause:

With an Irishman's involuntary sympa- about as much to me, I reckon, as little thy for a guessed sorrow, and an Irish- Miss Marion you is to the of Colonel. Fer

Mooney stuffed the tobacco deep into his cap, and crossed toward an empty his pipe, and diplomatically waited. There was a momentary break in the heavy "Manin' yersilf an' the Colonel?" said he. clouds, and a late, pale yellow light shone "Meanin' just that. Ol' Grubbins is tremulously through, Grant. That was in '64, years back, when I wor a volunteer. Nigh where we wor camped there wor a cabin. A girl lived thar, all alone. Her dad an' five brothers came piteously clear. had gone into the Union army, and they never come back. Her name wor Marcella. She had right pretty blue eyes, an' a cough. I punched a man oncet for tryin' to make free with her, an' Grubbins chawed him up afterwards. Grubbins wor her dog; a five-year-old, then, an' 's ornery 's he is now. We got to be right good friends, she 'n I; afterwards, more. I hadn't nary a red but my pay; no more she. But I promised ter kem back an' marry her oncet the fightin' wor over."

Both men smoked for a time in silence. "'Twas in May, '65, I got back there. It was a moughty purty day, with clouds like gold. The cabin do' was tight shet. An' the windows. Ez I kem up I heerd Grubbins howl. Reckon ve never heerd a yaller

dog howl?

"The neighbors hed jest took care o' her an' left her, an' gone back ter get the coffin. She had changed considerable—thin as a shadder. She hed wound grass round my ring to keep it on her finger—it wor a hoss-hair ring. I braided it from my hoss's

"I stayed for the fun'ral. Grubbins an' I sot by her all day an' all night. When the grave wor filled in, Grubbins he turned an' reached up his big valler paw ter me, an' his eyes said, 'Reckon it's we two now, ol' man?' An' I shuk his paw, an' I says, 'Yes, Grubbins, 's long as we both live.' An' when I 'listed ez a reg'lar, Grubbins 'listed 'long o' me."

"An' wid ahl his ecsyncrasities, Grubbins is a cridit to the ould rigimint!"—there was a sympathetic choke in Mooney's "An'—saints be good! Phwat's

that?"

It was a wild commotion on the parade ground. There were growls and snarls and doleful squeals; rushing footsteps, thwacking blows, a child's sobs, a stern and angry short, enraged howl in Grubbins's unmistakable accents.

oozing out here and there. Grubbins, his martial can decide which." yellow eyes afire, a stout cord round his

"I reckon I never told ye how I met up neck, was in the grasp of a soldier who with Grubbins? I was in the Tennessee was vainly trying to combine holding the mountings, when we wor down there with dog with a respectful salute to his colonel. The Colonel's face was gray with rage; his eyes blazed under their shaggy brows. Through the sudden silence, Marion's sobs

> "Take away that nasty beast-do you hear?" Thus the Colonel, tensely, between "I've overlooked his tricks his teeth. hitherto, because his master is an old soldier and a good one. But when it comes to killing my granddaughter's pet on the

open parade-

"Shure the little baste isn't dead at ahl, sorr!" Mooney had gently taken the small blue bundle, separated chewed-up blanket from chewed-up dog, and held the squealing terrier out with one hand, the other at salute; his eyes clouded and anxious. "He's just dis-disfracshured a bit, in shoots, sorr, but a shtrip or two o' plashter 'll make him as good as iver he was, sorr,—an' that's no good at ahl!" jerked Mooney, confidentially, back from his teeth "An' Grubbins mint no to his throat. harm, sorr. He'd niver sane the loike before, an' was just investigatin', an' when he found it wad bite-

"Hold your tongue, Mooney!" thundered the Colonel, recovering the breath that the Irishman's unparalleled audacity had taken away. "Take charge of that dog!" Mooney mechanically took from the soldier the leash at whose other end Grubbins was wildly straining to reach his master. "He has done his last mischief. You will have him hanged within an hour. Not a word, I tell you!" as Mooney's lips opened in a gasp. "Come, sweetheart." The stern and angry voice fell to a caressing whisper; the Colonel lifted Marion, dog and all, and set her on his stalwart arm. "Hush, hush, dear! The bad dog shan't hurt little Fido any more. Come home, baby; come and find Christmas." As he turned, he stopped abruptly. Dikkon stood squarely facing him. The man's sallow face was dully purple with passion; his eyes gleamed tigerishly. "Take back that order, Colonel," he raved. "Give me voice. "Take that dog away, and—" a back my old dog! Give him back, I tell you! or I'll-

"Arrest that man!" Dikkon was in the Dikkon and Mooney were in the middle grasp of a dozen ready hands. There was of the parade. In little Maid Marion's that in his eyes, as they turned on the Coloarms, pressed close to her tear-stained nel, that had sent the men's hearts to their face, was a squealing huddle of very mud-throats. "Clap him in the guard-house. dy blue blanket, with a pathetic pink stain He's probably drunk or mad. The court-

The Colonel turned on his heel and strode



"TAKE AWAY THAT NASTY BEAST DO YOU HEAR?"

off through the blackening twilight with housekeeper called a most un-Christmasthe frightened child on his breast. As he like temper throughout his dinner. "Conwent, there followed him the howis of a found the fellow!" he muttered, pacing half-choked dog, as Grubbins was dragged restlessly to and fro, when dinner was done. in one direction, powerless to reach the "Why need he have given me that mad-master who was being marched off in the man's talk? Mooney would have found a other. way to keep the beast safe till the men could The Colonel was in what his sister and send in a petition, and—then—of course—it

being Christmas, and all—" He looked had to shoot again! Oh, my God! abstractedly out into the inky darkness. Grubbins! Grubbins!" "Dear, dear! I believe I'm half a madman myself when Marion comes into a floor. question. More than ever, since there have ears. been those Apacherumors. I can't leave to ized, hearing nothing more. carry the child North; and if, while she was here, the Indians—" he put up his hand to his forehead, suddenly damp with the starting sweat.

There rang out through the windy darkness the long-drawn howl of a dog, followed by a sharp, sudden shot, and another and another; shouts, wandering lights.

"What is that? Martha, bar the doors and windows," shouted the Colonel, hoarsely. He caught up his sword and buckled it as he ran.

Mooney had come to kindle the smoky lamp in the guard-house cell. The figure lying face downward in the bunk had stirred at sound of his heavy footsteps, and turned toward him a bloodless face, and eyes of dumb, agonized entreaty. "Shure I wud if I cud, ye poor sowl!" said Mooney; vet Dikkon had spoken no word.

"It isn't to let him live. I heard the Colonel's orders. God send him such torment as he's sent me! But, Mooney, Grubbins is a soldier's dog. Yo' won't hang him? Oh, for the love o' God, for the sake of Christmas, say yo' won't hang him! Yo'll give him a bullet?"

Mooney gripped his hand with a firm,

quick nod.

"I'm in fo' a term in the military prison, sho'. Grubbins is gittin' older every day, an' he'd be onery, missin' me, an' likely to git kicked 'round, 'mong the men. He mought as well go befo' I do. But-yo're a good shot, Mooney, but yo'll stand close, an' not let him need but one bullet?'

Another nod, Mooney shut the door softly, and went out into the dark. alone, Dikkon threw himself down again in his bunk, his face hidden in his arms.

"I'd like to say good-by to vo', Grub-The man was sobbing, thickly, dryly, without tears. "I'd have liked to

ask yo' to a' told Marcella---"

had heard at his window, came to Dikkon's ears as he lay in the guard-house bunk. At the shot that sharply followed, the man sat upright, his face gray. "He's gone! The old dog's gone!"

Another shot.

Dikkon leaped up as they say men leap who take a bullet in the heart.

He flung himself face downward on the He ran his fingers hard into his So he lay, half-unconscious, agon-

The Colonel stood just without the door of the stables, all the men of the little garrison around and before him. At his feet, across the threshold, lay the body of an Indian, the face taking ghastly cleansing of its war-paint from the thin stream of blood that trickled from its temple. Three other Indians, bound hand and foot, crouched sullenly in the midst of their guard. A trooper was, with many half-choked grunts of discomfort, examining his shattered knee. The faint, far echo of galloping ponies was dying away, through the wind, over the plain.

"Let me understand this," said the Colonel. He spoke somewhat unsteadily. He was looking down at the dead Indian, at whose belt there dangled a child's scalp. It could not have been taken many months ago. The child had had golden

hair.

Corporal Perkins stepped forward, saluting. "It was like this, sir. The halfbreeds had probably told them Christmas was a good time to attack, the men being jolly, and careless-like. They must have crept up through the brush behind the stables. There was a board loose at the back o' the stables; this fellow"—he indicated the dead Indian—"crept through it. Their scheme was to stampede the horses first, so there'd be no way of escape. It'd ha' worked well if——"

" Well?"

"If Grubbins ---- "

" Grubbins ?"

"Yis, sorr!" -it was Mooney, now, standing sheepish, at the salute. orders was to hang the dog in an hour, sorr; but when the min was a-thrimmin' the barrick-room clock wid Christmas grane, sorr, they shtopped it intoirely, sorr, an'---

k yo' to a' told Marcella——" "Grubbins was in the stables? The dog The long-drawn howl that the Colonel gave the alarm?"

"Yis, sorr. An' he hild this divil past mischief, sorr, till the senthry-

"Where is the dog?"

"Shure he's waitin' his doom, sorr, like his mashter in the guard-house beyant. It's quare they're both in throuble togither " -- Mooney was apparently addressing the universe in general, since he never would "Mooney! Yo' crazy blunderer! Yo' have ventured such discourse to his



HE PLING HIMSELP FACE DOWNWARD ON THE PLOOR,

colonel—"for says Dikkon to me, this afthernoon, says he, 'Grubbins is to me,' says he, 'what the shwate little lady up yonder is to the Colonel,' says he—an' little did he think that but for Grubbins, this night, them divils that's gallopin' away yon might ha' been—this blissid minit——"

Apparently by accident, Mooney's foot touched the golden hair that fluttered from the dead Indian's belt.

"Release Dikkon!" said the Colonel, briefly. There was a queer look in the Colonel's eyes. He was very white. "Sead him up to me to report. We shall want all our available men before we can round these rascals up."

"Yis, sorr. An' Grubbins, sorr?"

The Colonel looked hard in silence at Private Mooney. Then, "Don't you know how to treat the dog that saved the garrison?" said he.

"Yis, sorr. Private Mooney.

The smoky lamp had almost burned like Grubbins, when it's only a ha'nt!" itself out.

When a man has his fingers run hard into his ears, how is it any sound can come through? When his eyes are pressed hard against the floor, how can he see great mountains? Great mountains, with clouds up and open his eyes. drifting, majestic, above them. homely garden across which the cloudshadows play. And a girl standing in the garden, with pretty, timid blue eves upturned. And an old vellow dog, whining for, notice, and importunately licking a man's clenched hands and tear-drenched, hidden face—licking and whining, and lies prone in the dust, on the guard-house master's arms, against his master's breast. floor.

"Or p'raps it's his ha'nt. I didn't know we'll be in the way."

dogs had ha'nts. They say ha'nts go away if you speak, I won't speak, I won't open my eyes. It's most as good as 'f they hadn't shot him. His tongue's warm. His paw's rough. His nails kin scratch. O I think so, sorr," said Lord A'mighty! Take him away! Take him away! I can't bear anythin' to be so

But the wet tongue caresses. The rough

paws plead.

There are footsteps in the room, and lanterns. A dozen comrades are catching at his hand. He has no choice but to sit

"Wuz it becos the angels didn't have no wings to fit yo', Grubbins, that they fixed

vo' up that-a-way?" said Dikkon.

There, in the full lantern-light, stood an old vellow dog. His neck was hung with Christmas greens. A small American flag was wired to his tail, and was wiggling joysomely. His eyes met his masshambling eagerly all about a man who ter's. With one mighty leap he was in his

away, b'ys," said Private " Come "Now I'm loony, for sho'!" Dikkon Mooney. "Grubbins'll be wantin' to exhwhispers to himself through closed teeth, plain matthers to Dikkon, and, begorra!

MORNING WITH BRET HARTE.

BY HENRY J. W. DAM.

"IF I had been an artist I should have ness and warmth. The heaped-up coals painted them," he says, referring to make flickering traceries of shadow over strange literary land which he was the first to discover and describe to all the world. "If I had been an artist" is his phrase, and it sounds strange from his lips, for a more artistic personality, in thought, speech, sympathies, and methods, was never numbered among the creators of character or the observers of nature than that of the historian of the Golden Age of California, Mr Bret Harte.

It is one of those winter mornings in London when upon parks and lawns and all the architectural distances the cold gray mist lies heavily. The sun, a preposterous ruby set in fog, looms red and high. Through the study window its radiance comes balefully, as if fleeing the dreariness of streets that stretch silent and de-

John Oakhurst and M'liss and Tennessee's walls covered with the originals of pict-Partner and all the other denizens of that ures and engravings which all the world has seen in certain famous books. Some of these originals will be found among the illustrations of this article, and are interesting exhibitions of the manner in which the English imagination endeavors to conceive the unfamiliar California types. The sides of the room are given up to high book-shelves. Bric-a-brac meets the eve in all directions, the mantel being covered with pretty souvenirs of continental watering-places, those guide-posts on the highway of memory by which charming acquaintances are recalled and favorite spots revisited.

BRET HARTE IN PERSON.

At the desk, surrounded by an incalcuserted under London's Sabbath spell, lable visitation of Christmas cards, sits Within the room, however, all is cheerful- Bret Harte, the Bret Harte of actuality, a



DRET HARTE, EXOM A LAINING BY JOHN LETTIE, R.A., RE ROLLIEFE BY THE KIND EXEMISSION OF THE FIRE ARTS SOCIETY, LONDON. PROTOGRAPHED BY FRADELLE & YOUNG, CONDON,

gentleman as far removed from the Bret less impressive, would seem foppish. This Harte of popular fancy as is the St. James quality, like his handwriting and other Club from Mount Shasta, or a Savoy Hotel characteristic trifles, perceptibly assists supper from the cinder cuisine of a mining one in grasping the main elements of a camp in the glorious days of '49. Instead personality which is as harmonious as it of being, as the reader usually conceives, is peculiar, and as unconventional as it is one of the long-bearded, loose-jointed sensitive to fine shades, of whatever kind heroes of his Western Walhalla, he is a they be. Over his cigar, with a gentle polished gentleman of medium height, with play of humor and a variety of unconscious a curling gray mustache. In lieu of the gestures which are always graceful and recklessness of Western methods in dress, never twice the same, he touches upon this his attire exhibits a nicety of detail which, very subject—the impressions made upon in a man whose dignity and sincerity were him by his first sight of gold-hunting in



MRET HARTE IN 1809, WHILE FILLON OF THE "OVERLAND MONTHLY". FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TOASPIS IN THE PRESENT PUBLISHERS OF THE "OVERLAND MONTHLY".

California, and the eye and mind which he brought to bear upon the novel scene.

BRET HARTE'S STORY OF HIS DIFF IN CALIFORNIA.

"I left New York for California," says Mr. Harte, "when I was scarcely more than a boy, with no better equipment, I fear, than an imagination which had been expanded by reading Froissart's 'Chronicles of the Middle Ages,' Don Quixote,' the story of the Argonauts, and other books from the shelves of my father, who was a tutor of Greek. I went by way of Panama, and was at work for a few mouths ia San Francisco in the spring of 1853, but felt no satisfaction with my surroundings until I reached the gold country, my particular choice being Sonora, in Calaveras County

"Here I was thrown among the strangest social conditions that the latter-day world has perhaps seen. The setting was itself heroic. The great mountains of the Sierra Nevada lifted majestic snow-capped peaks against a sky of purest blue. Magnificent bine forests of trees which were themselves enormous, gave to the landscape a sense of largeness and greatness. It was a land of rugged cañons, sharp declivities, and magnificent distances. Amid rushing wa-

ters and wild-wood freedom, an army of strong men in red shirts and top boots were feverishly in search of the buried gold of earth. Nobody shaved, and hair, mustaches, and beards were untouched by shears or razor. Weaklings and old men were unknown. It took a stout heart and a strong frame to dare the venture, to brave the journey of three thousand miles, and battle for life in the wilds. It was a civilization composed entirely of young men, for on one occasion, I remember, an elderly man-he was fifty, perhaps, but he had a gray beard-was pointed out as a curiosity in the city, and men turned in the street to look at him as they would have looked at any other unfamiliar object.

"These men, generally speaking, were highly civilized, many of them being cultured and professionally trained. They were in strange and strong contrast with their surroundings, for all the trammels and conventionalities of settled civilization had been left thousands of miles behind. It was a land of perfect freedom, limited only by the instinct and the habit of law which prevailed in the mass. All its forms were original, rude, and picturesque. Woman was almost unknown, and enjoyed the high estimation of a rarity. The chiv-



DRET HARTH IN 1871. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY SARONY, NEW YORK, SHORTLY AFTER THE PUBLICATION OF "THE HEATHEN CHINES."

alry natural to manhood invested her with some extraordinary order, and each man ideal value when respect could supplement as he worked would now and then dab his it, and with exceptional value even when forchead with the handkerchief and push it could not. Strong passions brought it a little farther round. The white clothes quick climaxes, all the better and worse and bright handkerchiefs against the wild forces of manhood being in unbridled play. background made a very novel picture, To me it was like a strange, ever-varying and I said something to this effect to a panorama, so novel that it was difficult to miner by my side. He took a look down grasp comprehensively. In fact, it was not the valley, the standpoint being one that till years afterwards that the great mass of had not occurred to him, and said: 'It primary impressions on my mind became does look kinder nice. Didn't know we sufficiently clarified for literary use.

get in the early days, and everything that paper till many years afterward. could serve was made use of. Our valley,

styles for gentlemen' as there were men to be seen. One hot summer morning, however, the old order changed. A large consignment of condemned navy outfits, purchased by a local storekeeper, had found ready sale, and the result was that the valley was filled with men, hard at work over their claims, and all dressed in white 'jumpers,' white duck trousers, and top boots. On their heads were vellow straw hats. and around their shoulders gaudy bandanna handkerchiefs of yellow, blue, red, and green patterns, Perspiration was so profuse in the hot weather that a handkerchief was as necessary to a miner as a whiskey flask or a revolver. They wore them clung loosely around their necks and falling over their chests,

gave ourselves away like that,' and sham-"The changes of scene were constant bled down the trail with a chuckle. Every and unexpected. Here is one that I re- day brought new scenes and new experimember very well. Clothing was hard to ences, though I did not commit them to

in its ordinary aspect, had as many 'spring MINER, EXPRESS MESSENGER, SCHOOLMASTER, EDITOR.

> "And were you taking notes for future literary work at this period?"

"Not at all. I had not the least idea at this time that any portion of literary fame awaited me. I lived their life, unthinking. I took my pick and shovel, and asked where I might dig. They said 'Anywhere,' and it was true that you could get 'color,' that is, a few grains of gold, from any of the surface earth with which you chose to fill your pan. In an ordinary day's work you got enough to live on, or, as it was called, 'grub wages.' I was not a success as a gold-digger, and it was conceived that I would answer for a Wells Fargo messenger. A Wells Fargo messenger was a person who sat



like the collar of BRET HARTE IN 1872. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH DY SARONY, NEW YORK.

to camp, and camp to city, without any learned to set type, the ability to earn my own living as a printer being a source of hood. I have never in my life had an arti-verse." cle refused publication, and yet I never had of many others, does not seem to have been impaired by repeated refusals. Nearly all as pleased myself, instead of endeavoring heto write for a purpose, or in accordance with the views of somebody else,

"A great part of this distrust of literature as a profession arose, I think," continues Mr. Harte, and he smiles at the reminiscence, "from my first literary effort. It was a poem called 'Autumn Musings,' It was written at the mature age of eleven. It was satirical in character, and cast upon the fading year the cynical light of my repressed dissatisfaction with things in general. I addressed the envelope to the New York 'Sunday Atlas,' at that time a journal of some literary repute in New York, where I was then living. I was not quite certain how the family would regard this venture on my part, and I posted the missive with the utmost secresy. After that I waited for over a week in a state of suspense that entirely absorbed me. Sunday came, and with it the newspapers. These were displayed on a stand in the street near our house, and held in their places-I shall never forget them-with stones, With an unmoved face, but a beating heart, I scanned the topmost copy of the 'Atlas.' To my dying day I shall remember the thrill that came from see-

beside the driver on the box-seat of a ing 'Autumn Musings,' a poem, on the stage-coach, in charge of the letters and first page. I don't know that the headline 'treasure' which the Wells Fargo Ex- type was any longer than usual, but to me press Company took from a mining camp it was colossal. It had something of the to the nearest town or city. Stage rob- tremendousness of a three-sheet poster. bers were plentiful. My predecessor in I bought the paper and took it home. I the position had been shot through the exhibited it to the family by slow and arm, and my successor was killed. I cautious stages. My hopes sank lower held the post for some months, and then and lower. At last I realized the enormity gave it up to become the schoolmaster of my offence. The lamentation was gennear Sonora-Sonora having by immigra- eral. It was unanimously conceded that tion attained the size and population which I was lost, and I fully believed it. My called for a school. For several years after idea of a poet-it was the family's idea this I wandered about California from city also—was the Hogarthian one, born of a book of Hogarth's drawings belonging to special purpose. I became an editor, and my father. In the lean and miserable and helpless guise of 'The Distressed Poet,' as therein pictured, I saw, aided by the great satisfaction to me, for, strange to say, family, my probable future. It was a I had no confidence, until long after that terrible experience. I sometimes wonperiod, in literature as a means of fiveli- der that I ever wrote another line of

His natural tendency in that direction any of that confidence which, in the case was too strong to be crushed, however. He has always, he says, had a weakness for humorous verse, and in that particular dimy life I have held some political or edi- rection his pen is as playful as ever. All torial post, upon which I relied for an of which digression leads naturally to income. This has, no doubt, attected my the "Heathen Chinee," concerning which work, since it gave memore liberty to write he has several new facts to make pub-



BRET HARTE, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THOMAS FALL, LONDON,



BRET HARTE AT THE PRESENT TIME. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BILLIGHT AND PRY, LONDON

CHINEE.

else than its local effect. It was born of a peating: somewhat absurd state of things which appealed to the humorous eye. thrifty Oriental, who was invading California in large numbers, was as imitative Soon afterwards I began to hear from it as a monkey. He did as the Caucasian frequently in a similar way. The lines

SOME NEW FACTS ABOUT THE "HEATHEN and frugal, did it a little better. From placer mining to card playing he industriously followed the example set him by his "I was always fond of satiric verse, and superiors, and took cheating at eards quite the instruct of parody has always possessed seriously, as a valuable addition to the inme. The 'Heathen Chinee' is an instance teresting game. He cheated admirably, but, of this, though I don't think I have told instead of winning praises for it, found anybody, except a well-known English himself, when caught at it, abused, conpoet, who observed and taxed me with the temned, and occasionally mobbed by his fact, the story of its metrical origin. The teachers in a way that had not been dreamt 'Heathen Chinee' was for a time the best of in his philosophy. This point I put known of any of my writings. It was into verse. I heard nothing of it for some written for the 'Overland Monthly,' of time, until a friend told me it was making which I was editor, with a satirical politi- the rounds of the Eastern press. He himcal purpose, but with no thought of aught self had heard a New York brakeman re-

> Yet he played it that day upon William and me in a way I despise.

did in all respects, and, being more patient were popular. The points seemed to catch

tended it as a contribution to contemporary poetry, but I doubt, from the evidence I received, if I ever wrote anything more ing the accents with an amused smile:

" 'Atalanta, the fairest of women, whose name is a blessing to speak-

in a way I despise

The narrowing Symplegades whitened the straits 'The Luck of Roaring Camp.' It was a of Propontis with spray-

And we found on his nails, which were taper, what's frequent in tapers, that's wax."

He laughs over the parody in metre and goes on quoting; and as lie talks of 6.8 verse and his work in general, it is evide it. that the humorous is one of his most fully developed literary characteristics He still takes delight in the "Condensed Novels," and is as much in the mood for writing them to-day, at fifty-three, as he was twenty years ago. They belonged,

it seems, to a kind of chrysalis period in his development, when, hving in San Francisco, he wrote variously for a number of local literary periodicals, the most widely known of which was the "Gold en Era," These writings, and the position which he won through them, led to the editorship of the "Californian Weekly," and finally of a magazine, the "Overland Monthly". The latter was the inducing cause of the first of that series of stories which carried his name all over the world. At the start he was most bitterly opposed. first step was the one that cost, with him as with others. His narrative is full of interest, as a matter both of personal and of literary history,

the ear and hold the memory. I never in- EDITORIAL CAUTION AND "THE LUCK OF ROARING CAMP."

"I was eventually offered the editor-The verses had, however, the ship of a new magazine, the 'Overland dignity of a high example. I have told Monthly, which was about to make its you of the English poet who was first to first issue, and it was through the acceptquestion me regarding the metre, and ap- ance of this post that my career, generally preciate its Greek source. Do you remem- speaking, began. As the editor of this ber the threnody in Swinburne's 'Atalanta magazine, I received for its initial number in Calydon ? It occurred to me that the many contributions in the way of stories. grand and beautiful sweep of that chorus. After looking these over, it impressed me was just the kind of thing which fruthful as a strange thing that not one of the James would be the last man in the world writers had felt inspired to treat the fresh to adopt m expressing his views. There- subjects which lay ready to his hand in fore I used it. I isten," and he quotes, mark- California. All the stories were conventional, the kind of thing that would have been offered to an editor in the Atlantic States, stories of those localities and of Europe, in the customary form. I talked the matter over with Mr. Roman, the pro-Yet he played it that day upon William and me prictor, and then wrote a story whose sole object was to give the first number a certain amount of local coloring. It was called



SERT HARTE IN MIS STUDY.



BRET HARTE'S " MILISS." FROM A PAINTING BY EDWIN LUNG. READ DOOR BY KIND PERMISSION OF MESSES, ERCCES AND SCAS, I. NOON PHOTOGRAPHED BY FRADELLE & YOUNG, LONDON,

single picture out of the panorama which the magazine. I read the story again, had impressed me years before. It was thought the matter over, and told Mr. Roput into type. The proof reader and printer man that if 'The Luck of Roaring Camp' declared it was immoral and indecent. I was not a good and suitable story I was read it over again in proof, at the request of not a good and suitable editor for his magthe publisher, and was touched, I am afraid, azine. I said that the chief value of an only with my own pathos. I read it to my editor lay in the correctness of his judgwife. I had married in the meantime -and ment, and if his view was the true one, my it made her cry also. I am told that Mr. judgment was clearly at fault. I am quite Roman also read it to his wife, with the sure that if the decision had been left to same diabolically illogical result. Never- San Francisco, the series of mining pictures theless, the opposition was unshaken.

friend of mine, then the editor of the 'Alta editor remained, and the story appeared. California.' He was not personally op- It was received harshly. posed to the story, but felt that that sort papers were unanimous in declaring it imof thing might be injudicious and unfavor- moral, and they published columns in its ably affect immigration. I was without a disfavor. The local press, reflecting the sympathizer or defender. Even Mr. Roman pride of a young and new community,

that followed the first would not have been "I had a serious talk with an intimate written-at least, not in that city. But the The religious fel: that it might imperil the prospects of could not see why stories should be printEast. They would have none of it!

ton indorsed the story, San Francisco was appeared from my pen."

ed by their representative magazine which properly proud of it. Thenceforth I had put the community into such unfavorable my own way without interruption. Other contrast with the effete civilization of the stories, the mining tales with which you are familiar, followed in quick succession. "A month later, however, by return of The numberless impressions of the earlier mail from Boston, there came an important days were all vividly fixed in my mind, letter. It was from Fields & Osgood, the waiting to be worked up, and their success publishers, and was addressed to me as was made apparent to me in very substaneditor. It requested me to hand the en- tial ways, though the religious press conclosed note to the author of 'The Luck of tinued to suffer from the most painful Roaring Camp.' The note was their offer doubts, and certain local critics who had to publish anything he chose to write, upon torn my first story to pieces, fell into a his own terms. This became known, and quiet routine of stating that each succeedit turned the tide of criticism. Since Bos- ing story was the worst thing that had yet



"A PHYLLIS OF THE SIERRAS." FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FRADELLE & YOUNG, LONDON, OF A DRAWING BY CATON WOODVILLE.

BRET HARTE'S FIRST MEETING WITH MARK TWAIN.

'Overland' became what it should have been from the start, truly Califorman in tone. Other writers followed my 'trail,' and the freshness and vivid life of the country found a literary expression. At that time I held a political office. the secretaryship of the San Francisco Mint. The Mint was but a few steps from the leading newspaper establishments, and as I had previously been the editor of 'The Californian,' a literary weekly, my office was a rendezvous for contributors. would-be contributors to the magazine.

"Some months before the 'Overland' appeared. George Barnes, a wellknown journalist and an intimate friend of mine, walked into my office one morning with a young man

dress was careless, and his general manner one of supreme indifference to surroundings and circumstances. Barnes introduced "Local color having been placed, him as Mr. Sam Clemens, and remarked through the dictum of the Atlantic States, that he had shown a very original talent at a premium," Mr. Hart continues, "the in a number of newspaper contributions over the signa-

ture of 'Mark Twain ' We talked on different topics. and about a month afterwards Clemens dropped in upon me again.

"He had been away in the mining district on some newspaper assignment the meantime. In the course of conversation he remarked that the unearthly laziness that prevailed in the town he had been visiting was beyond anything in his previous experience. He said the men did nothing all day long but sit around the barroom stove, spit, and 'swop lies.' He spoke in a slow, rather satirical, drawl which was in itself irresistible. He went on to tell one of those extravagant stories, and half unconsciously dropped into the lazy tone and manner of the original narra-



THE ISLAND OF VERBA BURNAL PAINTED BY G. MONTBARD TO ILLUSTRATE BRET HARTE'S STORY, "A WARD OF THE GOLDEN GATE." PHOTO-GRAPHED BY FRADELIE & YOUNG, LONDON.

esting. His head was striking. He had I asked him to tell it again to a friend who the curly hair, the aquiline nose, and even came in, and then asked him to write it out the aguiline eve-an eye so eagle-like that for 'The Californian' He did so, and a second hid would not have surprised me, when published it was an emphatic success.

whose appearance was unmistakably inter- tor. It was as graphic as it was delicious, -of an unusual and dominant nature. His It was the first work of his that attracted eyebrows were very thick and bushy. His general attention, and it crossed the Sierras

for an Eastern hearing. From that point his success was steady. The story was 'The Jumping Frog of Calaveras,' It is now it will never be as funny to anybody in print as it was to me, told for the first that morning in the San Francisco Mint,"

HOW MUCH IS REAL IN BRET HARTE'S TALES.

Whether or not there ever really existed. Kentuck's finger. an innocent frog, wickedly filled with bird

tamly did exist a John Oakhurst, and that all the Bret Harte characters and incidents were drawn from life to a greater or less extent

""Greater or less" is perhaps the best way to answer the question," says their creator, thoughtfully, and this statement, like every other expression of opinion from him, is very emphatic, but very polite, in fact, almost deferential in tone. He is firm in his own conclusions, but as gentle in differing with you as an oriental potentate, who might beg you with tears in his

drown you if you didn't

dents to the very life. I have been cred- found " ited with great powers of observation, and of a Pony,"

'Bean pods are noisiest when dry, And you always wink with your weakest eve.

known and laughed over, I suppose, wher- I did not dream that an eminent Philaever the English language is spoken; but delphia ophthalmologist would make this statement, which it appears is true, the subject of an essay before his society. time by the unknown Twain himself, on Another emment scientist who is interested in the elementary conditions of human nature, and the prehensile tendencies of babies' fingers, seriously corroborated my statement about the baby in 'The Luck of Roaring Camp,' which 'wrastled' with

" My stories are true, however, not only shot, for speculative purposes, by a design- in phenomena, but in characters. I do not ing man, it now appears that there cer- pretend to say that many of my characters

existed exactly they are described, but I believe there is not one of them who did not have a real human being as a suggesting and starting point. Some of them, indeed, had several. John Oakhurst, for instance, was drawn quite closely from life. On one occasion, however, when a story in which he figures was being discussed, a friend of mine said: 'I know the original of Oakhurst-the man you took him from."

"'Who?' said I, " * Young L-

" I was astounded. As a matter of fact, eves to agree with him, and complacently the gambler as portrayed was as good a picture, even to the hmp, of young "I may say with perfect truth," he adds, L-, as of the actual original. The two "that there were never any natural phe-men, you see, belonged to a class which nomena made use of in my novels of which had strongly marked characteristics, and I had not been personally cognizant, ex- were generally alike in dress and manner. cept one, and that was the bursting of the And so with the others. Perhaps some of reservoir, in 'Gabriel Conroy.' But not a my heroes were slightly polished in the year had elapsed after the publication of setting, and perhaps some of my heroines the book before I received a letter from a were somewhat idealized, but they all had man in Shasta County, California, asking an original existence outside of my brain how I happened to know so much about and outside of my books. I know this, the flood that had occurred there, and stat- though I could not possibly tell you who ing that I had described many of its inci- the originals were or where they were

As Mr. Harte talks his hands become not a few discoveries in natural phenomena, eloquent. The gestures are quiet and Whether I am entitled to the credit or not, graceful, but arms, wrist, hands, and fingers I cannot say. When I wrote, in 'The Tale come into continuous play. And when he finally lights upon his grievance—like every



CONTRANCE STRANGITERS, 1685 CM, AND FIGHT. TRAN A PROTOGRAPH TAKEN SEVERA AFARS ALL IN DIAINFIELD, N. J.

other man of note, he has a grievance—he o'clock, and eat my breakfast like any becomes particularly earnest, and the gest- other human being. I then go to work, if ures are slightly more emphatic.

HOW BRET HARTE WORKS AND DOES NOT WORK.

"I don't object to being written about as I am," he says, "but I particularly dislike being described as I am not. And, for the inventions concerning me seem to have much greater currency and vitality this morning.

The first, from "Galignani's Messenger,"

read as follows:

"Bret Harte cannot work except in seclusion, and when he is busy on a story he will hide himself away in some suburban retreat known only to his closest friends. Here he will rise just after dawn, be at his desk several hours before breakfast, and remain there, with an interval of an hour for a walk, the whole day.'

"I meet this everywhere," said Mr. Harte, "and this," taking up a second cutting in its natural sequence:

"Bret Harte has reached a point where literary work is impossible to him except in absolute solitude. When writing he leaves his own home for suburban lodgings, where no visitor is allowed to trouble him, and where he follows a severe routine of early rising, scant diet, and steady work. It has been generally remarked that one can see this laborious regimen in his latter-day novels." This was from "The Argonaut," San Francisco

" Now, what is diabolically ingenious in this," continues Mr. Harte, "is that those authoritative statements are untrue in every particular. I never seek seclusion. In fact, I could not work in seclusion. I rise at a civilized hour, about half-past eight

I have a piece of work in hand, and remain at my desk till noon. I never work after luncheon. I read my proofs with as much interest and, I think, as much care as anybody else, and yet the public is taught to believe that I never see my 'copy' after it once leaves my hands.

"If newspapers were as anxious to print some strange journalistic or human reason, facts about a man as they are to furnish information which their readers will presumably enjoy repeating, it would be difthan the truths. Here, for instance," and ferent, I won, some years ago, without he examines a pile of newspaper cuttings, the slightest effort on my part, the reputaon the desk, "are two interesting contri- tion of being the laziest man in America, butions to my public history which came. At first the compliment took the form of an extended paragraph deploring my fatal facility, and telling in deprecating sentences how much I could probably do if I



BRET HARTE. FROM A DRAWING BY ARTHUR JULE GOODMAN, 1894.

the country, and is doubtless still on its rounds. In the course of time, on a lecturing tour, I reached St. Ioe, Missouri, I had been lecturing by night and travelling by day for ten weeks, continuously. A reporter called and desired to know what kind of soap I used—he had heard sinister rumors that it was a highly scented foreign article-my opinion of Longfellow, and various other questions of moment. I ashotel, and concealed nothing from him with regard to Longfellow, but begged him particularly to note the fact of my preternatural activity. He managed these facts correctly in his half-column next morning, but adorned me with a glittering diamond stud of which I had no knowledge. And in the same paper, in another column, ·I found a pleasant variation from the usual line. There was no allusion to my late labors. It was simply: 'Bret Harte says he is not the laziest man in America.' Altogether, therefore, I should perhaps think well of my friend of St. Joe, Missouri.

"Those lectures were an amusing experience," he adds, laughing. "What the people expected in me I do not know. Possibly a six-foot mountaineer, with a voice and lecture in proportion. They always seemed to have mentally confused not six feet high, and I do not wear a beard. Whenever I walked out before a strange audience there was a general sense of disappointment, a gasp of astonishment that I could feel, and it always took at least fifteen minutes before they recovered from their surprise sufficiently to listen to what I had to say. I think, even now, that if I had been more herculean in proportions, with a red shirt and top boots, many of those audiences would have felt a deeper thrill from my utterances and a deeper conviction that they had obtained the worth of their money.'

A MAN CAREFUL OF DETAILS IN HIS WORK AND HIS PERSON.

critic, an epicurean, a man of the world, our own fame and profit."

were not so indolent. This grew smaller and carrying everywhere the independence and smaller, until it took a concise and of a distinct literary personality, Bret easily annexable form, viz.: 'Bret Harte Harte talks as he writes, like a gentleman. is the laziest man in America.' As an This is a subtile attribute, but one which interesting adjunct to the personal column England never fails to recognize and value, I read it, of course with extreme pleasure, and it is one prime cause of the popularity in every paper that came habitually under of his works in the United Kingdom. Conmy eye. Denial, of course, was of no tinually in evidence also is his distinguishearthly use, and the line travelled all over ing characteristic, one which is only described by the word "nicety "-nicety in dress, nicety in speech, nicety in thought. This artistic precision and thoughtful attention to details is the most marked attribute of the man, and from it you understand the plane and power of his work. Without it. the most impressive of his stories, "The Luck of Roaring Camp," for instance, could not possibly have been written. It is rather a singular quality to be found in sured him that I used the soap of the combination with his emotional breadth and dramatic sweep as a writer, but it is the one which finishes and polishes the whole, and it is clearly natural and inherent.

THE CIVIL WAR A GREAT OPPORTUNITY FOR AMERICAN NOVELISTS.

Perhaps the most valuable of all Mr. Harte's ideas are his opinions concerning the literary field of to-day. His views of literature as a profession are now pleasantly optimistic, possibly through the businesslike way in which his interests have long been handled by that most skilful of literary agents, Mr. A. P. Watt. Contemporary life in its highest social aspects he looks upon, however, as most unpromising material for romantic treatment.

"In America," he says, "the great field is me with one of my own characters. I am the late war. The dramatists have found and utilized it, but the novelists, the romance writers, have in it the richest possible field for works of serious import, and yet, outside of short stories, they seem to have passed it by. If I had time, nothing would please me better than to go over the ground, or portions of it, and make use of it for future work. Our war of the Revolution is not good material for cosmopolitan purposes. This country has never quite forgotten the way in which it ended. But the war of the Rebellion was our own and is our own; its dramatic and emotional aspects are infinite; and while American writers are coming abroad for scenes to picture, I am in constant fear that some Englishman or Frenchman will go to America and reap the field in romance which we should now, all local The conversation rambles. A polished feeling having passed away, be utilizing to

"HUMAN DOCUMENTS."

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES.

The Venerable PREDERIC WILLIAM LARRAR, D.D., I R.S., Archdencon of Westminster, combines in himself several kinds of ammance any one of which would be a just source of pride to an ordinary mon-Besides being a high dignitiary in a great Cherch Lostablishment, he is an emment julpit orator, an emineut scholar, and an empoint man of letters. He was born in Boudsey. August 7, 1531, and is the son of a clergyman. For many years he was an assistant master in the noted school at Harrow, and then head master of Marborough College. Having served for a time as. How mire Chaplain to the Queen, he became, in 1873, one of her Chaplains in Ordinary. In 1876 he was appointed to a canony in Westminster. Abbey and to the rectory of St. Margaret's London. In 1851 he become Archdeacon of Westminster, and in 18 jo. Chiplan of the House of Commons. He has published steries, books of sermors, books of fectures, theological treatises, and philological treatises, and many of his works have been immensely popular. In 1985, be parl a visit to America, for which he has great frie dimess, and received a very warm welcome. An interesting article by Le, Fairat, entitled 22 The Clinist Child Fe Art, Lappears on another page of this comber of the magazine.

DWI HI LYMAN MOODY was born at Northfield, Massachuserts. Echicary 5, 1857, and urtil he was sevent on views of chard or it om. The discovered remark diferibility as a mission ry or to moving to thickgo in 1850. A complete shary of his career, by Professor Drummood, appears in another part of this number of the Magazine.

INA DAVID SANKLY, the evangelist was born in Edulargh, Lawrence County. Perusylvania, August 28, 1840. His father a batcker and an editor, and for some verts a State sen for, was a zelous member of the Method 80 hurch, and the sommitted with the same church at the age of 10 mm. He became fealer of the choir separative of its of the Sunday school, and president of the left Voung Men's Christian Association. He was a Lodeniapolis in 1870 as a delegate to an interference of the Voung Men's Christian Association and the Young Men's Christian Association which has some made the nequipartities of M. Moody, and they began that association which has some made them known to all the world. Many control is some made them known to all the world. Many control is both which Mr. Sankey sings are of become composition, and he has complet a very popular book of "Sacred Songs and Solos."

ARCHDEACON FARRAR



مؤناهم بهراء



1844 AUR 19



1874. AGE 43 PROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SAMUEL A WILKER, LONDON.



1892. AGE OI. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BARRALD, LONDON.



ARCHDEACON FARRAR AT LISE PRESENT TIME,



1854 AGE 17 MR. MOGDY AS HE APPEARED AT THE TIME HE REMOVED FROM THE FAMILY FARM TO BOSTON.



1563. AGE 26.



MR. MOODY IN 1882. AGE 45. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY PIERRE LETIT, PARIS,







1863. AGE 23.



1875. AGE 35. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. R. D. DOWNEY, LONDON, CAR I VIEST TAKEN OF MR. SANKEY.

MR. MOODY: SOME IMPRESSIONS AND FACTS.

By HENRY DRUMMOND, I'L D., E.K.S.L., I'G S.

Author of "Natural Law in the Storitual World," "The Greatest Thing in the World," The New Evolution " etc.

O gain just the right impression of M Moody you must make a pilgrimage to Northheld | Take the train to the wayside depot in Massachusetts which bears that name, or, better still, to South Vernou, where the fast trains stop. Northfield, his birthplace and his present home, is distant about a comple of miles, but at certain seasons of the year you will find awaiting trains a two-horse buggy, not conspictions for varnish, but famous for pace, driven by a stout tarmer like person in a slouch hat, As he drives you to the spacious hetel a creation of Mr Moody's he will answer Your questions about the place in a brasque, business-like way; induge, probaba, in a few lacoure withersms, or discuss the politreal situation or the last strike with a shrewdness which convences you that, if the Northfield people are of thes sevel-headed type, they are at least a worthy he d for the great preacher's energies. Presently, on the other sale of the aver, on one of those biscious, grassy slopes, trained in with forest and boarded with the long teceding lines, which give the Connecticat Values ats dream size beauty, the great halis and conages of the new Northead case, the certifications of and edit and which Mr Moody has been to go to an mach to find a New Log and condet possessing a dozen of the tracst of our mabuildings in America, for the neighbors and imsportable personality ing rownships of Ambierst and Northande ton are already factors to their collag ate. institutions, but to also over that these owe their exister or folia man whose name is, perhaps, associated or the minds of three-to-artis of a society transplant with education, but which is want of it. But, presently, where you are deposited at the door of the hotel, a more astornding doscovery greets you. For wheavor ask the clerk whether the great man house't is athome, and where year can see fem, he will point to your concerning, it widesappearing t like lightning down the dive, and itomachine stonied to Mr. Moody's homorto small at use a fest rest sownsper, "That's



Mr. Moody has been begin to at a nothing configuration of a configuration of respect to the party of the property of the party of the p tainess, the some only the government methodod is near tweet thesig eat imsport.

MI, MOODLY M. J. P. S. S. S. S. L. 1960b.

Simple as this mate is, i.e. connely as are the socioloditys, this by America proceeding at the organization or more extraonditaty pets ough, in ever amongst the most bround of her sors has any

A 4t the beginning of each of the terms, but body of its his many of their strangers, array to aften believes sensi-ries out such tieses. Mr. Mody I terrols, faunts the dents many of the strangers array to attend the series of the party of the strangers array to attend the series of the party of the very constructive will be straightful to the straigh his line is so special, his work has lain so and generation.

rendered more stupendous or more endur-philanthropic, religious—than almost any ing service to his country or his time. No living man; and that vast as has been his public man is less understood, especially public service as a preacher to the masses, by the thinking world, than D. L. Moody. it is probably true that his personal in-It is not that it is unaware of his existence, fluence and private character have done as or even that it does not respect him. But much as his preaching to affect his day

apart from what it conceives to be the Discussion has abounded lately as to the rational channels of progress, that it has standards by which a country shall judge never felt called upon to take him seri- its great men. And the verdict has been ously. So little, indeed, is the true stature given unanimously on behalf of moral inof this man known to the mass of his fluence. Whether estimated by the moral generation, that the preliminary estimate qualities which go to the making up of his recorded here must seem both extravagant personal character, or the extent to which and ill-considered. To whole sections of he has impressed these upon whole comthe community the mere word evangelical munities of men on both sides of the is a synonym for whatever is narrow, Atlantic, there is, perhaps, no more truly strained, superficial, and unreal. Assumed great man living than D. L. Moody. By to be heir to all that is hectic in religion, moral influences in this connection I do not and sensational in the methods of propa- mean in any restricted sense religious ingating it, men who, like Mr Moody, earn fluence. I mean the influence which, with this name are unconsciously credited with whatever doctrinal accompaniments, or the worst traditions of their class. It will under whatever ecclesiastical flag, leads surprise many to know that Mr. Moody is men to better lives and higher ideals; the as different from the supposed type of his influence which makes for noble character, class as light is from dark; that while he personal enthusiasm, social well-being, and would be the last to repudiate the name, national righteousness. I have never heard indeed, while glorying more and more each. Mr. Moody defend any particular church; day he lives in the work of the evangelist, he I have never heard him quoted as a theosees the weaknesses, the narrownesses, and logian. But I have met multitudes, and the limitations of that order with as clear personally know, in large numbers, men an eye as the most unsparing of its critics and women of all churches and creeds, But especially will it surprise many to of many countries and ranks, from the know that while preaching to the masses poorest to the richest, and from the most has been the main outward work of Mr. ignorant to the most wise, upon whom he Moody's life, he has, perhaps, more, and has placed an ineffaceable moral mark, more varied, from in the fire-educational. There is no large town in Great Britain or



THE MOODY HOMESTEAD AT NORTHFIELD, MASSACHUSBOTS, WHERE D. I. MOODY WAS BORN.



MRS, BETSEY MOODY, MOTHER OF L. L. MOODY,

Ireland, and I perceive there are few in America, where this man has not gone, where he has not lived for days, weeks, or service.

man,

BOYHOOD ON A NEW ENGLAND FARM.

Fifty-seven years ago (February 5, 1837) months, and where he has not left behind. Dwight Lyman, Moody was born in the him personal inspirations which live to this same New England valley where, as alday; inspirations which, from the moment ready said, he lives to-day. Four years of their birth, have not ceased to evidence later his father died, leaving a widow, nine themselves in practical ways-in further- children-the eldest but thirteen years of ing domestic happiness and peace; in age-a little home on the mountain side, charities and philanthropies; in social, re- and an acre or two of mortgaged land. ligious, and even municipal and national. How this widow shouldered her burden of poverty, debt, and care; how she brought It is no part of the present object to up her helpless flock, keeping all together give a detailed account of Mr. Moody's in the old home, educating them, and career, still less of his private life. The sending them out into life stamped with sacred character of much of his work also her own indomitable courage and lofty forbids allusion in this brief sketch to principle, is one of those unrecorded hismuch that those more deeply interested tories whose page, when time unfolds it, in him, and in the message which he pro- will be found to contain the secret of claims, would like to have expressed or nearly all that is greatest in the world's analyzed. All that is designed is to give past. It is delightful to think that this the outside reader some few particulars to mother has survived to see her labors introduce him to, and interest him in, the crowned, and still lives, a venerable and beautiful figure, near the scene of her early



D. L. MOODY'S RESIDENCE AT NORTHFIELD, MASSACRUSETTS, LOOKING SOUTH,

and surrounded with all the love and grati- mortals. tude which her children and her children's he is.

strengthened to iron, and he built up that constitution which in after life enabled

battles. There, in a sunny room of the his disposition, foreboded a probable future little farm, she sits with faculties unim- either in the ranks of the incorrigibles paired, cherished by an entire community, or, if fate were kind, perchance of the im-

Somewhere about his eighteenth year children can heap upon her. One has only the turning point came. Vast as were the to look at the strong, wise face, or listen issues, the circumstances were in no way to the firm yet gentle tones, to behold the eventful. Leaving school, the boy had set source of those qualities of sagacity, en- out for Boston, where he had an uncle, to ergy, self-unconsciousness, and faith which push his fortune. His uncle, with some have made the greatest of her sons what trepidation, offered him a place in his store; but, seeing the kind of nature he Until his seventeenth year Mr. Moody's had to deal with, laid down certain condiboyhood was spent at home. What a tions which the astute man thought might merry, adventurous, rough and tumble at least minimize explosions. One of boyhood it must have been, how much these conditions was, that the lad should fuller of escapade than of education, those attend church and Sunday school. These who know Mr. Moody's irrepressible tem-influences and it is interesting to note perament and buoyant humor will not that they are simply the normal influences require the traditions of his Northfield of a Christian society—did their work, schoolmates to recall. The village school On the surface what appears is this: that was the only seminary he ever attended, he attended church-to order, and listened and his course was constantly interrupted with more or less attention; that he went by the duties of the home and of the farm. to Sunday school, and, when he recovered He learned little about books, but much his breath, asked awkward guestions of his about horses, crops, and men; his mind teacher; that, by and by, when he applied ran wild, and his memory stored up noth- for membership in the congregation, he ing but the alphabet of knowledge But was summarily rejected, and told to wait in these early country days his bodily form six months until he learned a little more about it; and, lastly, that said period of probation having expired, he was duly rehim not only to do the work of ten, but ceived into communion. The decisive into sustain without a break through four strument during this period seems to have decades as arduous and exhausting work been his Sunday-school teacher, Mr. Edas was ever given to man to do. Innocent ward Kimball, whose influence upon his at this stage of "religion," he was known charge was not merely professional, but in the neighborhood simply as a raw lad, personal and direct. In private friendship high-spirited, generous, daring, with a will be urged young Moody to the supreme of his own, and a certain audacious orig- decision, and Mr. Moody never ceased to inality which, added to the fiery energy of express his gratitude to the layman who

met him at the parting of the ways, and led when there were no customers; but as soon his thoughts and energies in the direction as he had served one buyer, he was on the in which they have done such service to lookout for another. If none appeared, he the world

REMOVAL TO CHICAGO-RARE GIFT FOR RUSINESS

The immediate fruit of this change was not specially apparent. The ambitions of the lad chiefly lay in the line of mercantile tomed laughtingly to say; 'There is the success; and his next move was to find a spider again, watching for a fly." larger and freer field for the abilities for business which he began to discover in him- ion, that mainly those become religious self. This he found in the then new world teachers who are not fit for anything else. of Chicago. Arriving there, with due introductions, he was soon engaged as salesman in a large and busy store, with possibilities of work and promotion which suited his taste. That he distinguished is almost no question that he would have himself almost at once, goes without saving, been to-day one of the wealthiest men in In a year or two he was earning a salary the United States. His enterprise, his orconsiderable for one of his years, and his gamzing power, his knowledge and manbusiness capacity became speedily so agement of men are admitted by friend proved that his future prosperity was as- and foe to be of the highest order; while sured. "He would never sit down in the such is his generalship—as proved, for exstore," writes one of his fellows, "to chat ample, in the great religious campaign in or read the paper, as the other clerks did Great Britain in 1873-75-that, had he

would start off to the hotels or depots, or walk the streets in search of one. He would sometimes stand on the sidewalk in front of his place of business, looking eagerly up and down for a man who had the appearance of a merchant from the country, and some of his fellow-clerks were accus-

The taunt is sometimes levelled at relig-The charge is not worth answering; but it is worth recording that in the case of Mr. Moody the very reverse is the case. If Mr. Moody had remained in business, there



VIEW FROM THE PORCH OF MR. MOODY'S HOUSE AT SORTHFIELD.



MR. MOODY'S HOUSE AT NORTHFIELD IN WINLER, LOOKING BAST

izing skill of the brain behind them.

chosen a military career, he would have day the new candidate appeared with a risen to the first rank among leaders. One procession of eighteen urchins, ragged, of the merchant princes of Britain, the rowdy, and barefooted, on whom he well-known director of one of the largest straightway proceeded to operate. Huntsteamship companies in the world, assured jing up children and general recruiting for the writer lately that in the course of a mission halls remained favorite pursuits life-long commercial experience he had for years to come, and his success was signever met a man with more business capa- nal. In all this class of work he was a city and sheer executive ability than D. L. natural adept, and his early experiences as Moody. Let any one visit Northfield, with a scout were full of adventure. This was its noble piles of institutions, or study the probably the most picturesque period of history of the work conceived, directed, Mr. Moody's life, and not the least useful. financed, and carried out on such a colossal. Now we find him tract-distributing in the scale by Mr. Moody during the time of the slums; again, visiting among the docks; and, World's Fair at Chicago, and he will dis- finally, he started a mission of his own in cover for himself the size, the mere intel- one of the lowest haunts of the city. There lectual quality, creative power, and organ- he saw life in all its phases; he learned what practical religion was; he tried in Undiverted, however, from a deeper pur- succession every known method of Chrispose even by the glamor of a successful tian work; and when any of the convenbusiness life, Mr. Moody's moral and relig-tional methods failed, invented new ones, ious instincts led him almost from the Opposition, discouragement, failure, he met day of his arrival in Chicago to devote at every turn and in every form; but one what spare time he had to the work of the thing he never learned—how to give up Church. He began by hiring four pews in man or scheme he had once set his heart the church to which he had attached him- on. For years this guerilla work, hand to self, and these he attempted to fill every hand, and heart to heart, went on. He ran Sunday with young men like himself. This through the whole gamut of mission expework for a temperament like his soon rience tackling the most difficult districts proved too slow, and he sought fuller out- and the most adverse circumstances, doing lets for his enthusiasm. Applying for the all the odd jobs and menial work himself, post of teacher in an obscure Sunday never attempting much in the way of public school, he was told by the superintendent speaking, but employing others whom he that it was scholars he wanted, not teach- thought more fit; making friends especially ers, but that he would let him try his hand with children, and through them with their if he could find the scholars. Next Sun- dissolute fathers and starving mothers.

achieved was to the worker himself. Here he was broken in, moulded, toned down, disciplined, in a dozen needed directions, and in this long and severe apprenticeship. he unconsciously qualified himself to become the teacher of the Church in all methods of reaching the masses and winning men. He found out where his strength lay, and where his weakness; he learned that saving men was no child's play, but meant practically giving a life for a life; that regeneration was no milk and water experience; that, as Mrs. Browning says:

"It takes a high-soul'd man To move the masses-even to a cleaner sty."

doubtful if Mr. Moody would ever have been heard of outside the purhous of eccentric genius, and suspicious of his unand it was only as time mellowed his headstrong youth into a soberer, yet not less zealous, manhood that the solitary worker found influential friends to countenance and guide him. His activity, especially during the years of the war, when he served with almost superhuman devotion in the Christian Commission, led many of his fellow-laborers to know his worth; and the war over, he became at last a recognized

Great as was his success, the main reward mission which he had slowly built up was elevated to the rank of a church, with Mr. Moody, who had long since given up business in order to devote his entire time to what lay nearer his heart, as its pastor,

> MR. MOODY'S SLOW DEVELOPMENT AS A PUBLIC SPEAKER.

As a public speaker up to this time Mr. Moody was the reverse of celebrated. When he first attempted speaking, in Boston, he was promptly told to hold his tongue, and further efforts in Chicago were not less discouraging. "He had never heard," writes Mr. Daniells, in his well-known biography. " of Talleyrand's famous doctrine, that But for this personal discipline it is speech is useful for concealing one's thoughts. Like Antony, he only spoke 'right on'. There was frequently a pun-Chicago The clergy, bewildered by his gency in his exhortation which his brethren did not altogether relish. Sometimes in conventional ways, looked askance at him; his prayers be would express opinions to the Lord concerning them which were by no means flattering; and it was not long before he received the same fatherly advice which had been given him at Boston-to the effect that he should keep his four pews full of young men, and leave the speaking and praying to those who could do it better." Undaunted by such pleasantries, Mr. Moody did, on occasion, continue to use his tongue—no doubt much ashamed of factor in the religious life of Chicago. The himself. He spoke not because he thought



DINING-ROOM, MR. MOODY'S HOUSE AT HORTHFIELD.

he could speak, but because he could not power. If eloquence is measured by its of his after work.

side, were the effective ingredients in Mr Moody's sermons, one would find the answer difficult. Probably the foremost is the tremendous conviction with which they are uttered. Next to that is their point and direction, Every blow is straight from the shoulder, and every stroke tells. Whatever canons they violate, whatever fault the critics may find with their art, their rhetoric, or even with their theology, as appeals to the people they do their work, and with extraordinary

be silent. The ragged children whom he effects upon an audience, and not by its balgathered round him in the empty saloon anced sentences and cumulative periods, near the North Side Market, had to be then here is eloquence of the highest order. talked to somehow, and among such audi- In sheer persuasiveness Mr. Moody has few ences, with neither premeditation nor prepequals, and rugged as his preaching may aration, he laid the foundations of that seem to some, there is in it a pathos of a amazingly direct anecdotal style and ex- quality which few orators have ever reached, plosive delivery which became such a an appealing tenderness which not only splendid instrument of his future service, wholly redcems it, but raises it, not unseldom Training for the public platform, this man, almost to sublimity. No report can do the who has done more platform work than any faintest justice to this or to the other most man of his generation, had none. He knew characteristic qualities of his public speech. only two books, the Bible and Human Nat- but here is a specimen taken almost at ranure. Out of these he spoke; and because dom; "I can imagine when Christ said to the both are books of life, his words were afire little band around Him, 'Go ye into all the with life; and the people to whom he spoke, world and preach the gospel,' Peter said, being real people, listened and understood. 'Lord, do you really mean that we are to When Mr. Moody first began to be in de- go back to Jerusalem and preach the gosmand on public platforms, it was not pel to those men that murdered you?' because he could speak. It was his experi- 'Yes,' said Christ, 'go, hunt up that man ence that was wanted, not his eloquence, that spat in my face, tell him he may have As a practical man in work among the a seat in my kingdom yet. Yes, Peter, go masses, his advice and enthusiasm were find that man that made that cruel crown called for at Sunday school and other con- of thorns and placed it on my brow, and ventions, and he soon became known in this tell him I will have a crown ready for him connection throughout the surrounding when he comes into my kingdom, and there States. It was at one of these conventions will be no thorns in it. Hunt up that man that he had the good fortune to meet Mr that took a reed and brought it down over Ira D. Sankey, whose name must ever be the cruel thorns, driving them into my brow, associated with his, and who henceforth and tell him I will put a sceptre in his hand. shared his labors at home and abroad, and and he shall rule over the nations of the contributed, in ways the value of which it earth, if he will accept salvation. Search is impossible to exaggerate, to the success for the man that drove the spear into my side, and tell him there is a nearer way to Were one asked what, on the human my heart than that. Tell him I forgive



MR. MOODY'S STUDY.



Buildings and Grounds of the Young Ladles' Seminary.

A VIRW PROM THE WEST MILE OF THE CONNECTICUT RIVER, AT MORTHVIELD, MASSACHUSETTS,

could surpass the touch?

MR. MOODY'S MANNER OF PREPARING A SERMON

His method of sermon-making is original In reality his sermons are never made, they lating these, it may be for years, he wades when at home; but his books are chiefly

him freely, and that he can be saved if he novelty both in the subject matter and in will accept salvation as a gift." Tell him the arrangement, for the particular seventy there is a nearer way to my heart than that varies with each time of delivery. No -prepared or impromptu, what dramatist greater mistake could be made than to imagine that Mr. Moody does not study for his sermons. On the contrary he is always studying. When in the evangelistic field, the batch of envelopes, bursting with fatness, appears the moment breakfast is over; and the stranger who enters at almost any time of the day, except at the hours of platform work, will find him with his litter are always still in the making. Suppose of notes, either stuffing himself or his portthe subject is Paul: he takes a monstrous folios with the new "points" he has picked envelope capable of holding some hundreds up through the day. His search for these of slips of paper, labels it "Paul," and slow- "points," and especially for light upon ly stocks it with original notes, cuttings texts, Bible ideas, or characters, is ceasefrom papers, extracts from books, illustra- less, and he has an eye like an eagle for tions, scraps of all kinds, nearly or remote- anything really good. Possessing a conly referring to the subject. After accumu- siderable library, he browses over it



HOTEL NORTHFIELD OCCUPIED FROM OCTOBER TO MARCH BY THE NORTHFIELD TRAINING SCHOOL,

hand, and these he carries with him to the purpose. platform. The process of looking through general scheme is the same, there is always has never heard. At one of his own con-

through the mass, selects a number of the men, and no student ever read the evermost striking points, arranges them, and, open page more diligently, more intellifinally, makes a few jottings in a large gently, or to more immediate practical

To Mr. Moody himself, it has always the whole envelope is repeated each time been a standing marvel that people should the sermon is preached. Partly on this come to hear him. He honestly believes account, and partly because in delivery he that ten thousand sermons are made every forgets some points, or disproportionately week, in obscure towns, and by unknown amplifies others, no two sermons are ever men, vastly better than anything he can do, exactly the same. By this method also—a All he knows about his own productions is matter of much more importance-the de- that somehow they achieve the result inlivery is always fresh to himself. Thus, tended. No man is more willing to stand to make this clearer, suppose that after a aside and let others speak. His search for thorough sifting, one hundred eligible men to whom the people will listen, for men points remain in the envelope. Every time who, whatever the meagreness of their the sermon is preached, these hundred are message, can yet hold an audience, has overhauled. But no single sermon, by a been life-long, and whenever and whermere limitation of time, can contain, say, ever he finds such men he instantly seeks more than seventy. Hence, though the to employ them. The word jealousy he ventions at Northfield, he has been known to keep silent—but for the exercise of the duties of chairman - during almost the whole ten days' sederunt, while mediocre men-I speak comparatively, not disrespectfully - were pushed to

It is at such conferences, by the way, no matter in what part of the world they are held, that one discovers Mr. Moody's size. He gathers round him the best men he them are; but when one comes away it is always Mr. Moody that one remembers, It is he who leaves the impress upon us; his word and spirit live; the rest of us are forgotten and forget one another. It is the same story when on the evangelistic round. In every city the prominent workers in that field for leagues around central figure like bees; you can review the whole army at once. And it is no disparagement to the others to say-what high is the stature and commanding personality of Mr. Moody that there seems to acter untarnished by intolerance or pettican stand beside him.

MR, MOODY'S FIRST VISIT TO GREAT BRITAIN.

After the early Chicago days the most the remarkable episode in Mr. Moody's career was his preaching tour in Great Britain, The burning down of his church in Chicago severed the tie which bound him to the city, and though he still retained a connection with it, his ministry henceforth can find, and very good men most of belonged to the world. Leaving his mark on Chicago, in many directionson missions, churches, and, not least, on the Young Men's Christian Associationand already famous in the West for his success in evangelical work, he arrived in England, with his colleague Mr. Sankey, in June, 1873. The opening of their work there was not auspicious. Two of the are all in evidence. They crowd round the friends who had invited them had died, and the strangers had an uphill fight. No one had heard of them; the clergy received them coldly; Mr. Moody's so-called Americaneach probably feels for himself-that so isms prejudiced the super-refined against him; the organ and the solos of Mr. Sankey were an innovation sufficient to ruin almost be but one real man among them, one char- any cause. For some time the prospect was bleak enough. In the town of New- ness, pretentiousness, or self-seeking. The castle finally some faint show of public inman who should judge Mr. Moody by the terest was awakened. One or two earnest rest of us who support his cause would do ministers in Edinburgh went to see for a great injustice. He makes mistakes like themselves. On returning they reported other men; but in largeness of heart, in cautiously, but on the whole favorably, to breadth of view, in single-eyedness and their brethren. The immediate result was humility, in teachableness and self-obliter- an invitation to visit the capital of Scotation, in sheer goodness and love, none land; and the final result was the starting of a religious movement, quiet, deep, and



THE HOPTHFIELD AUDITORIUM: COMPLETED DURING THE PERSON VEAL AND THE MEMBER IN THE GROUP OF SEMIMARY BUILDINGS. IT HAS A SEATING CAPACITY OF TREES. THOUSAND.

lasting, which moved the country from field, his house in Chicago having been shore to shore, spread to England, Wales, and Ireland, and reached a climax two years later in London itself.

This is not the place, as already said, to enter either into criticism or into details of such a work. Like all popular movements, it had its mistakes, its exaggerations, even its grave dangers; but these were probably tions of which Northfield is now the centre. never less in any equally wide-spread movement of history, nor was the balance of good upon the whole ever greater, more solid, or more enduring. People who understand by a religious movement only a promiscuous carnival of hysterical natures, beginning in excitement and ending in moral exhaustion and fanaticism, will probably be assured in vain that whatever were the lasting characteristics of this movement, these were not. That such elements were wholly absent may not be asserted; human nature is human nature; but always the first to fight them, on the rare occasions when they appeared, was Mr. Moody himself. He, above all popular preachers, worked for solid results. Even the mere harvesttheir subsequent growth and further fruit-It was the writer's privilege as a humble camp-follower to follow the fortunes of this campaign personally from town to town, and from city to city, throughout the three kingdoms, for over a year. And time has only deepened the impression not only of the magnitude of the results immediately secured, but equally of the peractivity. It is not too much to say that with all their mind and all their strength, that so far-reaching was, and is, the in- or missionaries, evangelists or teachers, knows the inner religious history of the lawyers. All that he would secure would short of a national epoch. If this is a of becoming useful, educated, God-fearing specimen of what has been effected even men. A favorite aphorism with him is, that in less degree elsewhere, it represents a "it is better to set ten men to work than to who can speak with authority of the long were founded to equip other men to work, series of campaigns which succeeded this not in the precise line, but in the same in America, testify in many cases with broad interest as himself. He himself had almost equal assurance of the results achieved both throughout the United States and Canada.

swept away by the fire. And from this point onward his activity assumed a new and extraordinary development. Continuing his evangelistic work in America, and even on one occasion revisiting England, he spent his intervals of repose in planning and founding the great educational institu-

MR. MOODY'S SCHOOLS AT NORTHFIELD.

There is no stronger proof of Mr. Moody's breadth of mind than that he should have inaugurated this work. For an evangelist seriously to concern himself with such matters is unusual; but that the greatest evangelist of his day, not when his powers were failing, but in the prime of life, and in the zenith of his success, should divert so great a measure of his strength into educational channels, is a phenomenal circumstance. The explanation is manifold. No man sees so much slip-shod, unsatisfactory and half-done work as the evangelist; ing—his own special department—was a no man so learns the worth of solidity, the secondary thing to him compared with the necessity for a firm basis for religion to garnering of the fruits by the Church and work upon, the importance to the Kingdom of God of men who "weigh." The value, above all things, of character, of the sound mind and disciplined judgment, are borne in upon him every day he lives. Converts without these are weak-kneed and useless; Christian workers inefficient, if not dangerous. Mr. Moody saw that the object of Christianity was to make good men and good women; good men and good women manence of the after effects upon every who would serve their God and their field of social, philanthropic, and religious country not only with all their heart, but Scotland—one can speak with less knowl- Hence he would found institutions for turnedge of England and Ireland—would not ing out such characters. His pupils should have been the same to-day but for the be committed to nothing as regards a future visit of Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey; and profession. They might become ministers fluence of their work, that any one who farmers or politicians, business men or country must regard this time as nothing be that they should have a chance, a chance fact of commanding importance. Those do the work of ten men." His institutions had the scantiest equipment for his lifework, and he daily lamented—though perhaps no one else ever did—the deficiency. After his return from Great Britain, in In his journeys he constantly met young 1875, Mr. Moody made his home at North- men and young women of earnest spirit,



A) (rescende of 11 of 1-12 with the late of the control place.) We have NATIONAL PARTIES OF THE PARTIES OF TAXABLE STATES OF TAXABLE STATE

with circumstances against them, who were tion is similar in character, though many of in danger of being lost to themselves and to the community. These especially it was his desire to help, and afford a chance in life. "The motive," says the "Official Handeducation is the power it confers for Christian life and usefulness, not the means it affords to social distinction, or the gratification of selfish ambition. It is designed to combine, with other instruction, an unusual amount of instruction in the Bible, No constraint is placed on the religious views of any one. . . . placed upon the life."

The plan, of course, developed by degrees, but once resolved upon, the beginning was made with characteristic decision; for the years other men spend in criticising a project, Mr. Moody spends in executing it. One day in his own house, talking with Mr. H. N. F. Marshall about the advisability of immediately securing a piece of property—some sixteen acres close to his door—his friend expressed his assent. The words were scarcely uttered when the owner of the land was seen walking along the road. He was invited in, the price fixed, and, to the astonishment of the owner, the papers made out on the spot. Next winter a second lot was bought, the building of a seminary for female students commenced, and at the present moment the land in connection with this one institution amounts to over two hundred and seventy acres. The current expense of this one school per annum is over fiftyone thousand dollars, thirty thousand dollars of which comes from the students themselves; and the existing endowment, the most of which, however, is not yet available, reaches one hundred and four thousand dollars. Dotted over the noble campus thus secured, and clustered especially near Mr. Moody's home, stand ten spacious buildings and a number of smaller size, all connected with the Ladies' Seminary. The education, up to the standard aimed at, is of first-rate quality, and pre-

Four miles distant from the Ladies' Semside of the river, are the no less imposing buildings of the Mount Hermon School for Young Men. Conceived earlier than the former, but carried out later, this institu-

the details are different. Its three or four hundred students are housed in ten fine buildings, with a score of smaller ones. Surrounding the whole is a great farm of book," "presented for the pursuit of an two hundred and seventy acres, farmed by the pupils themselves. This economic addition to the educational training of the students is an inspiration of Mr. Moody's. Nearly every pupil is required to do from an hour and a half to two hours and a half of farm or industrial work each day, and and it is intended that all the training given much of the domestic work is similarly shall exhibit a thoroughly Christian spirit. distributed. The lads work on the roads, in the fields, in the woods; in the refectory, The laundry, and kitchen; they take charge of chief emphasis of the instruction given is the horses, the cattle, the hogs, and the hens-for the advantage of all which the sceptical may be referred to Mr. Ruskin. Once or twice a year nearly everyone's work is changed; the indoor lads go out, the farm lads come in. Those who before entering the school had already learned trades, have the opportunity of pursuing them in leisure hours, and though the industrial department is strongly subordinated to the educational, many in this way help to pay the fee of one hundred dollars exacted annually from each pupil, which pays for tuition, board, rooms,

THE LARGE PROFITS OF THE MOODY AND SANKEY HYMN-BOOK,

The mention of this fee—which, it may be said in passing, only covers half the cost—suggests the question as to how the vast expenses of these and other institutions, such as the new Bible Institute in Chicago, and the Bible, sewing and cooking school into which the Northfield Hotel is converted in winter, are defrayed. buildings themselves and the land have been largely the gift of friends, but much of the cost of maintenance is paid out of Mr. Moody's own pocket. The fact that Mr. Moody has a pocket has been largely dwelt upon by his enemies, and the amount and source of its contents are subjects of curious speculation. I shall suppose the critic to be honest, and divulge to him a pares students for entrance into Wellesley fact which the world has been slow to and other institutions of similar high learn—the secret of Mr. Moody's pocket. It is, briefly, that Mr. Moody is the owner of one of the most paying literary properinary, on the rising ground on the opposite ties in existence. It is the hymn-book

^{*} An extensive literature, up to date and fully describing all the Northfield institutions, splendidly edited by Mr. Henry W. Rankin, one of Mr. Moody's most wise and accomplished coadjutors, may be had at Revell's, 112 Fifth Avenue, New York.



MR, MODAY HIPPING THE FEGG IS IN 14FFA STREET, TRRUSALEM - FR V A PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. GEORGE D MACKAY MR. M MODY'S COMPANION IS SELAN G. MERRICL, UNITED STATES CONSUL-

gospel for gain. What did they do? That Mr. Moody has lived it down is not They refused to touch it—literally even to the least of his triumphs.

which, first used at his meetings in con- touch it. The royalty was handed direct junction with Mr. Sankey, whose genius, from the publishers to a committee of wellcreated it, is now in universal use through- known business men in London, who disout the civilized world. Twenty years ago, tributed it to various charities. When the he offered it for nothing to a dozen differ- evangelists left London, a similar commitent publishers, but none of them would tee, with Mr. W. E. Dodge at its head, was look at it Failing to find a publisher, Mr. formed in New York For many years this Moody, with almost the last few dollars be committee faithfully disbursed the trust, possessed, had it printed in London in 1873 and finally handed over its responsibility to The copyright stood in his name; any loss, a committee of no less weight and honorthat might have been suffered was his; the trustees of the Northfield seminaries, and to any gain, by all the laws of busi- to be used henceforth in their behalf. Such ness, he was justly entitled. The success, is the history of Mr. Moody's pocket. It slow at first, presently became gigantic, is pitiful to think that there are men and The two evangelists saw a fortune in their journals, both at home and abroad, who hymn-book. But they saw something continue to accuse of self-seeking a man which was more vital to them than a who has given up a princely fortune in fortune -that the busybody and the evil noble-the man of the world would say tongue would accuse them, if they but superfluous-jealousy for the mission of touched one cent of it, of preaching the his life. Once we heard far more of this.

A FOREIGN-OFFICE ROMANCE.*

BY A CONAN DOYLE.

Author of "Micah Clarke," "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes," etc.



eyebrows. Then his huge rounded back happy days during which I lived in the would straighten itself, his bulldog chin Square of Bloomsbury. The climate of would project, and his r's would burr like monsieur's country is, it must be confessed, a kettledrum. When he got as far as detestable. But then, what would you "Ah, monsieur r-r-rit!" or "Vous ne have? Flowers grow best in the rain. me cr-r-r-royez pas donc!" it was quite One has but to point to monsieur's fellowtime to remember that you had a ticket countrywomen to prove it. for the opera.

that of his single-handed reconquest of memoirs were written, it was found that nation had got hold of a great deal which there really was some foundation for old had belonged to the other, or to the other's Lacour's incredible statement.

say, "that I left Egypt after Kléber's as- that peninsula? If we do this at Venice, sassination. I would gladly have stayed will you do that at Sierra Leone? If we on, for I was engaged in a translation give up Egypt to the Sultan, will you re-

HERE are many of the Koran, and, between ourselves, I folk who knew had thoughts at the time of embracing Alphonse Lacour in his Mahometanism, for I was deeply struck old age. From about the by the wisdom of their views about martime of the Revolution riage. They had made an incredible misof '48 until he died, in the take, however, upon the subject of wine, second year of the Cri- and this was what the mufti who attempted mean war, he was always to convert me could never get over. Then, to be found in the same when old Kléber died, and Menou came to corner of the Café de the top, I felt that it was time for me to Provence, at the end of go. It is not for me to speak of my own the Rue St. Honoré, com- capacities, monsieur, but you will readily ing down about nine in understand that the man does not care to the evening, and going be driven by the mule. I carried my when he could find no Koran and my papers to London, where one to talk with. It took Monsieur Otto had been sent by the First some self-restraint to Consul to arrange a treaty of peace, for listen to the old diplo- both nations were very weary of the war, matist, for his stories which had already lasted ten years. Here were beyond all belief; I was most useful to Monsieur Otto on and yet he was quick at account of my knowledge of the English detecting the shadow of tongue, and also, if I may say so, on aca smile or the slightest little raising of the count of my natural capacity. They were

"Well, Monsteur Otto, our ambassador, There was his story of Talleyrand and was kept terribly busy over that treaty, the three oyster-shells, and there was and all of his staff were worked to death, his utterly absurd account of Napoleon's We had not Pitt to deal with, which was second visit to Ajaccio. Then there was perhaps as well for us. He was a terrible that most circumstantial romance (which man, that Pitt, and wherever half a dozen he never ventured upon until his second enemies of France were plotting together, bottle had been uncorked) of the Em- there was his sharp-pointed nose in the peror's escape from St. Helena-how he middle of them. The nation, however, had lived for a whole year in Philadelphia, been thoughtful enough to put him out of while Count Herbert de Bertrand, who office, and we had to do with Monsieur was his living image, personated him at Addington. But Milord Hawkesbury was Longwood. But of all his stories there the Foreign Minister, and it was with him was none which was more notorious than that we were obliged to do our bargaining.

"You can understand that it was no And yet, when Monsieur Otto's child's play. After ten years of war each allies. What was to be given back? And "You must know, monsieur," he would what was to be kept? Is this island worth

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to be finally signed.

played, played, at every point of the game, of a career. When we French have a posvery nervous about our being there. It Paris and felicitate ourselves upon it. With ranean, you see. And they were not sure and your children and you run away to see that that wonderful little Napoleon of what kind of place this may be, and after ours might not make it the base of an that we might as well try to take that old advance against India. So, whenever Lord Square of Bloomsbury away from you. Hawkesbury proposed to retain anything, we had only to reply: 'In that case, of the treaty was finally to be signed. In the course, we cannot consent to evacuate morning I was congratulating Monsieur him to reason. It was by the help of Egypt labors. He was a little pale shrimp of a

store the Cape of Good Hope, which you that we gained terms which were remarkhave taken from our allies, the Dutch? So ably favorable, and especially that we we wrangled and wrestled, and I have seen caused the English to consent to give up Monsieur Otto come back to the embassy the Cape of Good Hope. We did not wish so exhausted that his secretary and I had your people, monsieur, to have any footto help him from his carriage to the sofa. hold in South Africa, for history has taught But at last things adjusted themselves, and us that the British foothold of one halfthe night came round when the treaty was century is the British empire of the next, It is not your army or your navy against "Now you must know that the one great which we have to guard, but it is your tercard which we held, and which we played, rible younger son and your man in search was that we had Egypt. The English were session across the seas, we like to sit in gave us a foot on each end of the Mediter- you it is different. You take your wives

"Well, it was on the 1st of October that Egypt,' and in this way we quickly brought Otto upon the happy conclusion of his



HIS ENERS GAVE WAY, AND ME PELL, SEMERLESS UPON THE PLOOR.

man, very quick and nervous, and he was news has come from Toulon to Paris and he could not sit still, but ran about the sea through the Straits of Gibraltar. room chattering and laughing, while I sat to do in the East. Suddenly, in came a messenger with a letter which had been forwarded from Paris. Monsieur Otto cast his eyes upon it, and then, without a word, his knees gave way and he fell senseless upon the floor.

"I ran to him, as did the courier, and between us we carried him to the sofa. He might have been dead, from his appearance, but I could still feel his heart thrill-

ing beneath my palm.

"'What is this, then?' I asked.

"'I do not know,' answered the messenger. 'Monsieur Talleyrand told me to hurry as never man hurried before, and to put this letter into the hands of Monsieur Otto. I was in Paris at midday yester-

day. "I know that I am to blame, but I could not help glancing at the letter, picking it out of the senseless hand of Monsieur Otto. My God, the thunderbolt that it was! I did not faint, but I sat down beside my chief and I burst into tears. It was but a few words, but they told us that Egypt had been evacuated by our troops a month before. All our treaty was undone, then, and the one consideration which had induced our enemies to give us good terms had have mattered. But now the treaty was not yet signed. We should have to give up the Cape. We should have to let England have Malta. Now that Egypt was gone we had nothing to offer in exchange. "But we are not so easily beaten, we

Frenchmen. You English misjudge us when you think that because we show emotions which you conceal we are therefore of a weak and womanly nature. cannot read your histories and believe that. interrupt you unless he pass over my body. Monsieur Otto recovered his senses presently, and we took counsel what we should

he; 'this Englishman will laugh at me the carriage.

when I ask him to sign.'

thought coming into my head, 'How do of this? Perhaps they may sign the treaty before they know of it.'

and flung himself into my arms.

me. Why should they know about it? Our work to be undone. Thousands die to make

so delighted now at his own success that thence straight to us. Theirs will come by this moment it is unlikely that any one in on a cushion in the corner, as I had learned Paris knows of it, save only Talleyrand and the First Consul. If we keep our secret we may still get our treaty signed.'

"Ah, monsieur, you can imagine the horrible uncertainty in which we spent the day. Never, never, shall I forget those slow hours during which we sat together, starting at every distant shout, lest it should be the first sign of the rejoicing which this news would cause in London. Monsieur Otto passed from youth to age in a day. As for me, I find it easier to go out and meet danger than to wait for it. I set forth, therefore, towards evening. I wandered here and wandered there. I was in the fencingrooms of Monsieur Angelo, and in the salon-de-boxe of Monsieur Jackson, and in the club of Brooks, and in the lobby of the Chamber of Deputies, but nowhere did I hear any news. Still it was possible that Milord Hawkesbury had received it himself just as we had. He lived in Harley Street, and there it was that the treaty was to be finally signed that night at eight. I entreated Monsieur Otto to drink two glasses of Burgundy before he went out, for I feared lest his haggard face and trembling hands should rouse suspicion in the

English Minister. "Well, we went round together in one vanished. In twelve hours it would not of the embassy's carriages about half-past seven. Monsieur went in alone, but presently, on excuse of getting his portfolio, he came out again, with his cheeks flushed with

joy, to tell me that all was well.
"'He knows nothing,' he whispered. 'Ah, if the next half-hour were over!

"'Give me a sign when it is settled," said I.

"'For what reason?'

"' Because, until then, no messenger shall

"He clasped my hand in both of his. shall move one of the candles on to the table in the window,' said he, and hurried into "'It is useless to go on, Alphonse,' said the house, while I was left waiting beside

"Well, if we could but secure ourselves "'Courage!' I cried; and then, a sudden from interruption for a single half-hour the day would be our own. I had hardly bewe know that the English will have news gun to form our plans when I saw the lights of a carriage coming swiftly from the direction of Oxford Street. Ah, if it should be "Monsieur Otto sprang from the sofa the messenger! What could I do? I was prepared to kill him—yes, even to kill him "'Alphonse,' he cried, 'you have saved rather than at this last moment allow our a glorious war, why should not one die to horse and rattled off into the fog once make a glorious peace? What though they more. hurried me to the scaffold? I should have little curved Turkish knife strapped to my waist. My hand was on the hilt of it when the carriage which had alarmed me so rattled safely past me.

"But another might come. I must be prepared. Above all, I must not compromise the embassy. I ordered our carriage to move on, and I engaged what you call a hackney coach. Then I spoke to the arm, 'are you the messenger for Lord driver and gave him a guinea. He under-

stood that it was a special service.

"'You shall have another guinea, if you

do what you are told,' said I.

"' All right, master,' said he, turning his slow eyes upon me without a trace of ex-

citement or curiosity. "'If I enter your coach with another gentleman, you will drive up and down Harley Street, and take no orders from any one

but me. When I get out, you will carry

the other gentleman to Watier's Club in Bruton Street.'

"' All right, master,' said he again.

"So I stood outside Milord Hawkesbury's house, and you can think how often my eyes went up to that window, in the hope of seeing the candle twinkle in it. minutes passed, and another five. Ah, how slowly they crept along! It was the first day of October, raw and cold, with a white fog crawling over the wet, shining cobblestones, and blurring the dim oillamps. I could not see fifty paces in either direction, but my ears were straining, straining, to catch the rattle of hoofs or the rumble of wheels. It is not a cheering place, monsieur, that street of Harley, even upon a sunny day. The houses are solid and very respectable over yonder, but there is nothing of the feminine about them. It is Hawkesbury?' a city to be inhabited by males. that raw night, amid the damp and the fog, with the anxiety gnawing at my heart, it seemed the saddest, weariest spot in the whole wide world. I paced up and down, slapping my hands to keep them warm, and still straining my ears. And then suddenly, out of the dull hum of the traffic down in Oxford Street, I heard a sound detach itself, and grow louder and louder and clearer and clearer with every instant, until two yellow lights came flashing through the fog, and a light cabriolet whirled up to the door of the Foreign no candle in the window. Minister. It had not stopped before a young fellow sprang out of it and hurried I could see the glint of his eyes as he to the steps, while the driver turned his stared at me through the gloom. He was

"Ah, it is in the moment of action that I sacrificed myself for my country. I had a am best, monsieur. You, who only see me when I am drinking my wine in the Café de Provence, cannot conceive the heights to which I rise. At that moment, when I knew that the fruits of a ten years' war were at stake, I was magnificent. It was the last French campaign, and I, the general and army in one.

"'Sir,' said I, touching him upon the

Hawkesbury?'

"'Yes,' said he.

"'I have been waiting for you half an hour,' said I. 'You are to follow me at once. He is with the French Ambassador.'

"I spoke with such assurance that he never hesitated for an instant. entered the hackney coach and I followed him in, my heart gave such a thrill of joy that I could hardly keep from shouting aloud. He was a poor little creature, this Foreign Office messenger, not much bigger than Monsieur Otto, and I-Monsieur can see my hands now, and imagine what they were like when I was seven-and-twenty years of age.

"Well, now that I had him in my coach Five the question was what I should do with him. I did not wish to hurt him if I could

"'This is a pressing business,' said he. 'I have a despatch which I must deliver

instantly.

"Our coach had rattled down Harley Street, but now, in accordance with my instructions, it turned and began to go up

"' Hullo!' he cried, 'what's this?'

"'What then?' I asked.

"'We are driving back. Where is Lord

"'We shall see him presently.'

"'Let me out!' he shouted. 'There's some trickery in this. Coachman, stop the

coach! Let me out, I say!'

"I pushed him back into his seat as he tried to turn the handle of the door. He roared for help. I clapped my palm across his mouth. He made his teeth meet through the side of it. I seized his own cravat and bound it over his lips. He still mumbled and gurgled, but the noise was covered by the rattle of our wheels. We were passing the Minister's house, and there was

"The messenger sat quiet for a little, and

partly stunned, I think, by the force with recite a chapter of the Koran to the first also he was pondering, perhaps, what he street,' should do next. Presently he got his mouth partly free from the cravat.

"'You can have my watch and my purse

if you will let me go,' said he.

"Sir,' said I, 'I am as honorable a man as you are yourself.'

"' Who are you, then?'

"' My name is of no importance' "'What do you want with me?'

"'It is a bet."

"'A bet 1 What d'you mean? Do you understand that I am on the government service, and that you will see the inside of a jail for this?'

"" That is the bet. That is the sport,"

"'You may find it poor sport before you finish,' he cried. 'What is this insane bet of yours, then?'

"'I have bet,' I answered, 'that I will

which I had dashed him into his seat. And gentleman whom I should meet in the

"I do not know what made me think of it, save that my translation was always running in my head. He clutched at the doorhandle, and again I had to hurl him back into his seat.

"' How long will it take?' he gasped. "'It depends on the chapter,' I answered. "'A short one, then, and let me go!' "'But is it fair?' Largued, 'When I say

a chapter, I do not mean the shortest chapter, but rather one which should be of average length."

"' Help! help! help!' he squealed, and I

had again to adjust his cravat,

"'A little patience,' said I, 'and it will soon be over. I should like to recite the chapter which would be of most interest to yourself.'

" He slipped his mouth free again, "'Quick, then, quick!' he groaned. "'The Chapter of the Camel?' I sug-

" Yes, yes,'

" Or that of the Fleet Stallion?" " 'Yes, yes. Only proceed!'

"We had passed the window, and there was no candle. I settled down to recite the Chapter of the Stallion to him.

> "Perhaps you do not know vottr Koran very well, monsieur, Well, I knew it by heart then, as I know it by heart now, The style is a little exasperating for any one who is in a hurry. But then, what would you have? The people in the East are never in a hurry, and it was written for them. I repeated it all with the dignity and solemnity which a sacred book demands, and the young Englishman he wriggled and groaned

> "'When the horses, standing on three feet and placing the tip of their fourth foot upon the ground, were mustered in front of him in the evening, he said, " I have loved the love of earthly good above the remembrance of things on high, and have spent the time in viewing these horses. Bring the horses back to me." And when they were brought back he began to cut off their legs and their-

"It was at that moment that the young Englishman sprang at me. My God, how little can



MILORD HAWKESHERY CAUGHT THE PAPER FROM HIS HAND, AND READ TO BY THE LIGHT OF THE CARRIAGE LAMP.

I remember of the next few minutes! door of the Minister opened. He had him-He was a boxer, this shred of a man. self escorted Monsieur Otto down stairs, and He had been trained to strike. I tried to now so deep was he in talk that he walked catch him by the hands. Pac, pac, he came out bareheaded as far as the carriage. As upon my nose and upon my eye. I put he stood there by the open door there down my head and thrust at him with it. Pac, he came from below. But ah, I was too much for him. I hurled myself upon him, and he had no place where he could escape from my weight. He fell flat upon the cushions, and I seated myself upon him with such conviction that the wind flew from him as from a burst bellows.

"Then I searched to see what there was with which I could tie him. I drew the strings from my shoes, and with one I secured his wrists and with another his ankles. Then I tied the cravat round his mouth again, so that he could only lie and glare at me. When I had done all this, and had stopped the bleeding of my own nose, I looked out of the coach, and ah, monsieur, the very first thing which caught my eyes was that candle, that dear little candle, glimmering in the window of the Minisretrieved the capitulation of an army and the house. the loss of a province.

moment Monsieur Otto might be down. I embassy carriage, and a moment later the got as far as Dover."

came the rattle of wheels, and a man rushed down the pavement.

"'A despatch of great importance for Milord Hawkesbury,' he cried.

"I could see that it was not my messenger, but a second one. Milord Hawkesbury caught the paper from his hand, and read it by the light of the carriage lamp. His face, monsieur, was as white as this plate before he had finished.

"'Monsieur Otto,' he cried, 'we have signed this treaty upon a false understand-

ing. Egypt is in our hands.' "'What!' cried Monsieur Otto. 'Im-

possible!'

"'It is certain. It fell to Abercromby, last month.'

"'In that case,' said Monsieur Otto, 'it is very fortunate that the treaty is signed.'

"'Very fortunate for you, sir,' cried Miter! Alone, with these two hands, I had lord Hawkesbury, and he turned back to

"Next day, monsieur, what they call the "Well, I had no time to lose, for at any Bow Street runners were after me, but they could not run across salt water; and Alshouted to my driver, gave him his second phonse Lacour was receiving the congratuguinea, and allowed him to proceed to lations of Monsieur Talleyrand and the Watier's. For myself, I sprang into our First Consul before ever his pursuers had

THE CHRIST CHILD IN ART.

BY ARCHDEACON FARRAR.

Being passages from a new book, entitled "The Life of Christ as represented in Art," by Archdeacon Farrar.

[In a book on "The Life of Christ as represented in Art," which Archdeacon Farrar has just published through the firm of Macmillan & Co., he says: "The representation of Christ, directly or indirectly, is the main object of Christian art in every stage, because Christian thought has turned in all epochs, and without interruption, to

'Him first, Him last, Him midst, and without end.'"

"Even when devoutness had vanished," Dr. Farrar adds, "and religious sincerity was well-nigh dead—even when art not only refused to be the bondslave of ecclesiastics, but thought it beneath her to be the handmaid of religion—she still used sacred themes to display her own skill and erudition. The charm of the gospel story was felt to be infinite and inexhaustible, and painters borrowed their 'motives' from scenes in the life of Christ, while they tried to supply the lack of inspiration by science and technique. But the feelings with which the subject was approached, and the methods adopted to set it forth, have gone through vast and singular variations."

It is to exhibit the course and character of these variations, by picture and description, that the book in question is prepared. Dr. Farrar relates the history of them entertainingly and with considerable fulness, and in doing so he manifests anew that reverent liberality which, more than any other of his eminent qualities, perhaps, is the



MAIJONNA DOLOROSA (BOTTICELLI).

source of the ready, even affectionate, reception that seems to await every word of his in both America and England. And to illustrate the text there are reproductions of the most significant and impressive of the works of Christian art, from the earliest days, when, under a reserve and reverence that pervaded the whole Christian world, and wherein there is something extremely beautiful, "Christ was only shadowed forth symbolically "in art, down to our own times, when directness and realism in the portrayal of Him have come to an extreme that can, as Dr. Farrar says, "only be regarded as degrading and profane." The result is a book very attractive and instructive to look through as well as to read.

Dr. Farrar modestly disclaims the right to speak simply as a critic, and says that he has written his book not from love of art, deep as his love of art is, but solely because he "wished to illus-

trate the thoughts about religion, and especially about our Saviour Jesus Christ, of which art has eternized the ever-varying phases." But it is clear that his love of art is intelligent as well as deep; for he has embodied in the book brief expositions of the principal pictures reproduced, full of sympathy and insight. The following article, after some fit introductory paragraphs, is a series of these expositions. For the exclusive privilege of using the passages of which the article is composed, and the pictures accompanying them, we are indebted to the publishers of the book, Messrs Macmillan & Co.—Editor.]



ADDRATION OF THE KINGS (GENTILE DA FABRIANO).

mixed up with her Divine Son as an object and the history of art. And that for two of adoration in thousands of paintings exe- reasons: cuted between the culmination of Byzantinism and the Reformation. This fact subject. It evidenced alike the religious alone shows how completely and uncon-feelings of individual painters, and the sciously the art of an epoch is the reflec- highest reach to which they could attain. tion of its beliefs.

HE Virgin Mary occupies a vast space Madonna and Child, we shall have gained in Christian art, and is inseparably no magnificant glimpse into the functions

1. In the first place, it was a sort of test For the Virgin is the human mother of Very little is told us in the Gospels, and Him who was the Word of God; and in



VIRGIN AND CHILD (MICHARL ANGELO).

fifth centuries.

and defects of the chief schools and the powers of the most consummate genius chief painters in the representation of the 2. In the second place, in every new

nothing elsewhere in the New Testament, painting the Virgin and Child the painter about the Virgin Mary; but as the Christited to show all that he could achieve in tian ages advanced, she received greater the expression of humanity at its loveliest, and greater prominence in the thoughts and of the divine in human form. Even of Christians. The apocryphal Gospels if the inspiration of deep religious feeling have many legends about her. The devo- is absent from the rendering of such a tion with which she was regarded assumed subject, the painter must, at the very a special development in the fourth and lowest, express the sanctity of motherhood and the innocence of infancy; and to do If we can rightly appreciate the merits this, and nothing more, may well tax the

comparison with himself, and with all his lery. contemporaries, but with generations of but also by all the Christian generations doubts and passions which it let loose. from the Catacombs down to Giotto,"

Madonna the painter not only challenged two lovely specimens in our National Gal-

One of these is the famous tondo of Sanartists during many centuries. Thus, as dro Botticelli [page 76 of this magazine]. Gruyer says in his admirable work, Les Those who only look at his "Spring" or Vierges de Raphael, "legions of painters "Venus rising from the Sea" might think are reunited under the banner of Raphael, that the painter's soul was full of joy; but His Virgins are the sovereign expression a picture like this shows how deep and of a religious idea, incessantly pursued dark were the shadows flung by the Renot only during the two centuries of the naissance; how terrible were the troubles Renaissance (the fourteenth and fifteenth), stirred up by the feverish unrest of the

In this lovely picture, of which the fas-We find "Madonnas" from the second (?) curation grows continually on those who to the fifth century. They become rare gaze at it, the Virgin is giving her breast from that time till the thirteenth, but were to the unweaned Child. A long-haired, produced by hundreds between 1294 and youthful angel, his face full of sorrow. 1523. The manner in which the subject bows his head and folds his arms in adorais treated marks every improvement of tion. On the other side, a second angel process, every change of conception, every turns upwards his melancholy gaze towards powerful influence of individuality, every the Mother. Her eyes and her thoughts ripple on the deep occan of religious life. are far away. She is not looking at the Child upon her breast; apparently she is Of the Madonna Dolorosa there are not even thinking of Him; or, if she is,



HOLY FAMILY (FILIPPING LIPPI).



ADDRATION OF THE SMEPHERDS (CORREGGIO). THIS FICTURE IS USUALLY KNOWN AS "LA NOTTE" (THE NIGHT).

wings. Still less do they resemble the radi- their pale and melancholy cheeks.

she thinks only of His sufferings. Even the ant child-denizens of heaven, as Bellini, angels, lovely as they are, show an almost human despair in their angelic hearts.

They are wholly unlike the incarnate Innocencies of Fra Angelico, with their robes of tears as angels weep," and that such tears tender hues, and their many-colored, sunlit must often have coursed each other down



ADDRATION OF THE MAGI (BERNARDING LUINI).

the expression of the Virgin. It has none ity." of the fervent passion of maternity, none of the rapt joyance of the Magnificat; but

Still more pathetic in its hopelessness is us, is a sure guarantee of our immortal-

Another of Angelo's Madonnas, which there is an infinite yearning in the far- is neither religious nor domestic, is in the off gaze. As in Botticelli's Madonna in Uffizi at Florence [page 77]. The powthe Uffizi, this Virgin is bowed down with erful figure of the Virgin is kneeling, and deepest woe. The large, open eyes seem she seems to be handing Jesus over her drowned in tears, as though she were de-right shoulder into the arms of the aged voting herself and her Son for the human St. Joseph. The little St. John is walking race. Yet, amid her agony, she more than in a road below the scene, and looks joykeeps her beauty. "Is not the riddle of ously back at the Holy Child. Seated on the human race contained in such pic- the wall behind, on either side, are five tures?" asks Gruyer. "Are not these naked youths-beautiful and powerful fig-Virgins sad with the unconquerable sad- ures, but wholly unconnected with the picness which man everywhere carries with ture, and worse than meaningless. They him, while their brow is radiant at the are a fatal indication that the painter same time with the hope which constantly wished chiefly, as Vasari says, "mostrare reinspires us? This need of infinitude, maggiormente l'arte sua essere grandiswhich momently torments and elevates sima," to show how completely he had

mastered the laws of perspective (to which bearded king, who kneels in utter lowliness Paolo Uccello), and also his power to rep- nity, and pathos. resent the nude.

as He lies on the straw of the manger, irthe Virgin, Toseph is tethering the ass, and of Parma say to Correggio, after looking at carols in the sky, his decoration of the cathedral dome, "Ci avete fatto gauzzetto di rane" ("You have made us a fricassee of frogs").

The "Adoration of the Kings" [page 76], rich and bright, but full of feeling. The

so much attention had been directed by to kiss His feet, is a marvel of grace, dig-

But there is, perhaps, no nobler "Adora-The most famous picture of Correggio tion of the Magi" than the fresco by Beris La Notte [page 79], in the Dresden Gal- nardino Luini at Saronno [page 80]. The lery. It has all his sweetness and incon- beautiful and modest Virgin is leaning testable charm, his mastery of coloring, his against the manger wall, with the ox and sunny softness, his technical skill in chiaro- ass behind her. The Holy Child with His scuro. The light from the Divine Child, left hand holds the edge of her veil; His little right hand blesses a grand old king radiates the happy, smiling features of the in robes of ermine and golden chain, whose Virgin, and dazzles the astonished gaze of sword and turban are carried by a beautithe humble shepherdess, who is bringing a ful youth. Behind him is the youthful pair of turtle-doves. A poor old shepherd Melchior, who is represented as a fine is about to shroud his face with his mantle, negro; Balthazar kneels to present his and the splendid youth by his side turns offering on the other side. One of the away in rapturous astonishment. Behind attendants shades his eyes from the star which gleams above the stable roof. Down in the sky a group of angels of exquisite the hillside come others of the retinue leadloveliness, but showing the same charac- ing horses, camels, and a giraffe. A choir teristic foreshortening which made a canon of lovely child-angels sing their Christmas

Mr, Holman Hunt's "Finding of Christ in the Temple" [page 81] is undoubtedly one of the most profound and deeply studied religious pictures of this or of any by Gentile da Fabriano, in the Academy at age, and he has treated the subject in a Florence, is a truly splendid work, not only manner which can never be surpassed, The scene is a sort of open loggia, apdetails are magnificent, and the finish is proached by steps from the Temple court, extraordinary. The hand of the Child, rest- and having at one end a gilded latticeing on the bald head of the old white- work. Just outside sits a lame beggar,



FINDING OF CHRIST IN THE TEMPLE (HOLMAN HUNT).



and in the courtyard below we see the yearning love; but His thoughts are far builders at work on Herod's yet unfinished away. One hand lies passive in her tentemple, and catch a glimpse of a rejected der grasp, the other is tightening the corner-stone. At the back of this lecture- buckle of His girdle, while he seems to be room a boy is scaring away the intrusive saying, "How is it that ye sought Me? doves with a streamer of silk. In the dis-Wist ye not that I must be in My Father's tance is a seller of animals, and a family House?" He is dressed in the costume has taken a lamb from its ewe to offer at which would then have been worn by a the consecration of a first-born child. The peasant boy of Galilee, except that it has rabbis, seven in number, are seated on a a fringe. There is a natural aureole formed semi-circular divan, and are richly dressed by the light passing through the edge of in Eastern costume. blind and very aged, is clasping to his tional element in the beauty of His ancesbreast a roll of the Thora, and is a type of tor David. Joseph, with his tools, stands the Jewish law, already beginning to fall behind the Virgin. His right hand seems dead and effete in useless formalism. One to hover with infinite awe and tenderness of the Levite chorister boys behind him is over the shoulders of the Divine Boy. reverently lifting a fold of the Thora covering to kiss it. Three other boys, with picture has been to avoid all mere prettitheir musical instruments, are curiously ness, all touch of effeminacy, in the figure watching the meeting of the boy Christ of the boy Christ. He wished to represent with His parents.

agitated by some answer of Jesus, and the lowly, and desiring to be reverent to His one next to him holds a phylactery in his earthly parents. He has been eminently hand, and comforts him. The next, a man successful. No mediæval painter—not in the prime of life, has been deeply and even L. da Vinci, or Luini, or Raphaelfavorably struck, and has unrolled the ever painted so pure an ideal of the boy law-scroll on his knee, while he gazes on Christ, or produced any rendering of this Christ with earnest thought. The rest are favorite subject so thorough or so perfect. less affected by what they have heard. As we look at it, we can say: One of them is about to drink a bowl of wine which an attendant is pouring out for him.

The boy Jesus has just caught sight of Joseph and His mother, and has risen from His seat at the feet of the doctors to salute them. The Virgin draws him towards her with a look of intense and

The nearest rabbi, the reddish golden hair, which was a tradi-

The great aim of the painter in this Him as ready, gentle, manly; full of the The old blind rabbi has evidently been most heavenly thoughts, yet meek and

> "This, this is Thou! No idle painter's dream Of aureoled, imaginary Christ, Laden with attributes that make not God, But Jesus, Son of Mary, lowly, wise, Obedient, subject unto parents, mild, Meek—as the meek that shall inherit earth; Pure—as the pure in heart that shall see God." —MISS MULOCK.





WELL, I guess I might 's well string them beans for dinner before I clean up," said Mrs. Bridges.

She took a large milkpan full of beans

do you say to an organ an' a horse an' buggy -a horse with some style about him, that you could ride or drive, an' that 'u'd always be up when you wanted to go to town?"

"What do I say?" Isaphene was making a cake, and beating the mixture with a long-handled tin spoon. She had reddish- am't goin' to cut this cake for her. I want brown hair, that swept away from her brow this for Sunday." and temples in waves so deep you could have lost your finger in any one of them; a head o' cabbage, an' these here beans; and good, honest, gray eyes, and a mouth that was worth kissing. She wore a blue cotton gown that looked as if it had just I guess that's a good enough dinner for left the ironing table. Her sleeves were her. There! She's knockin'! Open the rolled to her elbows. She turned and door, can't you! Well, 'f I ever! Look looked at her mother as if she feared one at that grease spot on the floor!" of them had lost her senses; then she returned to the cake-beating with an air of good-natured disdain.

"Oh, you can smile an' turn your head on one side, but you'll whistle another tune ing presently, followed by a tall, thin lady. before long, or I'll miss my guess. Isa- "Here's Mis' Hanna, maw," she said, before long, or I'll miss my guess. Isa-

BY ELLA HIGGINSON.

for the strawberry crop, an' for the geese an' turkeys, an' the calves, an' so on." Mrs. Bridges stopped, and, lowering her voice to a mysterious whisper, "Somebody's com-in'," she exclaimed.

"Who is it?" Isaphene stood up straight, with that little quick beating, of mingled pleasure and dismay, that the cry of " Com-

pany" brings to country hearts.

"I can't see. I don't want to be caught peepin'. I can see it's a woman, though; she's just passin' the row of chrysyanthums. Can't you stoop down an' peep? She won't see you 'way over there by the table."

Isaphene stooped, and peered cautiously from the table, and sat down by the window, through the wild cucumber vines that "Isaphene," she said, presently, "what climbed over the kitchen window.

"Oh, it's Mis' Hanna!"

"My goodness! An' the way this house looks! You'll have to bring her out here in the kitchen, too. I s'pose she's come to spen' the day-she's got her bag, ain't she?"

"Yes. What'll we have for dinner? I

"Why, we've got corn' beef to boil, an' an' there's potatoes; an' watermelon perserves. An' you can make a custard pie.

"Well, I didn't spill it." "Who did, then, missy?"

"Well, I never.

Isaphene went to the front door, return-

phene, I've been savin' up chicken and but- with the air of having made a pleasant dister money ever since we come to Puget covery. Mrs. Bridges got up, very much Sound; then I've always got the money surprised to find who her visitor was,

kitchen." Her eyes wandered about with though the day was. a look of unabashed curiosity that took in everything. "I brought my crochet with sharply. me.

"I'm glad you did. You'll have to excuse the looks o' things. Any news?"

"None perticular." Mrs. Hanna began to crochet, holding the work close to her face. "Ain't it too bad about poor old Mis' Lane?"

"What about her?" Mrs. Bridges snapped a bean into three pieces, and looked at her visitor with a kind of pleased expectancy, as if almost any news, however dreadful, would be welcome as a relief to the monotony of existence. "Is she dead?"

"No, she ain't dead; but the poor old creature 'd better be. She's got to go to

the poor-farm, after all."

for the click of the crochet-needle and the thing, if she chose, that would create a snapping of the beans. A soft wind came sensation.

and shook hands with exaggerated de- in the window and drummed with the lightest of touches on Mrs. Bridges's temple. It "Well, I'll declare! It's really you, is brought all the sweets of the old-fashioned it? At last? Well, set right down an' take flower-garden with it-the mingled breaths off your things. Isaphene, take Mis' Han- of mignonette, stock, sweet lavender, sweet na's things. My! am't it warm, walkin'?" peas, and clove pinks. The whole kitchen "It is so." The visitor gave her bonnet was filled with the fragrance. And what to Isaphene, dropping her black mitts into a big, cheerful kitchen it was! Mrs. Bridges it after rolling them carefully together, contrasted it unconsciously with the poor-"But it's always nice an' cool in your farm kitchen, and almost shivered, warm

"What's her children about?" she asked.

"Oh, her children!" said Mrs. Hanna, with a contemptuous air. "What does her children amount to, I'd like to know!"

"Her son's got a good comf'terble house

an' farm."

"Well, what if he has? He got it with his wife, didn't he? An' M'lissy wont let his poor old mother set foot inside the house. I don't say as she is a pleasant body to have about-she's cross an' sick most all the time, an' childish. But that ain't sayin' her children oughtn't to put up with her disagreeableness.

"She's got a married daughter, ain't she?" "Yes, she's got a married daughter." Mrs. Hanna closed her lips tightly togeth-There was silence in the kitchen, save er and looked as if she might say some-



"AIN'T IT TOO BAD ABOUT POOR OLD MIS' LANE?"

"Well, ain't she got a good enough home to keep her mother in

the old soul any more 'n M'lissy would,"

There was another silence on the floor and opened the door very oven had crimsoned her face and arms.

smells kind o' burny like"

"It's all right, maw."

Mrs. Bridges looked out the window.

" Ain't my flowers doin' well, though, Mis' Hanna?

"They are that. When I come up the waik I couldn't help thinkin' of poor old Mis' Lane.

"What's that got to do with her?" There was resentment bristing in Mrs. Bridges's tone and glance.

Mrs. Hanna stopped crocheting, but held her hands stationary in the air, and looked over them in surprise at her questioner.

"Why, she ast to live here, you know "

"She did! this house?"

"Why, ves. Didn't you know

her husband's time. I visited here con- because she thought so much of the place." sid'rable. My! the good things she always. think of them."

"Hunh! I'm sorry I can't give you as: good as she did," said Mrs. Bridges, stiffly,

"Well, as if you didn't! You set a beautiful table, Mis' Bridges, an', what's more, that's your reputation all over Everybody says that about you,"

a faint blush of pleasure.

"They do, Mis' Bridges. I just told you about Mis' Lane because you'd never think "Yes, she has. But she got her home it now of the poor old creature. An' such along with her husband, an' he won't have flowers 's she ust to have on both sides that walk! Larkspurs an' sweet-williams Isaphene an' bachelor's buttons an' pumgranates an' had put the cake in the oven. She knelt mournin' widows, an' all' kinds. Guess you didn't know she set out that pink cabsoftly now and then, to see that it was not bage-rose at the north end o' the front browning too fast. The heat from the porch, did you? An' that hop-vine that you've got trained over your parlor win-"Guess you'd best put a piece o' paper dow-set that out, too. An' that row of on top o' that cake," said her mother. "It young alders between here an' the barn-

she set them all out with her own hands; dug the holes herself It's funny she never told you she lived here."

"Yes, it is," said Mrs. Bridges, slowly and thoughtfully

"It's a wonder she never broke down an'cried when she was visitin' here. She can't mention the place without CIVID'.

A dull red came into Mrs Bridges's

" She never visited here."

"Never visited here ' ' Mrs. Hanna laid her crochet and her hands in her lap, and stared. "Why, she visited everywhere That's the way she managed to keep out o' the poor-house so long Everybody was real considirate about invitin' her.

that? Oh, they ust to be right well off 'n. But I expect slie didn't like to come here,

Isaphene looked over her shoulder at her had to eat! It makes my mouth water to mother, but the look was not returned, The beans were sputtering nervously into the pan

"Am't you got about enough, maw?" she said. "That pan seems to be gettin" hefty.

"Yes, I guess," She got up, brushing the strings off her apron, and set the pan-Mrs. Bridges smiled deprecatingly, with on the table. "I'll watch the cake now, Isaphene. You put the beans on in the



TOTAL OF MIST TANK

in with 'em. Better get 'em on right away. It's pret' near eleven. Ain't this oven too hot with the door shet?"

Then the pleasant preparations for din-—big, white fellows, smooth and long—it. The law ought to take holt of it." with a sharp, thin knife, round and round "Well, you see the law has took holt of and round, each without a break until the it," said Mrs. Hanna, with a grim smile. whole paring had curled itself about Isaphene's pretty arm to the elbow. The body 'n the neighborhood that 'u'd take cabbage was chopped finely for the cold- her in. She ain't much expense, but a slaw, and the vinegar and butter set on good deal o' trouble. She's sick, in an' the stove in a saucepan to heat. Then out o' bed, nigh onto all the time. My Mrs. Bridges began to set the table, cover-opinion is she's been soured by all her ing it first with a red cloth having a white troubles; an' that if somebody 'u'd only border and fringe. In the middle of the take her an' be kind to her, her temtable she placed an uncommonly large, six-per'ment 'u'd emprove wonderful. She's bottled caster.

Mis' Hanna. The men-folks get their shirt-sleeves so dirty out 'n the fields that farm!" you can't keep a white one clean no time."

"I use red ones myself most the time," replied Mrs. Hanna, crocheting industriously. "It saves washin'. I guess poor old Mis' Lane 'll have to see the old place

past here to the poor-farm."

plate holding a big square of yellow butter, and stood looking through the open door, scarlet poppies on either side. Between the house and the barn some wild mustard able house and barns, the wide fields no matter how bad he wants to! I ain't stretching away to the forest, and the cattle feeding on the hillside gave a look of prosperity. Mrs. Bridges wondered how she would feel-after having loved trembly knees." the place—riding by to the poor-farm. Then she pulled herself together and said, sharply:

"I'm afraid you feel a draught, Mis'

Hanna, settin' so clost to the door."

"Oh, my, no; I like it. I like lots o' fresh air. If I didn't have six childern an' my own mother to keep, I'd take her myself."

"Take who?" rasped as she asked the question. Isaene paused on her way to the pantry, the back porch to clean their boots on the

pot to boil. Put a piece o' that salt pork and looked at Mrs. Hanna with deeply thoughtful eyes.

"Why, Mis' Lane-who else?-before

I'd let her go to the poor-farm."

"Well, I think her children ought to be ner went on. The beans soon began to made to take care of her!" Mrs. Bridges boil, and an appetizing odor floated through went on setting the table with brisk, angry the kitchen. Then the potatoes were pared movements. "That's what I think about

"It seems a shame that there ain't somealways mighty grateful for every little "I guess you'll excuse a red tablecloth, chore you do her. It just makes my heart is Hanna. The men-folks get their ache to think o' her goin' to the poor-

> Mrs. Bridges shut her lips tightly together; all the softness and irresolution went out of her face.

"Well, I'm sorry for her," she said, with an air of dismissing a disagreeable subject: "but the world's full o' troubles, an' if you after all these years; they'll take her right cried over all o' them you'd be cryin' all the time. Isaphene, you go out an' blow Mrs. Bridges set on the table a white that dinner-horn. I see the men folks ev got the horses about foddered."

"I'm thinkin' about buyin' a horse an' down the path, with its tall hollyhocks and buggy," she announced, with sternly repressed triumph, when the girl had gone out. "An' an organ. Isaphene's been wanthad grown, thick and tall, and was now in one, an' I don't believe her paw'll ever drifting, like a golden cloud, against the get worked up to the pitch o' gettin' it for pale blue sky. Butterflies were throbbing her. But I've got some money laid by. I'd through the air, and grasshoppers were like to see his eyes when he comes home an' crackling everywhere. It was all very finds a bran new buggy with a top an' all, pleasan, and peaceful; while the comfort- an' a horse that he can't hetch to a plough, sure but I'll get a phaeton."

"They ain't as strong, but they're handy to get in an' out of—'specially for old,

"I ain't so old that I'm trembly."

"Oh, my-no," said Mrs. Hanna, with a little start. "I was just thinkin' mebbe sometimes you'd go out to the poor-farm an' take poor old Mis' Lane for a little ride. It ain't more'n five miles, is it? She ust to have a horse an' buggy o' her own. Somehow, I can't get her off o' my mind at all to-day. I just heard about her 's I Mrs. Bridges's voice was startin' for your house."

The men came to the house, pausing on

scraper, and wash their hands and faces she'd be settin' under it herself to-day—she with water dipped from the rain-barrel, took such pleasure in it." Their faces shone like brown marble when they came in.

It was five o'clock when Mrs. Hanna, with a sigh, began rolling the lace she had to the gate now. The bees had been crocheted around the spool, preparatory drinking too many sweets-greedy felto taking her departure.

-" BLESS THESE KIND PROPER-BLESS 'MM, OH, LORD GOD!"

"Well," she said, "I must go. I had no idy it was so late. How the time does go, talkin'. Just see how well I've donecrocheted full a yard since dinner-time! If I didn't have such a big fam'ly, an' my My! how pretty that hop-vine looks. 'T' own mother to keep, I'd take her myself

The ladies were sitting on the front porch. It was cool and fragrant out there. The shadow of the house reached almost lows! and were lying in the red poppies.

droning stupidly. A soft wind was blowing from Puget Sound and turning over the clover leaves, making here a billow of dark green and there one of light green; it was setting loose the perfume of the blossoms, too, and sifting silken thistle-needles through the air. Along the fence was a hedge, eight feet high, of the beautiful ferns that grow luxuriantly in western Washington. The pasture across the lane was a tangle of royal color. being massed in with golden-rod, pink-weed, yarrow, purple thistles, and field daisies; the cottonwoods that lined the creek at the side of the house were snowing. There was a wild syring a near the gate, throwing out spray upon spray of white, delicately scented, gold-hearted flow-

Mrs. Bridges arose and followed her guest into the spare bedroom.

"When they goin' to take her to the poor-farm?" she asked, abruptly.

"Day after to-morrow. Am't it awful? It just makes me sick to think about it. I couldn't 'a' eat a bite o' dinner 'f I'd staved at home, just for thinkin' about it. They say the poor old creature ain't done nothin' but cry an' moan sence she know'd

she'd got to go."
"Here's your bag," said Mrs. Bridges. "Do you want I should tie your veil?"

"No, thanks; I guess I won't put it on. makes awful nice shade, too. I guess b'fore I'd see her go to the poor-house. If when Mis' Lane planted 't she thought I had a small fam'ly an' plenty o' room, I declare my conscience wouldn't let me rest, no way."

A dull red glow spread slowly over Mrs.

Bridges's face.

"Well, I guess you needn't keep hintin' for me to take her," she said, sharply.

"You!" Mrs. Hanna uttered the word in a tone that was an unintentional insult: in fact, Mrs. Bridges affirmed afterward that her look of astonishment, and, for that matter, her whole air of dazed incredulity, were insulting. "I never once thought o you," she said, with an earnestness that could not be doubted.

"Why not o' me?" demanded Mrs. ment. "What you been talkin' about her all day for, 'f you wasn't hintin' for me to thought of it theirselves.

take her in?'

"I never thought o' such a thing," repeated her visitor, still looking rather helplessly dazed. "I talked about it because it was on my mind, heavy, too; an', I guess, because I wanted to talk my conscience down."

Mrs. Bridges cooled off a little, and began to drum on the bedpost with her rough be they?"

"Well, if you wasn't hintin'," she said, in a conciliatory tone, "it's all right. You kep' harpin' on the same string till I thought you was; an' it riles me awful to be hinted at. I'll take anything right out to my face, so 's I can answer it, but I won't be hinted at. But why"—having rid herself of the grievance she at once swung around to the insult—" why didn't thinkin' about it," she said, after a while. you think o' me?"

Mrs. Hanna cleared her throat and began

to unroll her mitts.

"Well, I don't know just why," she said, helplessly. She drew the mitts on, smoothing them well up over her thin wrists. don't know why. I'd thought o' most everybody 'n town—but you never come into my head onct. I was 's innocent o' hintin''s a baby unborn."

Mrs. Bridges drew a long breath noise-

"Well," she said absent-mindedly, "come again, Mis' Hanna. An' be sure you always fetch your work an' stay the afternoon."

"Well, I will. But it's your turn to come

now. Where's Is'phene?"

"I guess she's makin' a fire 'n the cookstove to get supper."

"Well, tell her to come over an' stay all

night with Julia some night."

Mrs. Bridges went into the kitchen and sat down, rather heavily, in a chair. face wore a puzzled expression.

"Isaphene, did you hear what we was a-sayin' in the bedroom?"

"Yes-most of it, I guess."

"Well, what do you s'pose was the reason she never thought o' me takin' Mis' Lane in?"

"Why, you never thought o' takin' her in yourself, did you?" said Isaphene, turning down the damper of the stove with a "I don't see how anybody else clatter. 'u'd think of it when you didn't yourself.'

"Well, don't you think it was awful impudent in her to say that, anyhow?"

"No, I don't. She told the truth."

"Why ought they to think o' everybody Bridges, showing something of her resent- takin' her exceptin' me, I'd like to know?"

"Because everybody else, I s'pose, have The neighbors have all been chippin' in to help her for years. You never done nothin' for her, did you? You never invited her to visit here, did you?"

"No, I never. But that ain't no sayin' I wouldn't take her 's quick 's the rest of 'em. They ain't none of 'em takin' her very fast,

"No, they ain't," said Isaphene, facing her mother and looking at her steadily; "they ain't one of 'em but's got their hands full—no spare room, an' lots o' childern or their own folks to take care of."

"Hunh!" said Mrs. Bridges. gan chopping some cold boiled beef for

"I don't believe I'll sleep to-night for "I won't neither, maw. I wish she wasn't

goin' right by here.'

"So do I.

After a long silence Mrs. Bridges said, "I don't s'pose your paw 'd hear to our takin' her in."

"I guess he'd hear to 't if we would,"

said Isaphene, dryly.

"Well, we can't do 't, that's all there is about it," announced Mrs. Bridges, with a great air of having made up her mind. Isaphene did not reply. She was slicing potatoes to fry, and she seemed to agree silently with her mother's decision. Presently, however, Mrs. Bridges said, in a less determined tone, "There's no place to put her exceptin' the spare room, an we can't get along without that, no ways.'

"No," said Isaphene, in a non-committal

Mrs. Bridges stopped chopping and

looked thoughtfully out the door.

"There's this room openin' out o' the Her kitchen," she said, slowly. "It's nice an' big an' sunny. It 'u'd be handy 'n winter, too, bein' right off the kitchen. But it and flowers, and her dim eyes filled with ain't furnished."

"No," said Isaphene, "it ain't."

"An' I know your paw wouldn't furnish said the driver, politely.

Isaphene laughed. "No, I guess not,"

she said.

"Well, there's no use a-thinkin' about it, **Isaphene**; we just can't take her. Better get them potatoes on; I see the men-folks comin' up to the barn."

The next morning after breakfast Isaphene said suddenly, as she stood washing dishes, "Maw, I guess you better take the organ money an' furnish up that room."

Mrs. Bridges turned so sharply she be fooled with, the man obeyed with alacdropped the turkey-wing with which she rity.

was polishing off the stove.

"You don't never mean it," she gasped. "Yes, I do. I know we'd both feel better to take her in than to take in an organ"— they both laughed rather foolishly at the poor joke. "You can furnish the room real comfter'ble with what it 'u'd here where it's cool. Now, Mis' Lane, you take to buy an organ; an' we can get the horse an' buggy, too."

"Oh, Isaphene, I've never meant but what you should have an organ! No, I won't never spen' that money for nothin' but an organ—so you can just shet up

about it."

"I want a horse an' buggy worse, We can get a horse that I can ride too. An' we'll get a phaeton, so's we can take Mis' Lane to church an 'round." Then she added, with a regular masterpiece of diplomacy, "We'll show the neighbors that when we do take people in, we take 'em in all over.'

"Oh, Isaphene," said her mother, weakly, "wouldn't it just astonish 'em!'

It was ten o'clock of the following morning when Isaphene ran in and an**nounced** that she heard wheels coming up Mrs. Bridges paled a little and breathed quickly as she got her bonnet and went out to the gate. A red spring wagon was coming slowly toward her, drawn by a single horse. The driver was half asleep on the front seat. Behind, in a low chair, sat old Mrs. Lane; she was stooping over, her elbows on her knees, her gray head bowed.

Mrs. Bridges held up her hand, and the driver pulled in the not reluctant horse.

"How d'you do, Mis' Lane? I want **you shoul**d come in an' visit me a while."

The old creature lifted her trembling **bead and looked at Mrs.** Bridges; then she saw the old house, half hidden by vines Lord God! Hear a poor old mis'rable

bitter tears.

"We ain't got time to stop, ma'am," "I'm a-takin' her to the county," he added, in a lower tone, but not so low that the old woman did not hear.

"You'll have to make time," said Mrs. Bridges, bluntly. "You get down an' help her out. You don't have to wait. When I'm ready for her to go to the county, I'll take her myself."

Not understanding in the least, but realizing, as he said afterwards, that she "meant business" and wasn't the kind to

"Now you lean all your heft on me," said Mrs. Bridges, kindly. She put her arm around the old woman and led her up the hollyhock path, and through the house into the pleasant kitchen.

" Isaphene, you pull that big chair over

set right down an' rest."

Mrs. Lane wiped the tears from her face with an old cotton handkerchief. She tried to speak, but the sobs had to be swallowed down too fast. At last she said, in a choked voice: "It's awful good in you—to let me see the old place—once more. The Lord bless you—for it! But I'm most sorry I stopped—seems now 's if I—just couldn't go on now.'

"Well, you ain't goin' on," said Mrs. Bridges, while Isaphene went to the door and stood looking toward the hill with drowned eyes. "This is our little joke-Isaphene's an' mine. This'll be your home 's long 's its our'n. An' you're goin' to have this nice big room right off the kitchen, 's soon 's we can furnish it up. We'll have to put you in the spare room for a week or two, though. An' we're goin' to get a horse an' buggy—a low buggy, so 's you can get

in an'out easy like—an' take you to church an' all 'round."

That night, after Mrs. Bridges had put Mrs. Lane to bed and told her good-night, she went out on the front porch and sat down; but presently, remembering that she had not put a candle in the room, she went back, opening the door noiselessly, not to disturb her. Then she stood perfectly still. The old creature had got out of the bed and was kneeling beside it, her face buried in her hands.

"Oh, Lord God," she was saying aloud, "bless these kind people-bless 'em, oh, soul's prayer, an' bless 'em! An' if they've ever done a sinful thing, oh, Lord God, said her mother, sharply, to conceal her forgive 'em for it, because they've kep' me emotion. "You go to bed, missy, an' don't out o' the poor-house-

Mrs. Bridges shut the door, and stood with me.' sobbing as if her heart would break.

phene, coming up suddenly.

"Never you mind what's the matter," bother your head about what's the matter

Then she went down the hall and entered "What's the matter, maw?" said Isa- her own room, and Isaphene heard the key turned in the lock.

THE OVERTHROW OF THE MOLLY MAGUIRES.

STORIES FROM THE ARCHIVES OF THE PINKERTON DETECTIVE AGENCY.

BY CLEVELAND MOFFETT.

SOME twenty years ago five counties But what a contrast! Here a proud methese banded outlaws, the merciless Molly where curses, and tears, and blood. The Maguires. Look in Carbon County for condition of things in Schuylkill, Carbon, Mauch Chunk, with its towering hills and Luzerne, Columbia, and Northumberland line westward through Schuylkill County 1876, was horrible to contemplate. as Shamokin. called the red axis of violence, for it cuts face at the trumpets of self-praise! through Mount Carmel, Centralia, Rayen and Bloomsburg in Columbia County, and whom they had had no dealings, against on its lower to pass somewhat to the south whom they had no personal grievances, of Pottsville. fifty miles long and forty miles across, gain, except, perhaps, the price of a few and will cover scores of thriving communi-rounds of whiskey. They committed murties that once were the haunts of the murders by the score, stupidly, brutally, as a crimes this fair'treasure garden of a great of command, without knowing why, and State.

to enthusiastic millions. A scant hundred a personal dislike, some imagined griev-miles separated the City of Brotherly Love ance of a friend. These were sufficient to from these tormented centres of violence, call forth an order to burn a house where

in eastern Pennsylvania were domi- tropolis was gay with flags and illuminanated, terrorized, by a secret organization, tions; there the mountains mourned in the thousands strong, whose special purpose ashes of poor men's homes. Here sounded was to rob, burn, pillage, and kill. Find on rejoicing bells and cannons; there were the map that marvellous mineral country, heard the groans of victims butchered. as large as Delaware, which lies between Here were grand parades, and hurrahing the Blue Mountains on the south and the multitudes; there lurked bands of armed arm of the Susquehanna on the north, and assassins, defying alike the laws of man there you will see what was the home of and God, and leaving behind them everypicturesque ravines, and from there draw a Counties, in this glorious year of grace and into Northumberland County as far meantime the nation's orators at Philadel-This line might well be phia were blowing themselves red in the

The origin and development of the Mol-Run, Mahanoy Plane, Girardville, Shenan-ly Maguires will always present a hard doah, Tamaqua, Tuscarora, and Summit problem to the social philosopher, who Hill, towns all abounding in hateful mem- will, perhaps, find some subtle relation beories of the Molly Maguires. Now, on tween crime and coal. One understands this line as a long diameter, construct an the act of an ordinary murderer who kills egg-shaped figure, to include in its upper from greed, or fear, or hatred; but the boundary Wilkesbarre in Luzerne County Molly Maguires killed men and women with Your egg will be about and from whose death they had nothing to derers and ruffians who polluted with their driven ox turns to left or right at the word without caring. The men who decreed Such was the situation when the Cen- these monstrous crimes did so for the tennial Exhibition was opening its gates most trivial reasons—a reduction in wages,

women and children were sleeping, to public offices remained in the hands of shoot down in cold blood an employer or ruffians; the same fierce crimes persisted; fellow workman, to lie in wait for an offi- people were assaulted, robbed, and murcer of the law and club him to death. In dered with increasing frequency, the trial of one of them, Mr. Franklin B, Gowen described the reign of these ready murderers as a time "when men retired to their homes at eight or nine o'clock in the evening, and no one ventured beyond the precincts of his own door; when every man president of the Philadelphia and Reading

connected with industrial pursuits, left his home in the morning with his hand upon his pistol. unknowing whether he would again return alive; when the very foundations of society were being overturned."

In vain the officials of the Philadelphia and Reading and Lehigh Vailey Railroads, whose lines spread over this region like huge arteries, offered thousands of dollars in rewards fortheapprehension of the criminals. In vain Archbishop Wood, of Philadelphia, fought the Molly Maguires with the whole power of the Catholic Church, issuing an edict excommunicating all members of the organization, depriving them of allspiritual benefits, and refusing them burial in Catholic

cemeteries. In vain the Catholic priests he consulted Mr. Allan Pinkerton." throughout the five counties, under Father Bridgeman, of Girardville, seeing that not even the Church's curse could check the course of crime, formed an organization popularly called the "Sheet Irons," which was to oppose the Molly Maguires politically and in every possible way. In vain reputable citizens in almost every town, formed and armed committees of vigilantes, who were to take the law into their own hands, inasmuch as the forces of the in Chicago as a night watchman, Mrs. Allan

DETECTIVE MCPARLAND DETAILED.

In 1873 Mr. Franklin B. Gowen, then engaged in any enterprise of magnitude, or Railroad, took counsel with Allan Pinker-

ton in regard to the matter. "It was owing to Mr. Gowen." says Mr. Robert A. Pinkerton in a recent letter, "that the Molly Maguire organization was broken up. Mr. Gowen, when a young man, had been District Attorney of Schuylkill County, and, while occupying this office, had found great difficulty in convicting men accused of crimes, as the Mollvs would swear to alibis for any of their members arrested. When he afterwards became the president of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad, in order to protect its interests, and its employees, and the managers and superintendents of the mines which it owned, he found it necessary to break up this organization, and it was then



JAMES MePARLAND.

"I have the very man for you," said Allan Pinkerton, the man to whom he referred being James McParland. Like his employer, James McParland had become a detective by accident. For a number of years he had been occupied with irregular work, sailing the Great Lakes in the summer, and acting as coachman during the winter, when he could get employment. Early in the sixties, while he was employed law were paralyzed. All was of no avail; Pinkerton came to know him, and inter-

ested herself in him. Through her recom- able impression thus made by singing a mendation and that of Capt. R. J. Linden, roaring song, and was then invited to a one of Allan Pinkerton's ablest lieutenants, game of cards, Pat Dormer himself being he was given a chance to show what he his partner, against Jack Hurley and ancould do on the Pinkerton detective force, other big ruffian, named Frazer, who used and he was soon recognized as a young to boast that he thrashed every stranger man of rare aptitude for detective work and advanced rapidly.

Mr. Gowen and Mr. Pinkerton, James McParland was announced to have sailed for Europe on an important mission, Only two men in the country knew that he had really set out for the terrorized region, with instructions to run down these Molly Maguire bandits, whether it took six months or six years, six hundred or six hundred thousand dollars. His orders from Allan Pinkerton were explicit:

every cut-throat has paid with his life for

the lives so cruelly taken."

After some weeks of reconnoitring on foot through the coal regions, the young detective arrived in Pottsville, where he kept by a Mrs. O'Regan. There he met a man named Jennings, who volunteered to show him the sights of the city that same Passing a noisy drinking-place night. that was McParland's assumed name, prohe valued his life never to cross the threshold of that place.

guires. He stands six feet four, weighs came forward with congratulations.

man."

MCPARLAND BECOMES A HERO AMONG THE MOLLY MAGUIRES.

McKenna noted his companion's frightened tone, but, far from being disturbed by these words, rejoiced to find himself so soon on the right scent. Later in the evening, having given Jennings the slip, he went back to the dangerous saloon and entered without ceremony, finding himself in the midst of a noisy company, most of them drinking, while some danced to a screaming fiddle. Things moved on rapidly enough during the next two hours. McKenna, having invited all hands to the Kenna told Dormer he was going to move bar, paid for a second round of drinks; and then, springing into the middle of the floor, danced a flying hornpipe, to the full the desperate "Muff" Lawler, body-master approval of the assembled Irishmen, who of the Molly Maguire lodge at Shenanwere all Mollys. He completed the favor- doah, a great coal centre twelve miles

who came into camp.

"You've got six cards in your hand," A few weeks after the interview between said McKenna to Frazer, after a few minutes' playing; "that's too many in a game

of euchre."

"You're a li-

"Am I?" said McKenna, seizing Frazer's big hand in his sailor's grip, and making him show half a dozen cards.

The result was a fight in the hand-bal! alley, which Pat Dormer lighted up especially for the purpose, the company of Mollys ranging themselves in an apprecia-"You are to remain in the field until tive circle to see Frazer demolish the plucky little fellow, who, though strong and agile, was far out-classed in height and weight. In the first round Frazer caught the detective a swinging right-hander under the ear and knocked him down, while established himself in a boarding-house the spectators applauded. But the battle was not over yet; for McKenna's blood was up, and he was a hard hitter, his arm being nerved by the consciousness that much depended upon his victory. called the Sheridan House, McKenna, for times in succession he floored the bully of Pottsville, and the seventh time Frazer fell posed going in. Jennings warned him as heavily on his face and failed to get up again.

McKenna immediately became a hero. "It's kept by Pat Dormer," he said, All hands insisted on treating him, and "the big body-master of the Molly Ma- even Mrs. Dormer and her eldest daughter two hundred and fifty pounds, and is a bad such a company friendships are made easily and quickly, and a week later the detective was on such intimate terms with the formidable Pat Dormer that he was invited to his sister's wedding, and pretended to get gloriously drunk with everybody else there. As a matter of fact, while apparently asleep on a bench, he managed to overhear some of the passwords and catch some of the signs and signals adopted by the Mollys, which he carefully practised the next day, and sub-

sequently used with profit.

McPARLAND JOINS THE ORDER.

A little later, in December, 1873, Mcon in search of a better job, and the admiring body-master gave him a letter to

him a cordial reception, and he made such good use of his opportunities that within a few weeks he was installed as a boarder in Lawler's house, and was regarded by the Mollys who frequented Lawler's saloon as a roaring, reckless fellow, quite good enough—that is, bad enough—to be initiated into the Molly Maguires. The ceremony took place in due time over Lawler's saloon, and, after having paid for unlimited whiskey and been instructed in the signs and pass-words, McKenna was pronounced a member in full standing. And he rose in time to be secretary of a division, the Shenandoah.

An incident occurred about this time that greatly increased McKenna's prestige among the Mollys. He had accompanied "Muff" Lawler to Big Mine Run, to visit an aged Molly who was very ill. While in the sick-room, an enemy of Lawler's, Dick Flynn, the terror of the Colorado colliery, burst through the door, armed with a carving-knife and a six-shooter, and showing every intention of using them. Lawler jumped down-stairs and escaped, whereupon Flynn turned upon McKenna, and remarked with an oath that he had missed "Muff," but would kill his "Butty."

"We'll see about that," said McKenna, flashing a revolver in the man's face before he could make a move. Pale and trembling, Flynn dropped his weapon, and at a word from McKenna backed down the stairs.

"I don't like to kill you in the presence of a sick man and these ladies," said the detective. At the bottom of the stairs there was a beer-cellar, and in this the prisoner was securely locked, waiting the arrival of an officer, who took him to jail.

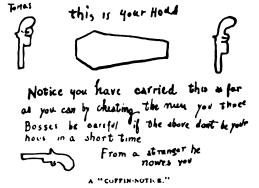
This display of nerve, taken with the thrashing of Frazer, gave McKenna a great reputation throughout that section; and he was soon regarded as one of the worst Mollys in the State, not only by members of the order who admired him, but by respectable citizens, who looked upon him with fear and abhorrence as a man capable of the most desperate acts. Wishing to leave no means untried that might ingratiate him still deeper in the confidence of the order, he created the impression that he had to his credit nearly all the crimes on the statute book, not excepting murder, and that the abundant supply of money he always seemed to have was the product of counterfeiting.

Having thus laid the foundation for his

north of Pottsville, with a population of future work, McKenna, with a letter of nearly ten thousand. This letter insured recommendation from "Muff" Lawler, now began a period of wandering through the distracted counties, getting work in various mines, but never keeping one position very long. In the course of his travels, which extended over many weeks, he made the acquaintance of most of the prominent Mollys, including Jack Kehoe, of Girardville, and "Yellow Jack" Donahue, both of whom were afterwards hanged on his testimony. Everywhere he found that his reputation had preceded him, and he was received by all the Mollys with the respect which ruffians never fail to pay men whom they regard as greater ruthans than them-At each new stopping place he selves. came into possession of new secrets touching crimes of the order already committed, and others that were planning, all of which he reported day by day to Allan Pinkerton.

HOW THE MOLLY MAGUIRES OPERATED.

He learned that the number of Molly Maguires in the five counties had been much exaggerated in the popular mind, through fear, and that there were not really more than three or four thousand active members of the organization, whereas it had been reported through the State that there were ten times that many. McKenna saw, however, that it was impossible to exaggerate the desperate character of these men. He found that each county was governed by a "county delegate," his territory being divided into districts, or "patches," each under a "body-master" or chief officer, who gave out the signs and pass-words to trusted members, and ordered the execution of crimes that had been decided upon. In nearly every case the body-master was the keeper of a saloon near one of the shafts, slopes, or drifts, and no autocrat ever wielded a power more



irresponsible than his over all who came drunken revel for the benefit of the assasabsolutely in his power. If any superin- men, give them a special sign chosen by

tendent dared to refuse the request of a body-master to hire or dischargeany man, with or without reason, that superintendent's life was as good as forfeited. "Bosses" were in the same way constrained to give Mollys the best jobs -that is, the easiest —and in case of their failure to do so they were promptly made an example of with clubs or revolvers Before killing a superintendent or a colliery "boss," the body-master would usually serve him with a "coffinnotice," a roughly written warning. bearing crudely drawn knives and revolvers, and a



CAPTAIN J. R. LINDEN A. THE TIME OF THE MOLLY MAGLIRE TROUBLES.

In nearly every instance he was shot or This was a matter of weekly occurrence, clubbed to death within a few days by unknown assailants.

A peculiar reciprocity system was in operation between the various "patches,"

within his jurisdiction. In order to force sins. To illustrate the system: Whenever the miners and workmen to buy liberally "Muff" Lawler of Shenandoah wanted a at his bar, which was usually run without man put out of the way, he applied to Jack a license, it was necessary for him to con- Kehoe of Girardville, thirteen miles to the trol their relations with the mines, and to south, for two, three, or four Mollys to do do this he must have the superintendent a "clean job." Kehoe would select the

> the two body-masters, tell them to provide themselves with firearms, and report to Lawler, whom he described accurately. Upon entering Lawler's saloon, they would throw him the sign agreed upon, whereupon he would answer and lead them to a place of concealment, usually in some lonely part of a road over which the victim would There Lawler would leave them with a Molly whose duty it was to point out the "boss" or superintendent to be killed: and when he passed, the men from Girardville would shoot him down like a dog.

large coffin in the centre. Woe to the man leave his body at the roadside, and start who allowed such a notice to go unheeded! off for home as if nothing had happened.

AN IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.

One of the most important discoveries in accordance with which, if the body- made by McKenna at this period was in master of District No, I wanted a certain regard to the murder of Alexander Rae, man killed, he would call upon the body- a mine superintendent, who was brutally master of District No. 2 for men to do it; beaten to death in October, 1868. From and in return for this favor, he was bound various hints dropped, he became convinced to furnish assassins for the body-master of that a man named Manus Coll, familiarly District No. 2, whenever the latter found known as "Kelly the Bum," had been himself in a murderous mood. As a meas- in some way concerned in this crime. ure of safety, it was always arranged, if Coll had been a Molly for a number of possible, to have the murders committed years, but had been expelled from the by men not acquainted with their victims, order as being too bad even for that desthese being pointed out by the resident perate organization. McKenna observed body-master. The commission of these that Coll was constantly hanging about the murders was regarded as a title to distinc- saloon of Pat Hester, the Molly above tion, and by way of pecuniary reward, it mentioned, who, although a ruffian himself, was customary, after each "accommoda- had a wife who was a woman of refinement, tion" of this sort, to organize a dance and and three intelligent and highly educated

able information from him. He was disap- tated a moment. pointed, however; for, although he got Coll "What are we going to do with this from him any admission. Still his efforts answered: were not in vain, for some months later, "I'm not going to have a living man when Coll had been imprisoned at Potts-tagging me around," and then he fired, and Allan Pinkerton to serve as captain of the of their revolvers, they beat him to death;

coal and iron police, an adroit ruse, which the captain at once proceeded to put into execution. Going to Coll's cell one day, Captain Linden said to him:

"Do you know what you told Mc-Kenna, in your drunken frolics together, about the murder of Alexander Rae?

Coll was so completely deceived by this "bluff," that the next day he made a full confession. He said that Rac was driving along a lonely part of the road between Mount Carmel and the village of Centralia, when he was attacked by four Mollys-Pat Hes-

ter, Dooley, McHugh, and himself. Hester and as such was expected to furnish had suggested to them the plan, at his murderers when called upon, and in general saloon, saying that Rae would have nine- to wield the terrible power of the organiteen thousand dollars with him, which it zation. One of the first calls made on him was his custom to carry in a buggy, to was for men to destroy the Catawissa pay off the men. By the merest accident bridge on the Philadelphia and Reading Rae did not carry the money in his buggy Railroad, but by diplomacy he managed on this particular night, having been ill to have this project abandoned. He next and sent the money on ahead by his clerk, learned of and frustrated a plan of the

daughters, who were school teachers. whom the outlaws allowed to drive by McKenna remarked also that, although undisturbed. After drinking freely most the women evidently loathed the presence of the night, the Mollys chosen for the of this drunken fellow Coll, they never- murder set out at dawn on their deadly theless treated him with a certain defer- mission, and hid in the woods, where they ence, plainly born of fear. There was no drank more whiskey until Rae's buggy reasonable explanation of their manner, came in sight. At a signal from the picket, except that Coll knew of some crime com- the assassins rushed upon their victim with mitted by Hester, and so held him and his drawn pistols, "Kelly the Bum" firing the family in his power. So confident was first shot. Rae pleaded for his life, and McKenna of the justness of this conclusion handed the men his watch and sixty dollars that he went on a walking tour through in money, which was all he had with him. Schuylkill and Northumberland Counties He offered to sign a check for any amount in Coll's company, hoping to draw valu- if they would spare him. The men hesi-

drunk again and again, he could never draw man?" said one of the Mollys. McHugh

ville for burglary, McKenna suggested to some of the others fired also. Rae was Captain Linden, who had been detailed by only wounded, but with clubs and the butts

> his bleeding body being left beside a spring.

> As the result of Coll's confession, Pat Hester, Dooley, and McHugh were subsequently tried, convicted, and hanged.



CAPTAIN J. R. LINDEN AT THE PRESENT DAY.

McPARLAND CALLED ON TO ASSIST IN THE MOLLY MA-GUIRE CRIMES.

Early in 1875, Frank McAndrew, the body-master of the Shenandoah division, having been forced to go into another township to secure work, Mc-Parland, or "Mc-Kenna," was chosen as his successor,

Mollys to assassinate a "boss" named and when he had became a body-master Forsythe; and about the same time (July, 1875), he saved the life of a young Welshman named Gomer James, whom the Mollys had planned to shoot at a night picnic near Shenandoah. Whenever McKenna learned of an outrage being planned, he immediately notified Mr. Franklin, superintendent of the Pinkerton Agency at Philadelphia, who then took measures to protect the lives or property threatened, by sending to the rescue a force of the coal and iron police, under Captain J. R. Linden. was impossible, however, for the detective, work as he might, to prevent the continued commission of murders and assaults, for the territory actively covered by the organization was fifty or sixty miles square,

Early in July, 1875, while McKenna was still in Shenandoah, acting as a bodymaster, a shocking murder was committed by Molly Maguires at the town of Tamaqua, situated on the Little Schuylkill, some twenty miles to the east. The victim was Franklin B. Yost, a policeman, and a man who had served honorably in the civil war, and a most peaceful and worthy citizen. Hurrying to the scene of the crime, Mc-Kenna addressed himself to "Powder Keg" Carrigan, the body-master of that patch. The way in which Carrigan earned his sobriquet of "Powder Keg" well illustrates his character. Some years before, while working in a mine at Beckville, he had come into the slope one cold morning when the men were crowding around a huge salamander heaped with burning coals. He carried on his shoulder a keg of powder, and, seeing that there was no place for him at the fire, he leaned over the circle formed by his comfortable comrades, and, placing the keg of powder on the red-hot coals, remarked coolly:

"As long as you boys won't move, I'll

have to make a place for myself."

The men scattered in terror right and left, whereupon Carrigan coolly lifted the keg of powder off the salamander, sat down upon it, lit his pipe, and began smok-

McKenna was not long in learning that "Powder Keg" himself was the man at whose instigation the murder had been Carrigan explained to him committed. that they had killed the wrong man, his grievance having been not against Yost, but against another policeman, Bernard McCarron, who had aroused "Powder Keg's" enmity years before by frequently arresting him for disorderly conduct. Car- held a pistol, ready cocked, in the rightrigan nursed the memory of this treatment, hand pocket of his sack coat, and, while

at once proceeded to arrange for the killing of McCarron. Having applied to Alexander Campbell, the body-master of Landsford, Carbon County, as was customary, for two men to do a "clean job," he brought the men to a retired spot on McCarron's beat. Later in the night, when a policeman passed by, the two men shot him, according to orders, and then started for their homes. But on that night McCarron had exchanged beats with Yost, who accordingly came to a violent death, although neither the Mollys nor anyone else in the region had any but kind feelings toward him. Carrigan showed McKenna the revolver, a weapon of thirty-two caliber, with which the policeman had been killed, and explained that it had been borrowed from a Molly named Roarity by the two men, Hugh McGehan and James Doyle, who with others had done the murder. Mc-Gehan was the man who fired the fatal shot. McKenna secured the names of every man concerned in the crime, and ultimately, on his evidence, it was punished by the hanging, in Pottsville, of Hugh McGehan, Thomas Duffy, James Roarity, James Carl, and James Doyle.

TWO CLAIMANTS OF A REWARD FOR MURDER.

Following closely upon the murder of Yost, there came in August, 1875, a "Bloody Saturday," as it was called by the Mollys. when they killed on that one day, Thomas Guyther, a justice of the peace, at Gerardville, and, at Shenandoah, Gomer James, the same whose life had been saved a few weeks before by McKenna's intervention. James was a desperado himself, having some time before, while drunk, shot down an Irishman named Cosgrove, and this offence the Mollys had sworn to avenge. Angered by several failures, for which McKenna was responsible, the Mollys resolved that on this particular Saturday their plans The Shenandoah should not miscarry. firemen were giving a banquet in a public hall, and Gomer James was serving as bartender. A little before midnight, when the gayety was at its height, Thomas Hurley left his mother, who was sitting on a bench near the bar, and going up to James ordered a glass of beer. James served him promptly, whereupon Hurley threw down a nickel, and lifting the glass in his left hand, pretended to drain it. But he

ger. Then, quite unconcerned, he finished for the murderer. At the time he himself was not suspected, there being no evidence of his guilt, except an unobserved hole in his coat.

So fierce had been the desire for James's death that Jack Kehoe, the county delegate, had stated that the order would pay five hundred dollars to the man who should accomplish it. After the murder, at a meeting of the officers of the different Molly Maguire lodges of Schuylkill County, the payment of this reward came under discussion, and it then appeared that there were two claimants for the reward, Thomas Hurley and John McClaine. In order to decide between them, a committee of two was appointed; Pat Butler, a friend of McClaine's, being one, and McKenna himself, who, in his capacity of acting body-master, had taken a prominent part in the deliberations, being the other.

The following Sunday, Butler and Mc-Kenna met in a secret resort of the Mollys near Loso Creek, and there listened to the testimony of the two sides. Hurley made out an overwhelming case in his own favor, showing the pistol he had used, the hole in his coat through which the bullet had passed, and, as a culminating argument, bringing forward, triumphantly, his own mother, who was a willing witness that with her own eyes she had seen her son commit the murder. In final support of his claim Hurley declared that if the money was paid to McClaine, he would prove his pretensions by killing Mc-Claine on the spot. The money, therefore, was paid to Hurley.

A year later, when McParland, or Mc-**Kenna**, related this history in the courts, it appeared that Hurley had gone to Colorado, where he was working as a miner under the name of McCabe. He had left **Pennsylvania** hurriedly, after an attempt to kill a saloon-keeper named James Ryle, and burn his house. Some years later Sheriff Shores of Gunnison County, Colorado, arrested him for having stabbed a young man named Clines in a fight. He was arrested ing, and called out: as "McCabe," but on information from the East, the sheriff was able to identify him as Hurley. Taking him aside, the sheriff said, "Your time has come, Tom Hurley! Mc-Parland is on his way here to take you back to Pennsylvania."

"Who is McParland?" demanded Hurley. "You used to know him as James Mc-

the glass was at his lips, he pulled the trig- he slipped his hand under a mattress, and pulling out a razor, cut his throat from ear his beer, and affected to join in a search to ear. As he dropped dying to the floor, he said, "Mac will never get me alive."

> A DEMAND MADE ON MCPARLAND TO PRO-VIDE MEN TO KILL A SUPERINTENDENT.

Shortly after the murder of Policeman Yost, McKenna, as acting body-master of the Shenandoah lodge, found himself in a most delicate and dangerous position. Yost had been murdered by men furnished from Lansford by the body-master there, Alexander Campbell. It was, therefore, Campbell's right to demand a return of the courtesy, which he did without delay, calling upon McKenna to furnish men to kill John P. Jones, superintendent of the Lonsdale Mine, who had refused to obey Campbell's orders, and paid no attention to several " coffin notices."

In order to gain time McKenna promised to comply with this request, but kept delaying on one pretext or another, until Campbell, grown impatient, went to Jack Kehoe, the county delegate, and got him to send a positive order to McKenna to do a "clean job" on Jones without delay. Kenna notified Captain Linden and Mr. Franklin, and at the risk of being killed himself, refused to carry out Kehoe's orders, feigning a serious illness. the order came again, and, to allay suspicion, he actually started for Tamagua with several men and several bottles of whiskey, under the avowed intention of doing the appointed murder. He contrived, however, to get the men very drunk, and thus the night passed, and early next morning, leaving his companions in a drunken stupor, he set out for home, congratulating himself on having again averted a horrible He had gone but a short distance through the streets of Tamaqua, when a young man, hatless and greatly excited, came riding into town on a mule at full gallop. He stopped in front of the City Marshal's office just as McKenna was pass-

A man named John P. Jones was murdered a few minutes ago, in the presence of three hundred people,—shot down by two men."

The young man then described the murderers, and McKenna easily recognized them as a man named Doyle and a man named Kelly.

An angry crowd quickly gathered, and No sooner had he heard the name than some of them recognizing in McKenna a

however, his usual nerve, and, drawing two revolvers, walked through the crowd with an air that kept off attack. Although his best efforts had failed to save Jones's life, he resolved that he would, at least, secure the Columbia House he wrote a few words on slips of paper, and then came out and secretly dropped these slips in conspicious places. One of them, he observed, was picked up by a prominent jeweller of the town, who showed it to several people near him. The words on the slip were:

"Get a spyglass; go to the monument in the Devil's Cemetery and cover the Bloomingdale Mountain.

The purpose was to give people familiar with the neighboring country a hint that would put them on the trail which McKenna knew the guilty men would take on their way from the scene of the crime. Continuing to watch the jeweller and his neighbors, McKenna saw them provide themselves with field glasses and a number of rifles, and start for the Devil's Cemetery. Then he knew that they had understood the hint, Carrigan turned State's evidence.

THE MURDER OF THOMAS SANGER AND WILLIAM UREN.

A few days after the murder of Jones, McKenna woke up one morning at his home in Shenandoah, and discovered a notorious Molly Maguire, named Mike Doyle, lying on the bed beside him. After the free and easy manner of the fraternity, Doyle had come in quietly during the night, and thrown himself on the bed without undressing. McKenna discovered, also, a thirty-two caliber Smith and Wesson revolver lying on the table, and asked what it was for. Doyle told him that he had borrowed it from the constable of Shenandoah, Ed Monagan, and that he was going to Raven Run to "do a job" with Tom Munley, Jim McAllister, and Charlie and Jim O'Donnell.

"Who are you going to kill?" asked McKenna.

"I don't know yet," answered Doyle.

Molly Maguire leader, a movement was he did not know yet. A few hours later Mcstarted forthwith to lynch him. He showed, Kenna heard from boasting Mollys that Thomas Sanger and William Uren, two prominent citizens of Raven Run, had been murdered.

In a trial that followed ultimately, Mr. Gowen, who was one of the attorneys for the capture of the murderers. Going into the prosecution, gave the following description of the murder of Sanger:

> "What is this case? On the 1st of September, 1875. Thomas Sanger, a young English 'boss' miner, a man between thirty and forty years of age, left his house in the morning to go to his daily work. Going forward in the performance of his duty, this man was confronted by an armed band of five assassins. was shot in the arm. He turned, stumbled, and fell: then the foremost of this band came up to him as he lay upon the ground and discharged his revolver into him. Then another turned him, as he lay upon his face, over upon his back, so that he could expose a deadly part for his aim, and with calm deliberation selected a vital spot, and shot him as he lay prostrate upon the ground. His wife from whom he had just parted, hearing his cries, rushed out and reached her husband only in time to hear his last faltering accents: 'Kiss me, Sarah, for I am dying."

Under the indignation aroused by this double murder, a vigilance committee attacked Charles O'Donnell in his house. as was really the case, the result being that shot him, and hanged his dead body to a later in the day Kelly, Doyle, and a third tree. By accident they also killed O'Donman, Carrigan, were captured in the moun- nell's sister, who was near her confinement. tains while they were eating their lunch and Later, under the disclosures made by the drinking whiskey beside a spring. Kelly detective, Munley and James O'Donnell and Doyle were subsequently hanged, and were arrested, tried, convicted, and hanged.

MCPARLAND SUSPECTED AND THREAT-FNED BY BOTH SIDES.

Toward the end of 1875, the strain under which McParland had been working for eighteen months began to tell upon him, and he appealed to Allan Pinkerton to be allowed to strike the final blow. "I am sick and tired of this work," he said in one of his reports. "I hear of murder and bloodshed in all directions. The very sun to me looks crimson; the air is polluted, and the rivers seem running red with human blood. Something must be done to stop it.'

Allan Pinkerton and his assistants, Mr. Franklin and Captain Linden, had already concluded that the evidence McParland had secured was sufficient, and steps were forthwith taken to close in on the murderers. McParland had still, however, many dangers to face; first from fellow-members of the order who were beginning to believe Going down into the street, they met he had played them false; and then from O'Donnell, and McKenna repeated the outraged citizens, who regarded him as a question to him. But O'Donnell also said monster of crime whose unceremonious

One night, in Tamaqua, bands of armed burst into tears. men searched for him from house to house until morning, and would certainly have discovered and lynched him, had he not, by woman. pretending to fall into a drunken sleep, It is certain that the whiskey was poisucceeded in remaining all night in the soned. A second attempt to poison Mchouse of a respectable citizen who was not Kenna was made the day before his trial at suspected of harboring him. All the next day he remained in concealment. But at night he was about to board a coal train bound for Pottsville, when the pangs of hunger drove him into a little restaurant near the station to get a cup of coffee. There, as fate would have it, he came face to face with the man of all others in Tamaqua most eager for his life, a brother-in-law of the John P. Jones who had been assassinated life was probably saved by the personal shortly before. This man had spent the devotion of a Molly Maguire named Frank whole of the previous night with the party that was searching for him. He recognized McKenna at once.

"Have a drink," he said gruffly.

"I'm not drinking anything now," said McKenna, "but I'll have a cup of coffee and a sandwich.'

"I'm feeling badly," said the man, looking hard into the detective's face, "and scoundrel I meet.'

"I'm not an Irish scoundrel," said Mc-Kenna, "but I think, to prevent trouble, I'd better kill you right here; "and into the face of the man who was not feeling well he pushed a revolver. The invalid dashed into the street, McKenna following. But coffee, and then by the next coal train went to Pottsville.

Jack Kehoe, the county delegate whose influence in the order was very great, was **now** busily reporting his suspicion that "James McKenna" was a detective. To meet this danger McParland boldly went he should not testify. straight to Kehoe, accused him of treachery, and demanded an immediate investigation. As county delegate, Kehoe instructed McKenna, who was at that time county secretary, to write notices to all the body-masters in the county to meet at Shenandoah at a given date, to conduct the investigation. He was writing the notices in a room over Kehoe's saloon, where Mrs. Kehoe was sewing, when Kehoe came in suddenly with a glass of soda for his wife, and a hot whiskey for McKenna. Having placed the two glasses on the table, he left the room, his manner showing an unusual constraint. As soon as he had gone, Mrs. Kehoe, who was a good woman at heart,

killing would be a service to the State, whiskey, threw it into the stove, and then

"What's the matter?" asked McKenna. "Don't ask me," said the trembling

Shenandoah. He was lifting the drugged glass to his lips when an instinctive suspicion moved him to set it down.

On the day of the trial Jack Kehoe did not appear. He was expecting that there would be no trial; for he had engaged sixteen men to murder McKenna, and had even advanced several of them twenty-five dollars each for the service. McKenna's McAndrew, who told him of the plot to kill him, and swore to stand true to him, which he did. By McAndrew's aid he stole away and returned to Philadelphia, where he was warmly welcomed by Allan Pinkerton and the president of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad, Mr. Gowen, who had entertained grave fears for his life. And there the services of McParland (alias Mc-I've made up my mind to kill the first Irish Kenna) as a detective in the Molly Maguire cases ended; but he had still a most important service to render as a witness. At the beginning of his employment it had been agreed that he was not to be called on to testify in court; not his own safety only, but the continuation of his work. clearly requiring that he should not. McKenna soon returned and finished his for a time the impossibility of getting other testimony to the crimes which to him were known perfectly, prevented prosecutions. But now that his real character had been discovered by the desperadoes, and he could hope no longer to hold their confidence, there remained no reason why

ARRESTS AND CONVICTIONS,

All being in readiness, on May 6, 1876, a number of arrests were made. The trials that followed were highly dramatic. Held as they were at the very centre of the lawless district, there was more or less danger that persons engaged in them would themselves suffer the fraternity's vengeance. Under a sense of this danger Mr. Gowen, who himself conducted the prosecutions, said in one of his speeches to the jury:

"Is there a man in this audience, looking at me now, and hearing me denounce this association, who longs to point his pistol at me? I tell him that he has as good tell him that if there is another murder in this county. committed by this organization, every one of the five hundred members of the order in this county or out of it, who connives at it, will be guilty of murder in the first degree, and can be hanged by the neck until I tell him that if there is anhe is dead. other murder in this county by this society, there will be an inquisition for blood with which nothing that has been known in the annals of criminal jurisprudence can compare.'

And here he added a cordial tribute to the faithfulness and skill of Detective Mc-Parland and his employer the Pinkerton

"And to whom are we indebted for this security, of which I now boast? To whom do we owe all this? Under the divine providence of God, to whom be all the honor and all the glory, we owe this safety to James McParland; and if there ever was a man to whom the people of this county should erect a monument, it is James McParland the detective.

It is simply a question between the Molly Maguires on the one side, and Pinkerton's Detective Agency on the other; and I know too well that Pinkerton's Detective Agency will win. There is not a place on the habitable globe where these men can find refuge, and in which they will not be tracked down."

The result of the trials—which is to say the result of McParland's dangerous investigations and subsequent testimonywas the complete extermination of the order of Molly Maguires. A score or more of the desperadoes were condemned to longer or shorter terms in the penitentiary. Nineteen were hanged. Among the latter was Jack Kehoe, who had been among the first to suspect McParland of being a detective, and had expended all his power and ingenuity to get him killed and well out of the way.

LITERARY NOTES.

A NEW JUNGLE STORY BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

Mr. Kipling's stories of Indian life, his ballads, and his jungle stories, give him three separate claims to the highest distinction. As a story teller he ranks with Stevenson, while his stories of jungle life have no parallel. They are certainly a contribution to the centuries, and will be as much a part of a youth's library as Robinson Crusoe or Pilgrim's Progress.

We are glad to announce a new jungle story by Mr. Kipling, which tells of the adventures of Mowdi after he killed Shere Khan. It will be published in our next issue, with an introductory note. so that readers who have not read the other jungle stories, can read this one understandingly. lows the story entitled "Tiger! Tiger!

PROFESSOR DRUMMOND is preparing an additional article on Mr. Moody which will probably appear in the January number.

NAPOLEON: BIOGRAPHY AND PORTRAITS.

Among many letters received in regard to the first article on Napoleon and its illustrations, we have here room for extracts from only three:

From Colonel John C. Ropes, the most eminent American student of Napoleon's history:

BOSTON, November o, 1804. I do congratulate you on the success of your Napoleon Biography. JOHN C. ROPES.

From the Hon. D. C. Gilman, President of Johns Hopkins University:

Baltimore, October 30, 1894.

Dear Sir,—I saw not long ago, in the library of Hon. Gardiner G. Hubbard, in Washington, the extraordinary, perhaps I should say unique, collection of the portraits of Napoleon, and I then learned that you are to publish copies of the most significant of these portraits in connection with an article upon them, which Miss Tarbell was then preparing. This interested me very much. It is doubtful whether portraits of any other man, of any age or land, have been taken in so many aspects, by such able artists, at such frequent intervals, and through so many years. When the power and fame of Napoleon are considered, you may be sure that the students of history, biography, and portraiture, by whatever motives they are governed, will be much indebted to you and to all your collaborators for making accessible to them this superb collection.

Yours truly,

D. C. Gilman. BALTIMORE, October 30, 1894.

D. C. GILMAN.

S. S. McClure, Esq.

From Major J. W. Powell, U. S. A., the wellknown scientist, writer, and explorer:

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION, BUREAU OF AMERICAN ETHNOLOGY.

Washington, November 6, 1894.

My DEAR McClure.—I have just read with care, and with great interest, Miss Tarbell's first article on Napoleon. It is not only graphic, but its simplicity is high art. With the abundant illustration it constitutes a picture to live.

I am yours cordially,

J. W. Powell.

Mr. S. S. McClure, 30 Lafayette Place, New York City.







Engraved by Lefèvre, after Steuben, published December 2., 1856

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No. 2.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

By IDA M. TARBELL.

With engravings from the collection of the Hon. Gardiner G. Hubbard, who also furnishes the explanatory notes,

THIRD PAPER.-NAPOLEON AS STATESMAN AND LAWGIVER.

THE NEW CONSTITUTION.

" NOW we must rebuild, and, moreover, Directory and made him the temporary dictator of France.

third had, like its predecessors, been deready in his pocket. It had been promised him that, if he would aid in the 18th Bru-This man was the Abbé Sieyès. He had be rearranged to serve a dictator. been a prominent member of the Constitdone. The superstitious veneration which Consul. he had won, saved him even during the Terror, and he was accustomed to say was now centred in one man. "The state, laconically, when asked what he did in it was I," said Napoleon at St. Helena. that period, " I lived."

a military dictatorship, and had urged the the only hope there was of dragging France Directory to order Napoleon home to help from the slough of anarchy and despair him reorganize the government-an order into which she had fallen. which was never received.

presented his constitution. No more bun- energy, and amazing audacity. He was

gling and bizarre instrument for conducting the affairs of a nation was ever devised. Warned by the experience of the past ten we must rebuild solidly," said Na- years, he abandoned the ideas of 1789, and poleon to his brother Lucien the day after declared that the power must come from the coup d'état which had overthrown the above, the confidence from below. His system of voting took the suffrage from the people; his legislative body was com-The first necessity was a new constitu- posed of three sections, each of which was tion. In ten years three constitutions had practically powerless. All the force of the been framed and adopted, and now the government was centred in a senate of aged men. The Grand Elector, as the clared worthless. At Napoleon's side was figurehead which crowned the edifice was a man who had the draft of a constitution called, did nothing but live at Versailles and draw a princely salary.

Napoleon saw at once the weak points maire, this instrument should be adopted, of the structure, but he saw how it could demanded that the senate be stripped of uent Assembly, but, curiously enough, his its power, and that the Grand Elector be fame there had been founded more on his replaced by a First Consul, to whom the silence and the air of mystery in which he executive force should be confided. Sievès enveloped himself than on anything he had consented, and Napoleon was named First

The whole machinery of the government The new constitution was founded on prin-It was he who, when Napoleon was ciples the very opposite of those for which still in Egypt, had seen the necessity of the Revolution had been made, but it was

Napoleon undertook the work of recon-Soon after the 18th Brumaire, Sievès struction which awaited him, with courage,

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"NACOLE NET ONE SKEEP, I KAR CONST. T. FRANCE." 1800.

Painted by Masquerier, who visited Paris in 1800, where he made a portrait of Napoleon - This, on being exhibited in England, where it was the first authentic portrait of the emperor, proved a source of considerable gain to the painter." The portrait was engraved soon after his return to London, by C. Turner

education, the codification of the laws.

THE FINANCES.

forced to deal at once with all departments ing to send out a special courier, it was of the nation's life-with the finances, the obliged to give him the receipts of the industries, the emigres, the Church, public opera to pay his expenses. And, again, it was in such a tight pench that it was on the point of sending the gold coin in the Cabinet of Medals to the mint to be melted. Loans could not be negotiated; govern-The first question was one of money, ment paper was worthless; stocks were The country was literally bankrupt in down to the lowest. One of the worst 1799. The treasury was empty, and the features of the situation was the condition government practised all sorts of make- of the taxes. The assessments were as shifts to get money to pay those bills arbitrary as before the Revolution, and which could not be put off. One day, hav- they were collected with greater difficulty.

known financier was Napoleon's first act, fashion. The choice he made was wise-a Monsieur Gaudin, afterward the Duke de Gaéte, a lasting. Once when asked to change him quiet man, who had the confidence of the for a more brilliant man, he said : people. Under his management credit was

To select an honest, capable, and well- of finance was reorganized in a thorough

Napoleon's gratitude to M. Gaudin was

"I fully acknowledge all your protigé restored, the government was able to make is worth; but it might easily happen that, the loans necessary, and the department with all his intelligence, he would give me



"NAPOLEON REVIEWING THE CINSULAR OF ARDS IN THE COURT OF THE TUILERIES." 1800.

Engraved in London, by C. Turner, after a painting by J. Masquerier, made during his visit to Paris in 1800. A similar picture, the Revue du Décadi, was painted by Isabey and Carle Vernet, and engraved by Mécou. Masson considers Napoleon's face finer at this time than at any other period

nothing but fresh water, whilst with my nutely Napoleon guarded this part of the

good crown pieces,'

The famous Bank of France dates from this time. It was founded under Napoleon's personal direction, and he never ceased to watch over it jealously. More important was the reorganization of the system of taxation.

He insisted that the taxes must meet the whole expense of the nation, save war, which must pay for itself; and he so became fixed and regular. Napoleon wished

ordered affairs that never after his administration was fairly begun was a deficit known or a loan made. This was done. too, without the people feeling the burden of taxation. Indeed, that burden was so much lighter under his administration than it had been under the old regime, that peasant and workman, in most cases. probably didnot know they were being taxed.

"Before 1789," says Taine, "out of one hundred francs of net revenue, the workman gave fourteen to his seignor, fourteen to the



FLISA PACCIOCRI, GRAND DUCRESS OF TUSCANY, FUDEST SISTER OF NAIO-LEON (1227-182-)

Engraved by Morghen in 1814, after Counis.

clergy, fifty-three to the state, and kept only did not pay its way. Napoleon proposed to eighteen or nineteen for himself. Since raise each of these a few centimes. The 1800, from one hundred francs income he nation would surely prefer this to paying it pays nothing to the seignor or the Church, to the Russians or Austrians. When possiand he pays to the state, the department, ble the taxes were reduced. "Better leave and the commune but twenty-one francs, the money in the hands of the citizens than leaving seventy-nine in his pocket." And lock it up in a cellar, as they do in Prussia." such was the method and care with which this

good Gaudin I can always rely on having finances. It is found in a letter to Fouche, the chief of police:

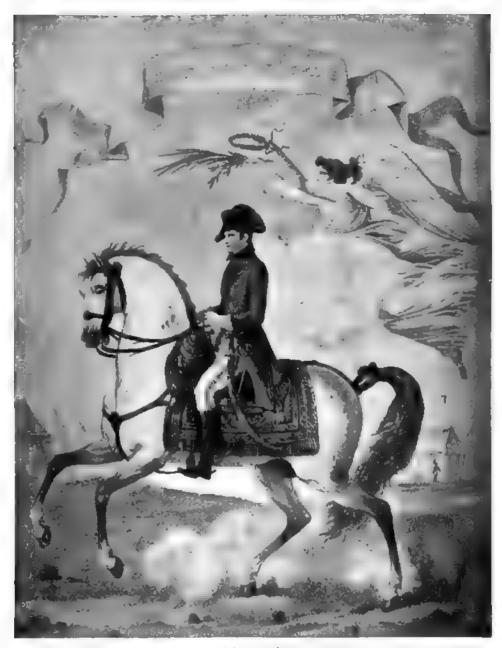
> "What happens at Bordeaux happens at Turin, at Spa, at Marseilles, etc. The police commissioners derive immense profits from the gaming-tables. My intention is that the towns shall reap the benefit of the tables. I shall employ the two hundred thousand francs paid by the tables of Bordeaux in building a bridge or a canal. . . .

A great improvement was that the taxes

that each man should know what he had to pay out each year. "True civil liberty depends on the safety of prop-erty," he told erty," he told State. "There is none in a country where the rate of taxation is changed every year. A man who has three thousand francs income does not know how much he will have to live on the next vear. His whole substance may be swallowed up by the taxes.'

Nearly the whole revenue came from indirect taxes applied to a great number of articles. In case of a war which

He was cautious that extra taxes should system was administered, that the state re- not come on the very poor, if it could be ceived more than twice as much as it had avoided. A suggestion to charge the vegebefore. The enormous sums which the table and fish sellers for their stalls came police and tax-collectors had appropriated before him. "The public square, like water, now went to the state. Here is but one ought to be free. It is quite enough that we example of numbers which show how mi- tax salt and wine, . . . It would become



NAPOLEON, 2706 17

Composed and designed by Carle Vernet; engraved by Simon.

storing the corn market."

An important part of his financial policy do its duties. Neither purchases nor posi- state, for thirty thousand dollars. tions could be made unless reasonable and

the city of Paris much more to think of re- useful. This was in direct opposition to the old regime, of which waste, idleness, and parasites were the chief characteristics. was the rigid economy which was insisted. The saving in expenditure was almost inon in all departments. If a thing was credible. A trip to Fontainebleau, which bought, it must be worth what was paid cost Louis XVI, four hundred thousand for it. If a man held a position, he must dollars, Napoleon would make, in no less

The expenses of the civil household,



Madanis de seas connectos se germane de (a_{ij}, c_{ij}) e se el season escende el a_{ij}

Engraved in 1815 by Laugier, after Gerard Madario de Staël was born in Paris in 1720. Her father was the famous banker Necker and her mother Suzanne Curchod, the early love of G bbon. She held a high position in Paris until the Terror obliged her to flee, when she went to Coppet on Lake Geneva, where a number of her friends were continually gathered about her. She returned to Paris under the Directory, and when Napodeon returned from the Itahan campaign she showed him the greatest admiration, and persisted in putting herself in his way. His dislike was so pronounced that she was irritated, and when to this personal complaint she added a more serious one, the way he was centralizing power in his hands, she became a noisy and troublesome critic of his policy. In 1803, when she came to Paris from Coppet she was ordered not to reside within forty leagues of the city. For three years she obeyed, but in 1806 she returned to France. In 1807 the publication of "Corinne" called attention to her, and she was sent back to Coppet. For two years she was busy at her work on "Germany," which, when done, she published in Paris; but the whole education of ten thousand copies was condemned as "not French" and she was forbidden to enter France. When Louis XVIII was restored, she returned to Paris, but fled to Coppet at the news of Napoleon's landing. She died on July 14, 1817.

which amounted to five million dollars At one time, anxious to aid the batiste under the old regime, were now cut down to six hundred thousand dollars, though the elegance was no less.

THE INDUSTRIES.

A master who gave such strict attention to the prosperity of his kingdom would not. of course, overlook its industries. In fact, they were one of Napoleon's chief cares. His policy was one of protection. He would have France make everything she wanted, and sell to her neighbors, but never buy from them. To stimulate the manufactories, which in 1799 were as nearly bankrupt as the public treasury, he visited commanded, his associates to do the same. Paris, to be used in this way.

factories of Flanders, he tried to force Josephine to give up cotton goods and to set the fashion in favor of the batistes; but she made such an outery that he was obliged to abandon the idea. For the same reason he wrote to his sister Eliza: "I beg that you will allow your court to wear nothing but silks and cambries, and that you will exclude all cottons and muslins, in order to favor French industry,"

Frequently he would take goods on consignment, to help a struggling factory. Rather than allow a manufactory to be idle, he would advance a large sum of money, and a quantity of its products would be put under government control. the factories himself to learn their needs. After the battle of Eylan, Napoleon sent He gave liberal orders, and urged, even one million six hundred thousand francs to



NATOLEON, PAUREON OF THE PEN R AND KING OF HALL (CONTROL ON EMPEREUR DES FRANÇAIS, ROLD'ITALIE.") 1805. Engraved by Audouin, after Charles de Chatillon.

it was printed in all the factories of France, harvest." but nothing more. He proposed to the Council of State to prohibit the importation ture; especially was he anxious that France of cotton thread and the woven goods, should raise all her own articles of diet, There was a strong opposition, but he car- He had Berthollet look into maple and turried his point.

Cases with complacency, "we possess the though henever convinced them that Swiss three branches, to the immense advantage tea equalled Chinese, or that chicory was of our population and to the detriment and as good as coffee. The works he insorrow of the English; which proves that, in sisted should be carried on in regard to administration as in war, one must exercise roads and public buildings were of great

To introduce cotton-making into the less in encouraging silks. As Emperor, and country was one of his chief industrial am- King of Italy, I counted one hundred and bitions. At the beginning of the century twenty millions of income from the silk

In a similar way he encouraged agriculnip sugar, and he did at last succeed in "As a result," said Napoleon to Las persuading the people to use beet sugar; character. . . . I occupied myself no importance. There was need that some-

thing be done.



THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON IN HUNTING COSTUME. ("L'EMPÉREUR EN FROC DE CHASSEUR À CHEVAL ")

Designed by Charlet, probably about 1814. The title is a little misleading, for the costume shown in the picture, save the boots, is the one Napoleon commonly wore, in doors as well as out,

"It is impossible to conceive, if one had not been a witness of it before and after the 18th Brumaire [said the chancellor Pasquier], of the widespread ruin wrought by the Revolution. . . . There were hardly two or three main roads (in France] in a fit condition for traffic; not a single one was there. perhaps, wherein was not found some obstacle that could not be surmounted without peril. With regard to the ways of internal communication, they had been indefinitely suspended. The navigation of rivers and canals was no longer feasible.

"In all directions, public buildings, and those monuments which represent the splendor of the state, were falling into decay. must fam be admitted that if the work of destruction had been prodigious, that of restoration was no less so. Everything was taken hold of at one and the same time, and everything progressed with a like rapidity. Not only was it resolved to restore all that required restoring in various parts of the country, in all parts of the public service, but new, grand, beautiful and useful works were decided upon, and many were brought to a happy ter-mination. This certainly constitutes one of the most brilliant sides of the consular and impenal regime

In Paris alone vast improvements were made. Napoleon began the Rue de Rivoli, built the wing connecting the Tuileries and the Louvre, erected the triumphal arch of the Carrousel, the Arc de Triomphe at the head of the Champs Elysées, the column Vendôme, the Madeleine, began the Bourse, built the Pont d'Austerlitz, and ordered, commenced, or finished, a number of minor works of great importance to the city. The markets interested him particularly. "Give all possible care to the construction of



NAPOLEON WITH THE IRON CROWN C LOMPARDY 1812.

Designed and engraved by Longhi, in 1812, for "Vite e Ritratti di illustri Italiani,"

have their Louvre," was his order.

THE ÉMIGRÉS,

richest, most cultivated, and most capable able to live in ease. of the population had been stripped of foreign lands.

the markets and to their healthfulness, and of about one thousand, and this number. to the beauty of the Halle-aux-blés and of it was arranged, should be reduced to five the Halle-aux-vins. The people, too, must hundred in the course of a year. More, he provided for their wants. Most of the smaller properties confiscated by the Revo-Intion had been sold, and Napoleon insisted that those who had bought them from the But there were wounds in the French State should be assured of their tenure; but nation more profound than those caused in case a property had not been disposed of, by lack of credit, by neglect and corrup- he returned it to the family, though rarely tion. The body which in 1789 had made in full. In case of forest lands, not over up France had, in the last ten years, been three hundred and seventy-five acres were violently and horribly wrenched asunder, given back. Gifts and positions were given One hundred and fifty thousand of the to many emigres, so that the majority were

A valuable result of this policy of reconwealth and position, and had emigrated to ciliation was the amount of talent, experience, and culture which he gained for Napoleon saw that if the émigrés could the government. France had been run for be reconciled, he at once converted a pow- ten years by country lawyers, doctors, and erful enemy into a zealous friend. In spite pamphleteers, who, though they boasted of the opposition of those who had made civic virtue and eloquence, and though the Revolution and gained their positions they knew their Plutarchs and Rousseaus by through it, he accorded an amnesty to the heart, had no practical sense, and little or émigrés, which included the whole one hun- no experience. The return of the émigrés dred and fifty thousand, with the exception gave France a body of trained diplomats, judges, and thinkers, many of whom were France. It makes the Catholic Church the promptly admitted to the government.

State church, allows the government to

THE CHURCH.

More serious than the amputation of the aristocracy had been that of the Church. The Revolution had torn it from the nation, had confiscated its property, turned its cathedrals into barracks, its convents and seminaries into town halls and prisons, sold its lands, closed its schools and hospitals. It had demanded an oath of the clergy which had divided the body, and caused thousands to emigrate. Not content with this, it had tried to supplant the old religion, first with a worship of the Goddess of Reason, afterwards with one of the Supreme Being.

But the people still loved the Catholic Church. The mass of them kept their crucifixes in their houses, told their beads, observed fast days. No matter how severe a penalty was attached to the observance of Sunday instead of the day which had replaced it, called the "decade," at heart the people remembered it. "We rest on the decade," said a workman once, "but we change our shirts on Sunday."

Napoleon understood the popular heart, and he proposed the reëstablishment of the Catholic Church. The Revolutionists, even his warmest friends among the generals, opposed it. Infidelity was a cardinal point in the creed of the majority of the new régime. They not only rejected the Church, they ridiculed it. Rather than restore Catholicism, they advised Protestantism. "But," declared Napoleon, "France is not Protestant; she is Catholic."

In the Council of State, where the question was argued, he said: "My policy is to govern men as the greatest number wish to be governed. . . . I carried on the war of Vendée by becoming a Catholic; I established myself in Egypt by becoming a Mussulman; I won over the priests in Italy by becoming Ultramontane. If I governed Jews I should reëstablish the temple of Solomon. . . . It is thus, I think, that the sovereignty of the people should be understood."

Evidently this was a very different way of understanding that famous doctrine from that which had been in vogue, which consisted in forcing the people to accept what each idealist thought was best, without consulting their prejudices or feelings. In spite of opposition, Napoleon's will prevailed, and in the spring of 1802 the Concordat was signed. This treaty between the Pope and France is still in force in

France. It makes the Catholic Church the State church, allows the government to name the bishops, compels it to pay the salaries of the clergy, and to furnish cathedrals and churches for public worship, which, however, remain national property. The Concordat provided for the absolution of the priests who had married in the Revolution, restored Sunday, and made legal holidays of certain fête days. This arrangement was not made at the price of intolerance towards other bodies. The French government protects and contributes towards the support of all religions within its borders, Catholic, Protestant, Jew, or Mussulman.

The Concordat was ridiculed by many in the government and army, but undoubtedly it was one of the most statesmanlike measures carried out by Napoleon.

"The joy of the overwhelming majority of France silenced even the boldest malcontents," says Pasquier; "it became evident that Napoleon, better than those who surrounded him, had seen into the depths of the nation's heart."

It is certain that in reëstablishing the Church Napoleon did not yield to any religious prejudice, although the Catholic Church was the one he preferred. It was purely a question of policy. In arranging the Concordat he might have secured more liberal measures—measures in which he believed—but he refused them.

"Do you wish me to manufacture a religion of caprice for my own special use, a religion that would be nobody's? I do not so understand matters. What I want is the old Catholic religion, the only one which is imbedded in every heart, and from which it has never been torn. This religion alone can conciliate hearts in my favor; it alone can smooth away all obstacles."

At St. Helena he said to Las Cases:

"When I came to the head of affairs, I had already formed certain ideas on the great principles which hold society together. I had weighed all the importance of religion; I was persuaded of it, and I had resolved to reëstablish it. You would scarcely believe in the difficulties that I had to restore Catholicism. I would have been followed much more willingly if I had unfurled the banner of Protestantism. . . . It is sure that in the disorder to which I succeeded, in the ruins where I found myself, I could choose between Catholicism and Protestantism. And it is true that at that moment the disposition was in favor of the latter. But outside the fact that I really clung to the religion in which I had been born, I had the highest motives to decide me. By proclaiming Protestantism, what would I have obtained? I should have created in France two great parties about equal, when I wished there should be longer but one. I should have excited the fury of religious quarrels, when the



NAPOLEON.

Engraved by Cousin, after Lefèvre Lefèvre probably painted this portrait early in the career of Napoleon. It was engraved by Cousin, a celebrated mezzotust engraver, many years ago, but when finished Napoleon "did not sell." It therefore was laid aside until 1893, when this print was made.

enlightenment of the age and my desire was to make them disappear altogether. These two parties in with the latter so liberally that it would soon have tearing each other to pieces would have annihilated France and rendered her the slave of Europe, when I was ambitious of making her its mistress. With Catholicism I arrived much more surely at my great espair sooner or later, by one way or another, of faithing he willing the Poer mostly.

I was ambitious of making her its mistress. With with my influences and our forces in Italy I did not Catholicism I arrived much more surely at my great despair sooner or later, by one way or another, of results. Within, at home, the great number would finishing by ruling the Pope myself."

EDUCATION.

whole system of education went down in spite of its rigid state control. This with her. The Revolutionary govern- university did nothing for woman. ments tried to remedy the condition, but "I do not think we need trouble ourbeyond many plans and speeches little had selves with any plan of instruction for been done. Napoleon allowed the religious young females," Napoleon told the Counbodies to reopen their schools, and thus cit. "They cannot be brought up better primary instruction was soon in operation, than by their mothers. Public education again; and he founded a number of sec- is not suitable for them, because they are ondary and special schools. The greatest never called upon to act in public. Man-

the state as completely as every other Napoleonic institution. It exists to-day When the Church fell in France, the but little changed -a most efficient body,

of his educational undertakings was the ners are all in all to them, and marriage organization of the University. This makes all they look to. In times past the stitution was centralized in the head of monastic life was open to women; they



NATOLEON.

Engraved by Ruotte, after Robert Lefèvre. Probably painted about 1510



MADAME RÉCAMIER 1800.

By Jacquet, after David Madame Récamier (Jeanne Françoise Julie Adélaide) was born in Lyons in 1777. Her father, Jean Bernard, afterwards moved to Paris, where he saw much of society and occupied a good position. In 1793 Julie was married to Monsieur Récamier, a rich banker twenty-seven years her senior. During the Directory Madame Récamier became intimate with the members of the Bonaparte family in Paris, and Lucien fell deeply in love with her, an affection she never returned. She first met the First Consul at Lucien's in the winter of 1700-1800, and he noticed her especially. She was much attracted by his simplicity and by his kindness. In 1802 Madame Récamier's father, who was Postmaster-General, was found to be sheltering a royalist correspondence, and was arrested and imprisoned. Through the intercession of Madame Récamier, Bernadotte secured his release from the First Consul. The arrest and trial of Moreau, who was a friend of Madame Recamier, the exile of Madame de Stail, and the execution of the Duke d'Enghiea, put her in opposition to the government, though she received both friends and enemies of Napoleon In 1805 Fouché attempted to persuade her to accept a place at court, which she refirsed. In 1807 Madame Recamer visited Madame de Staël at Coppet, where she met Prince Augustus of Prussia. who wished to marry her. She seems to have determined once to secure a divorce and marry the Prince, but abandoned the idea because of Monsieur Récamier's distress. In 1811 she was exiled forty leagues from Paris because of Berintimacy with Madame de Staël, and she did not return until after the invasion in 1814. In 1817, after Madame de State's death, she met Chateaubriand, with whom she remained intimately allied through the rest of her life. In 1830 Monsieur Récamier died Sixteen years afterwards Chateaubriand became a widower. He wished to marry Madame Récamier, but she refused. She died in Paris in 1849. Of all the women of the period, no one is more interesting than Madame Récamier. Purity of character, independence of spirit, and fidelity to friends distinguished her, as well as remarkable beauty

little by that alliance, the parents gained by pocketing the dowry.'

It was with the education of the daughters of soldiers, civil functionaries, and members of the Legion of Honor, who had died and left their children unprovided for, that he concerned himself, establishing schools of which the well-known one at St. Denis is a model. The rules were pre-pared by Napoleon himself, who insisted housework and needlework-everything, housekeepers and honest women.

espoused God, and, though society gained ized at this time. Remembering his own experience at the Ecole Militaire, Napoleon arranged that the severest economy should be practised in them, and that the pupils should learn to do everything for themselves. They even cleaned, bedded, and shod their own horses.

THE LEGION OF HONOR,

The destruction of the old system of that the girls should be taught all kinds of privileges and honors left the government without any means of rewarding those who in fact, which would make them good rendered it a service. Napoleon presented a law for a Legion of Honor, under control The military schools were also reorgan- of the state, which should admit to its



The title on the engraving reads. Honaparti idedic à Madame Bonaparte." Engraved in 1803 by Godefroy, after Isabey. In 17-8, after Joseph ne de Beauharnais had become Madame Bonaparte she bought for thirty two thousand d llars, a property at Marly, eight miles from Paris, known as Malmaison. While Napoleon was in Egypt Josephine spert most of her time here, gathering about her a circle of the France expens of the day including Bernardin de Saint-Pierre Arnault, Chenier Talma Gerard Girodet Mesdames Tallien, Regnault de Saint Jean d'Angely, the Comtesse d'Houdetot and Fanny de Beauharnais When Napoleon returned from Egypt he found waiting him a powerful sales. After the 18th Brumaire, Malmaison was enlarged and beautified becoming in fact another Trianon. Its park contained kiosks, a hamean, a temple of love, a theatre, fountains, lakes, and gardens, and the Adreas a fine library and many valuable works of art. A few of the pictures brought to France as spoils of war were deposited at Malmai-on especially two superb Paul Potters. Napoleon is said to have always regretted when he looked at them, that Josephine had taken them, as he wanted them for the Museum. Before the end of the consulate the Bonapartes left Malmaison for Saint Cloud, and after the Empire the place was almost entirely abandoned. When the divorce was pronounced in 1811 Josephine retired to Malmaison, where she died in 1814, three days after a visit from the Emperor Alexander, whose army had just invaded France Napoleon visited Malmaison after his return from Elba, and spent five days there after Waterloo. Malmaison passed to Prince Eugène, who sold it to private parties in 1826. In 1861 the state bought it, and still owns it.



NAPOLEON 1, EMPEROR OF THE PRENCH AND BING OF HAVE TRANÇAIS, ROLL THALLE "TO ADOVE 1806

Engraved by Roger, after Guéran. Painted, probably, about 1809

any way was to be rewarded by member- unquestionably the French "red button" ship in the proposed order. In fact, it is a decoration of which to be proud. was the most democratic distinction possible, since the same reward was given to all classes of services and all classes of people.

membership only those who had done some- in the hands of the First Consul, and such thing of use to the public. The service it has remained until to-day in the hands might be military, commercial, artistic, of the government. Though it has been humanitarian; no limit was put on its frequently abused, and never, perhaps, more nature; anything which helped brance in flagrantly than by the present Republic,

CODIFICATION OF THE LAWS.

The greatest civil achievement of Napo-Now the Revolutionary spirit spurned all leon was the codification of the laws. Up distinctions; and as free discussion was to the Revolution, the laws of France had allowed on the law, there was a severe been in a misty, mechanist condition, feuarraignment of it made. Nevertheless, it dal in their spirit, and by no means uniform passed. It immediately became a power in their application. The Constituent As-

His part in the work was interesting and them. important. After the laws had been wellbodies, they were submitted to the Council stated clearly what they meant. He had of State. It was in the discussions before no use for anything but the plain meaning,

this body that Napoleon took part That a man of thirtyone, brought up as a soldier, and having no legal training, could follow the discussions of such a learned and serious body as Napoleon's Council of State always was, seems incredible. In fact, he prepared for each session as thoroughly as the law-makers themselves ...

His habit was to talk over, beforehand generally, with Cambacerès and Portalis, two legislators of great learning and clearness of judgment, all the matters which were to come up.

"He examined each question by itself," days and elsewhere?"

sembly had ordered them revised, but the on the subject. Such was his capacity for work had only been begun. Napoleon be- grasping an idea, that he would come to lieved justly that the greatest benefit he the Council with a perfectly clear notion of could render France would be to give her the subject to be treated, and a good idea a complete and systematic code. He or- of its historical development. Thus he ganized the force for this gigantic task, could follow the most erudite and philoand pushed revision with unflagging energy. sophical arguments, and could take part in

He stripped them at once of all convendigested and arranged in preliminary tional phrases and learned terms, and

> By thus going directly to the practical sense of a thing, he frequently cleared up the ideas of the revisers themselves.

In framing the laws, he took care that they should be worded so that everybody could understand them. Thus, when a law relating to liquors was being prepared, he urged that wholesale and retail should be defined in such a way that they would be definite ideas to the people. "Pot and pint must be inserted," he said. "There is no objection to those words. An excise act isn't an epic poem."



Painted in 1822 by T. Phillips, Esq. R.A., engraved by C. Turner,

Napoleon insisted on the greatest freesays Roederer, "inquiring into all the an- dom of speech in the discussions on the thorities, times, experiences; demanding to laws, just as he did on "going straight to know how it had been under ancient juris- the point and not wasting time on idle prudence, under Louis XIV, or Frederick talk." This clear-headedness, energy, and the Great. When a bill was presented to grasp of subjects exercised over a body of the First Consul, be rarely failed to ask really remarkable men, developed the Counthese questions: Is this bill complete? cil until its discussions became famous Does it cover every case? Why have you throughout Europe. One of its wisest not thought of this? Is that necessary? members, Chancellor Pasquier, says of Na-Is it right or useful? What is done nowa-poleon's direction, that "it was of such a nature as to enlarge the sphere of one's At night, after he had gone to bed, he ideas, and to give one's faculties all the would read or have read to him authorities development of which they were capable.



Engraved by Weber in 1814, painted by Lethière

The highest legislative, administrative, of foreign sovereigns come and complete and sometimes even political matters were their education in its midst?" taken up in it (the Council). Did we not see, for two consecutive winters, the sons state, however, which was the most impres-

said once to Las Cases:

"It must be admitted that your Bonaparte, your Napoleon, was a very extraordinary man. We were far from understanding him on the other side of the We could not refuse the evidence of his victories and his invasions, it is true; but Genseric, Attila, Alaric had done as much; so he made more of an impression of terror on me than of admiration But when I came here and followed the discussions on the civil code, from that moment I had nothing but profound veneration for him. But where in the world had he learned all that? And then every day I discovered something new in him. Ah, sir, what a man you had there! Truly, he was a prodigy.

and sees how her University, her special founded many notions. In his dreams of schools, her hospitals, her great honor- becoming an Oriental lawgiver he had

Church, her code of laws, her bank -the vital ele- ! ments of her life, in short—are as they came from Napoleon's brain, must ask, with De Molleville, How did he do it-he a foreigner, born in a half-civilized island, reared in a military school, without diplomatic or legal training, without the prestige of name or wealth? How could he make a nation? How could be be other than the barbaric conqueror, the English and the émigrés first thought him?

Those who look Napoleon's achievements, and are either dazzled or horrified by them, generally consider his power superhuman They call it divine or diabolic, according to the feeling he inspires in them; but, in reality, the quali-

sive feature of the Council of State. De ties he showed in his career as a statesman Molleville, a former minister of Louis XVI., and law-giver are very human ones. His stout grasp on subjects; his genius for hard work; his power of seeing everything that should be done, and doing it himself; his unparalleled audacity, explain his civil achievements.

The comprehension he had of questions of government was really the result of serious thinking. He had reflected from his first days at Brienne; and the active interest he had taken in the Revolution of 1789 had made him familiar with many social and political questions. His career in Italy, which was almost as much a diplomatic as a military career, had furnished The modern reader who looks at France him an experience upon which he had ary legion, her treaty with the Catholic planned a system of government of which



Engraved by Schule in 1815



Maksilas DDCPsALL (17 3-352) All (1) sha

Engraved in 1708 by Fiesinger, after Mengelberg - Lefebyre (François Joseph, was born at Ruffach in 1755, son of a moler, destined for the Church, but at eighteen he enrolled in the French guards. When the Revolution broke out he had just reached the grade of sergeam. In 17,1 he was made general of brigade under Hoche, and served in the armies of the Rhine with honor until wounded in 17.5, when he returned to Paris, where he was named commander of one of the military divisions. On the 18th Brumaire, Lefebvre rendered important service, and in 155 was named for the Senate by the First Consul. In 1564 he was made a marshal and a grand officer of the Legion of Honor. In 1806 Lefebyre commanded a division of the Grand Array, and at Jena led the Imperial foot guard. In 1807 he directed the siege of Dantzie, which lasted fifty-one days. For the capture of this town he was made Duke of Dantzie. In 1808 Lefebyre served in Spain, gaining two battles. In the war of 180, against the Austrians he led the Bayarian army, and in 1812 was commander in chief of the Imperial Guard at whose head he remained during the retreat from Russia. Lefebvre was made a peer of France by the Restoration, and during the Hundred Days he sat in the Imperial Chamber. When Louis XVIII returned be deposed him, but he was recalled in 1819. He died in 1820. The marshal and his wife are altogether among the most interesting people in the Napoleonic court. Both of them were uneducated and completely impervious to culture, but of such sincerity of thought and speech and such goodness of heart that Napoleon valued them highly. The courtiers, however, ridiculed them incessantly, and repeated many of their blunders against etiquette and grammar. Madame Lefebyre, a kind of noble hearted Mrs. Malaprop, has been made the heronic of several French plays. The latest of these is the "Madame Sans Gône" of Victor Sardou, put on at the Vaudeville in Paris in the winter of 1833-94



MARSHAL NEY ("LE MARÉCHAL NEY, D'C D'FICHINGEN, FRINCE DE LA MISKOWA, FAIR DE FRANCE") 1814.

Engraved by Tardieu, after Gérard Ney (Machel) was born at Sarrelouis in 1769, entered the army at nineteen years of age. In 1792 New entered the Army of the North, where he soon attracted attention by his bravery and skill, winning the title of the Indefatigable. In 1794 he was made chief of brigade, and two years later general of brigade. The served in the Army of the Rhine and of the Danube until the peace of Luneville in 1841. Returning to Paris, Napoleon succeeded in attaching him to his fortunes, and sent him to Switzerland as minister plempotentiary to propose that the Helvetian Republic be placed under the protecturate of France When in 1803 war was declared against England, Ney was recalled from Switzerland, where he had succeeded in his negotiations, and sent to the north to command a corps of the Army of Invasion. In :804 he was named marshal and given the grand orden of the Legion of Honor. In the campaign of 1805 against Austria, Ney played a brilliant part, as well as in those of 1806 and 1807. His audacity, military skill, and bravery won him various titles from his soldiers, such as the "Brave of Braves," the "Red Lion" (Ney's hair was red), and "Peter the Red." When Napoleon instituted his new nobility, after Tilsit, Ney was made Duke of Elchingen. During 1809 and 1810 he served in Spain, but, quarrelling with Massena, his commander in chief he was obliged to return to France. In the Russian campaign no one distinguished himself more than Ney For his services at the battle of Moskowa he was made Prince of Moskowa. When Louis XVIII was restored, Ney joined the Bourbons, and was rewarded with high honors, but at court his wife was ridiculed by the ancient nobility, until, deeply wounded, he left Paris. He was in command at Besançon when Napoleon returned from Elba, and was ordered to take his former master prisoner. New started promising to "bring back Bonaparte in an iron cage"; but the enthusiasm over the imperial cause was so great that he made up his mind that the cause of the Bourbons was lost, and went over to Napoleon He was convicted of treason, and shot in Paris, December 7, 1815.

he was to be the centre. Thus, before the 18th Brumaire made him the dictator of France, he had his ideas of centralized government all formed. just as, before he crossed the Great Saint Bernard, he had fought, over and over, the battle of Marengo with black- and red - headed pins stuck into a great map of Italy spread out on his study floor.

His habit of attending to everything himself explains much of his success. No detail was too small for him, no task too menial. If a thing needed attention, no matter whose business it was, he looked after it. Reading letters once before Madame Junot, she said to him that such work must be tiresome. and advised him to give it to a secretary.

"Later, perhaps," he said, "Now it is impossible; I must answer for all. It is not at the beginning of a return to order that I can afford to ignore a need, a demand."

He carried out this policy literally. When he went on a journey, he looked personally after every road, bridge, public building, he passed, and his the pride of the recipient.

style of architecture for the Madeleine, the amount of stock left on hand in the silk factories, the wording of the laws, all is his business.

He thinks of the flowers to be scattered daily on the tomb of General Régnier, suggests the idea of a battle hymn to Rouget de l'Isle. tells the artists what expression to give him in their portraits, what accessories to use in their battle pieces, orders everything, verifies everything. "Beside him, said those who looked on in amazement. "the most punctilious clerk would have been a bungler."

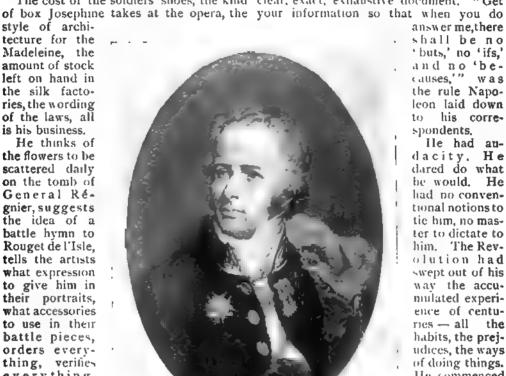
Without an extraordinary capacity for work, no man could have done this. Napoleon would work until eleven o'clock in the evening, and be up again at three in the morning.

letters teemed with orders about repairs Frequently he slept but an hour, and here, restorations there. He looked after came back as fresh as ever. No secreindividuals in the same way; ordered a pen- tary could keep up to him, and his ministers sion to this one, a position to that one, sometimes went to sleep in the Council. even dictating how the gift should be made worn out with the length of the session. known so as to offend the least possible "Come, citizen ministers," he would cry. " we must earn the money the French nation When it comes to foreign policy, he tells gives us." The ministers rarely went home his diplomats how they shall look, whether from the meetings that they did not find a it shall be grave or gay, whether they shall half-dozen letters from him on their tables discuss the opera or the political situation to be answered, and the answer must be a The cost of the soldiers' shoes, the kind clear, exact, exhaustive document, "Get

> answer me,there shall be no 'buts,' no 'ifs,' and no becauses," was the rule Napoleon laid down his correspondents.

He had andacity. He dared do what be would. He had no conventional notions to tie him, no master to dictate to him. The Revolution had swept out of his way the accumulated experience of centuries - all the habits, the preiudices, the ways of doing things. He commenced nearer the bottom than any man in the history of the civthized world had ever done, worked with imperial selfconfidence, with a conviction that he "was not like other men" He listened to others. but in the end he dared do as he would

The centralization of France in Napoleon's



GENERAL FOY, APRIL 1824

Engraved by Lefèvre, after Horace Vernet Foy (Maximilien Sebast en , born at Ham in 1972, entered the artillery school at fifteen. and assisted as beutenant at the battle of Jammapes. Arrested for contra-revolutionary talk, Foy was impr soned, but was released after the oth Thermidor. He afterwards served in the Army of the Rhine under Masséna, and made the German campaign of 1800 under Moreau He voted against the life consulate and the empire and showed an opposition to the growth of imperial sm which hurt his advancement. After the battle of Vimeiro in 1808 he was named general of brigade, and later general of division. He fought in Spain until the evacuation of the country. Under the restoration Foy served as an inspector general of artiflery but he joined Napoleon on his return. flught at Waterloo, and went into retirement afterwards. In 1815 he was elected deputy and almost at once he showed himself an orator of unusual power. He was a pure constitutionalist, and gave all his efforts to holding the Bourbons to the charter. He died in November 1845

hands was not to be allowed to go on without interference. Jacobinism, repub-

gan to struggle for expression.

OPPOSITION, AND HOW HE MET IT.

Early in the Consulate, plots of many de-scriptions were unearthed. The most serious before 1803 was the "Opera Plot," or "Plot of the 3d Ni-vose" (Decem ber 24, 1800), when a bomb was placed in the street, to be exploded as the First Consul's carriage passed By an accident he was saved, and, in spite of the shock, went on to the opera.

Madame Junot, who was there, gives a graphic description of the way the news was received by the house:

" The first thirty measures of the ora torio were scarcely played, when a strong explosion like a cannon was heard.

" What does that mean?" exclaimed Junot with emotion. He opened the door of the loge and looked licanism, royalism, were deeply-rooted sentiments, and it was not long before they beinto the corridor. . . 'It is strange; how can they be firing the cannon at this hour?' And then,
'I should have known it Give me my hat: I am going to find out

"At this moment the loge of the First Consul opened, and he himself appeared with General Lannes, Lauriston, Berthier, and Duroc. Smiling, he saluted the immensecrowd, which mingled cries like those of love with its applause Madame Bonaparte followed him in a few seconds

"Junot was goto see for himself the serene air of the First Consul that I had just remarked, when Duroc came up to us with troubled face and a worried air

"The First Consul has just escaped death,' he said quickly to Junot 'Go down and see him: he wants to talk to VOU. a dull sound commenced to spread from parterre to orclestra, from orchestra to amphitheatre, and thence to the loges.

"'The First Consul has just been attacked in the Rue Saint Nicaise,' it was whispered. Soon the truth was circulated in the salle at



BERNADOTTE, ASOLT 1798

Engraved by Alix, after Le Dru. Bernadotte (J. B. Jules) was born at Pau, in 1764, entered the Royal Marine at seventeen years of age, and was sergeant in 1789 In 1792 entered the Army of the North, where he served with honor He entered the Army of Italy in 1707, and, although suspicious of Bonaparte's ambition, he served him valiantly, and was one of those sent to Paris with captured flags. Was an active supporter of the coup d'état of the 18th Freetidor, and was ambassador at Vienna after the treaty of Campo Formio. Bernadotte married the Desirée Clary, sister in law of Joseph Bonaparte, whom Napoleon, in 1795, had thought of making his wife. In 1799 he served in the Rhenish armies. He disapproved of the 18th Brumare, but after it accepted the command of the Army of the West. In 1804 he was made marshal, and later, Prince of Ponte Corvo. In the Austrian war of 1805 Bernadotte played an important part, and again in the campaign of 1807. In 1810 the Swedish States proclaimed him prince royal and heir presumptive of Sweden. He was received as a son by Charles XIII, and during the life of that monarch Bernadotte surrounded him by a really filial care. In 1812 he entered the coalition against Bonaparte. At first he tried to act as a mediator, but this failing, he led his army against the French, defeating Ney and Oudinot, and deciding the battle of Leipsic. But he took no part in the invasion of France. In 1818, on the death of Charles XIII, he was proclaimed King of Norway and Sweden, and took the name of Charles Jean IV, though he is usually called Charles XIV. He held the throne for twenty five years, and his son Oscar succeeded him.

the same instant, and, as by an electric shock, one and the e acclamation arose, one and the same look enveloped Napoleon, as if in a protecting

44 What agitation preceded the explosion of national anger which was represented in that first quarter of an hour, by that crowd whose fury for so black an attack could not be expressed by words! Women sobbed aloud, men shivered with indignation. Whatever the banner they followed, they were united heart and arm in this case to show that differences of opinion did not bring with them differences in understanding honor."

It was such attempts. and suspicion of like ones, that led to the extension of the police ser-

One of the ablest and craftiest men of the Revolution became Napoleon's head of police in the Consulate, Fouché. A consummate actor and skilful flatterer, hindered by no conscience other than the duty of keeping in place, he acted a curious and entertaining part. Detective work was for him a game which he played with intense relish. He was a veritable amateur of plots, and never gaver than when tracing them.

Napoleon admired Fouché, but he did not trust him, and, to offset him, formed a private po-Lee to spy on his work. He never succeeded in finding any one sufficiently fine to match the chief, who several times was malicious enough to contrive plots himself, to excite and mislead the private agents.

The system of espionage went so far that letters were regularly opened It was commonly said that those who

ever, to get c cials for the post-office who of the beautiful Madame Récamier, was



MOREAU, ABOUT 1801.

Engraved by Elizabeth G. Berhan, after Guérin Moreau (Jean-Victor) was born at Morlaix in 1763. Studied law at Rennes. In the troubles of the Parliam which preceded the Revolution, he showed such ability in directing a body of his comrades that he was called the "General of the Parliament." In 1792 entered the army of Dumouriez. Was made general of brigade in 1993, and general of division in 1794. Two years later received the command of the Army of the Rhine and Moselle, which he conducted with rare skill. Having seized a correspondence of the Prince of Condé and Pichegru, which proved the latter a conspirator, he concealed it out of friendship for Pichegru until after the 18th Fructidor, when the latter was arrested. For this he was retired from service for eighteen months, but returned to the Army of Italy in 1799. Returning to Paris in 1799, he first met Bonaparte, whom he aided on the 18th Brumaire. Moreau, as a reward for his services, was named general in chief of the Army of the Rhine. His campaign at the head of his new army was brilliant, ending in the great victory of Hohenlinden on December 3, 1800. Returning to Paris, he became the centre of a faction discontented with Bonaparte, and refused the title of marshal and the decoration of the Legion of Honor which the latter offered him. He was approached by agents of Louis XVIII., and was supposed to be connected indirectly with the Georges plot. Was arrested, tried, and exiled for two years. He retired to the United States, where at first he travelled extensively. Moreau settled in this country, leading a quiet life until 1813, when he was invited by the Emperor Alexander to return to Europe. With Bernadotte he prepared the plans of the campaign of 1813 and 1814, and it was by his advice that the allies refused to give general battle to Napoleon At Dresden, on August 27, 1813, he was mortally wounded; it is said, by a French bullet.

did not war their letters read, did not could be always relied on; and in 1802, the send them by post. It was difficult, how- Postmaster-General, M. Bernard, the father found to be concealing an active Royalist like that of a bird of omen," he said in givcorrespondence, and to be permitting the ing the order, "has always been the signal circulation of a quantity of seditious pam- for some trouble. It is not my intention to phlets. His arrest and imprisonment made allow her to remain in France.' a great commotion in his daughter's circle, importance. Through the intercessions of Bernadotte, M. Bernard was pardoned by Napoleon. The cab net noir, as the department of the post-office which did this work was called, was in existence when Napoleon came to the Consulate, and he rather restricted than increased its operations. It has never been entirely given up, as many an inoffensive foreigner in France can testify.

The theatre and press were also subiected to a strict censorship. In 1800 the number of newspapers in Paris was reduced to twelve; and in three years there were but eight left, with a total subscription list of eighteen thousand six hundred and thirty. Napoleon's contempt for journalists and editors equalled that he had for lawvers, whom he called a "heap of babblers and revolutionists." Neither class could, in his judgment, be allowed safely to go free.

The salons were watched, and it is certain that those whose habitués criticised Napoleon freely were reported. One serious rupture resulted from the supervision of the salons, that with Madame de Staël. She had been an ardent admirer of Napoleon in the beginning of the Consulate, and Bourrienne tells several amusing stories on the whole France was happy. of the disgust Napoleon showed at the letters of admiration and sentiment which the machine commence to run smoothly. she wrote him even so far back as the Italian campaign. If the secretary is to be believed, Madame de Staël told Napoleon, in one of these letters, that they were certainly created for each other, that it was an error in human institutions that the mild and tranquil Josephine was united to his fate, that nature evidently had intended for a hero such as he, her own soul of fire. Napoleon tore the letter to pieces, and he took pains thereafter to announce with great bluntness to Madame de Staël, whenever he met her, his own notions on women, which certainly were anything but "advanced.'

As the centralization of the government increased, Madame de Staël and her friends criticised Napoleon more freely and sharply she not been incensed by his personal atti-

In 1807 this order was repeated, and many which was one of social and intellectual of Madame de Staël's friends were included in the proscription:

> "I have written to the Minister of Police to send Madame de Staël to Geneva. This woman continues her trade of intriguer. She went near Paris in spite of my orders. She is a veritable plague. Speak seriously to the Minister, for I shall be obliged to have her seized by the gendarmerie. Keep an eye upon Benjamin Constant; if he meddles with anything I shall send him to his wife at Brunswick. I will not tolerate this clique."

> But when one compares the policy of restriction during the Consulate with what it had been under the old régime and in the Revolution, it certainly was far in advance in liberty, discretion, and humanity. The republican government to-day, in its repression of anarchy and socialism, has acted with less wisdom and less respect for freedom of thought than Napoleon did at this period of his career; and that, too, in circumstances less complicated and critical.

INTERNAL PEACE AND PROSPERITY.

If there were still dull rumors of discontent, a cabinet noir, a restricted press, a censorship over the theatre, proscriptions, even imprisonments and executions.

"Not only did the interior wheels of says the Duchesse d'Abrantés, "but the arts themselves, that most peaceful part of the interior administration, gave striking proofs of the returning prosperity of France. The exposition at the Salon that year (1800) was remarkably fine. Guérin. David, Gérard, Girodet, a crowd of great talents, spurred on by the emulation which always awakes the fire of genius, produced works which must some time place our school at a high rank."

The art treasures of Europe were pouring into France. Under the direction of Denon, that indefatigable dilettante and student, who had collected in the expedition in Egypt more entertaining material than the whole Institute, and had written a report of it which will always be prethan they would have done, no doubt, had ferred to the "Great Work," the galleries of Paris were reorganized and opened two days tude towards her. This hostility increased of the week to the people. Napoleon inuntil, in 1803, the First Consul ordered her augurated this practice himself. Not only out of France. "The arrival of this woman, was Paris supplied with galleries: those de-



SUGANA DE HEATHARNAIS, NAPOLEON'S STEMBON ("E GENIO NAPOLEGNE PRINCE LI FRANCIA, VICE RE D'ITALIA, 1813.")

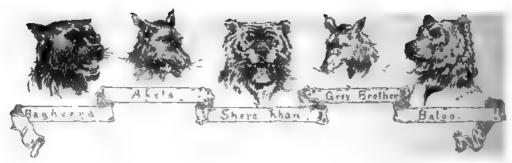
Engraved by Longhi, after Gérard, Milan, 1814 Eugène de Beauharnais, son of Josephine Tascher de la Pagerie and the Viscount Alexandre de Beauharnais, was born in Paris in 1781. The property of his father having been confiscated, Eugène was apprenticed to a cabinet maker, but, fortune changing, he was employed on the staff of General Hoche After the marriage of Josephine and Bonaparte, the latter took his step son with him into Italy, and sent him on a mission to Corfu. He accompanied General Bonaparte to Egypt, and was wounded at Saint Jean d'Acre. He rose ateadily in military rank, and when the Empire was established was made prince, and in 1805 Arch-chancellor of State. When Napoleon took the iron crown, Eugène was made Viceroy of Italy He governed his kingdom with wisdom and fidelity. In 1806 Eugène was married to a daughter of the King of Bayana and adopted by Napoleon, who declared that in case he had no direct heir be intended giving him the crown of Italy. When the Austrian war of 1810 broke out, an army invaded Italy, and Eugène was defeated in a first battle, but, rallying, he gained a series of victories, ending with that of Raab, which Napoleon called the "granddaughter of Marengo". It was Eugène and his sister Hortense that Napoleon charged to prepare Josephine for the divorce, and the former explained to the Senate the reasons for the act. He took so distinguished a part in the Russian campaign that Napoleon said. "Engène is the only one who has not committed blunders in this war ' In 181, and 1814 he fought with great skill against the allies. The final overthrow of Napoleon took his kingdom from him. He retired then to the court of the King of Bavaria, his father in law, who made him Duke of Leuchtenberg and Prince of Elchstadt. He died in 1824 at Message In.

partment museums which surprise and delight the tourist so in France to-day were then created at Angers, Antwerp, Autun, Bordeaux, Brussels, Caen, Dijon, Geneva, Grenoble, Le Mans, Lille, Lyons, Mayence, Marseilles, Montpellier, Nancy, Nantes, Rennes, Rouen, Strasburg, Toulouse, and Tours.

The prix de Rome, for which there had been no money in the treasury for some time, was again recentablished.

In literature and in music, as in art, there was a renewal of activity. A circle of poets and writers gathered about the First Consul. Paisiello was summoned to Paris to direct the opera and conservatory of music. There was a revival of dignity and taste in strong contrast to the license and carelessness of the Revolution. The incroyable passed away. The Greek costume disappeared from the street. Men and women began again to dress, to act, to talk according to conventional forms. Society recovered its systematic ways of doing things, and soon few signs of the general dissolution which had prevailed for ten years were to be seen.

Once more the traveller crossed France in peace: peasant and laborer went undisturbed about their work, and slept without fear. Again the people danced in the fields and " sang their songs as they had in the days before the Revolution." "France has nothing to ask from Heaven," said Regnault de Saint-Jean d'Angely, "but that the sun may continue to shine, the rain to fall on our fields, and the earth to render the seed fruitful."



LETTING IN THE JUNGLE.

BY RUDYARD KIPLING,

Author of "Plain Tales from the Hills," "The Jungle Book," etc.

["Letting in the Jungle" is a continuation of the marvellous tales of "Mowgli's Brothers" and "Tiger! Tiger!" Those who read the first stories will remember how the tiger Shere Khan pursued a little Indian baby to the mouth of a cave, where it took refuge with Mother Wolf. The lame tiger demanded his prey, but after defying him, the pack adopted Mowgli the man cub, and he was reared as one of the jungle folk, talking their language, and hunting and living along with Bagheera the black panther, and Baloo the bear. It was when the pack revolted against Akela, the old wolf who for years had led them to battle, that Mowgli, in a fit of rage, quit the jungle. He went to live among men, but before his departure vowed never to return till he came to spread Shere Khan's hide on the Council Rock.

In the village Mowgli found his real parents, Messua and her husband, and like a dutiful son tried to conform to human habits and speech. But jungle intrigues followed him; and when his arch enemy Shere Khan lay in wait thirsting for blood, his foster family, Mother Wolf, Grey Brother, and Akela, gave the man cub warning. Mowgh was village herder at the time, and cunningly he trapped his foe. The lame tiger was decoved into a narrow defile, and then the angry bull buffaloes were driven at a mad pace down the gorge until they trampled the last breath out of Shere Khan's body. In the moment of Mowgli's traimph, Buldeo, the village hunter, demanded that the tiger skin be given to him for the reward it would bring. His insistence forced the man cub to call upon Akela for assistance. Obedient to orders, the old wolf sprang upon the hunter and punned him to the ground, while Mowgli stripped off the gay hide. Seeing the beast's implicit obedience, Buldeo returned to the village, declared Mowgli a sorcerer, and when the boy returned, driving his buitaloes before him, the people stoned him from the gate. He then returned to the jungle, fulfilled his promise of carpeting the Council Rock with Shere Khan's hide, called the pack together, and after reinstating Akela as leader, he said, "Man pack and Wolf pack have cast me out, Now I will hunt alone in the jungle "- EDITOK.]

VOU will remember how, atter Mowgh as much as they could understand of his cave and tell Mother Wolf and Father Wolf has war

had pinned Shere Khan's hide to the adventures; and when he made the morn-Council Rock, he told as many as were letting sun theker up and down the blade of his of the Seconce pack that henceforward he skimmig-knite, the same he had skinned would hunt in the jungle alone, and the tour. Shere Khan with they said he had learned children of Mother and Father Wolt said something. Then Akela and Grey Brother that they would hunt with him. But it is had to explain their share of the great bufnot easy to change one's life all in one talo drive in the rayine, and Baloo toiled minute-particularly in the jungle. The un the hill to hear all about it, and Bagheera first thing Mowgh did when the disorderly so at bed himself all over with pure delight pack had slunk off, was to go to the home- at the way in which Mowgli had managed

It was long atter sunrise, but no one to time during the talk Mother Wolf would smell of the tiger-skin on the Council Rock,

"But for Akela and Grey Brother here," Mowgli said at the end, "I could have done nothing. Oh, mother, mother, if thou hadst seen the black herd-bulls pour down the ravine, or hurry through the gates when the man pack flung stones at me!'

"I am glad I did not see that last," said Mother Wolf stiffly. "It is not my custom to suffer my cubs to be driven to and fro like jackals. I would have taken a price from the man pack, but I would have spared the woman that gave thee the milk. Yes, I would have spared her alone."



AS THE SKINNING KNILF CUI DREFTING THE GROUND

Wolf lazily. "Our Frog has come back more do they need?" said Mowgh angrily. again—so wise that his own father must less on the head? Leave the men alone." Baloo and Bagheera both echoed, "Leave do, or why," the men alone.

smiled contentedly, and said that for his own part he never wished to see or hear or smell a man again.

alone, Little Brother?"

round at the company, and snapping his comes on. jaws on the last word.

his tail, looking at Baloo. "But why think not one. of men now, Akela?"

"For this reason," the Lone Wolf andreamed of going to sleep, and from time swered. "When that yellow thief's hide was hung up, I went back along our trail throw up her head and sniff a deep sniff of from the village, stepping in my tracks, satisfaction as the wind brought her the turning aside, scratching and lying down, to make a mixed trail in case one should follow us. But when I had fouled the trail so that I myself hardly knew it again, Mang the bat came hawking between the trees, and hung up above me. Said Mang, 'The village of the man pack where they cast out the man cub hums like a hornets' nest,'

"It was a big stone that I threw," chuckled Mowgli, who had often amused himself by throwing ripe paw-paws into a hornets' nest, and racing to the nearest pool before the hornets caught him.

"I asked of Mang what he had seen, He said the Red Flower blossomed at the

gate of the village, and men sat about it carrying guns. Now 1 know, for I have good cause"-Akela looked down at the old dry scars on his flank and side-" that men do not carry guns for pleasure. Presently, Little Brother, a man with a gun follows our trailif, indeed, he be not already on

"But why "Peace-peace, Raksha," said Father should be? Men have cast me out. What

"Thou art a man, Little Brother," Akela lick his feet; and what is a cuff more or returned. "It is not for us, the Free Hunters, to tell thee what thy brethren

He had just time to snatch up his paw Mowgli, his head on Mother Wolf's side, as the skinning-knife cut deep into the ground below. Mowgh struck quicker than an average human eye could follow, but Akela was a wolf: and even a dog, who is "But what," said Akela, cocking one ear, very far removed from the wild wolf his but what if the men do not leave thee ancestor, can be waked out of deep sleep by a cartwheel touching his flank, and can "We be fire," said Grey Brother, looking spring away unharmed before that wheel

"Another time," Mowgli said quietly, "We also might attend to that hunting," returning the knife to its sheath, "speak of said Bagheera with a little switch-switch of the man pack and of Mowgli in two breaths,

" Phif! that is a sharp tooth," said Akela,

"but living with the man pack has spoiled right in this. killed a buck while thou wast striking."

Bagheera sprang to his feet, thrust up his head as far as he could, sniffed, and stiffened through every curve in his body. Grey Brother followed his example quickly, keeping a little to his left to get the wind that was blowing from the right, while Akela bounded fifty yards up wind, and, halfcrouching, stiffened too. Mowgli looked on enviously. He could smell things as very few human beings could, but he had never reached the hair-trigger-like sensitiveness of a jungle nose; and his three months in the smoky village had put him back sadly. However, he dampened his finger, rubbed it on his nose, and stood up to catch the upper scent, which, though it is the faintest, is the truest.

"Man," Akela growled, dropping on his leader?"

haunches.

"Buldeo," said Mowgli, sitting down. "He follows our trail, and yonder is the sunlight on his gun. Look!"

It was no more than a flash of sunlight, for a fraction of a second, on the brass clamps of the old Tower musket, but nothing in the jungle winks with that flash except when the clouds race over the sky. Then a piece of mica, or a little pool, or even a highly polished leaf will flash like a heliograph. But that day was cloudless and still.

"I knew men would follow," said Akela triumphantly. "Not for nothing have I

led the pack—and now?"

The four cubs, headed by Grev Brother, said nothing, but ran down hill on their bellies, melting into the thorn and underbrush as a mole melts into the earth.

"Where go ye, without word?" Mowgli

"H'sh! We will roll his skull here before midday!" Grey Brother answered.

Back and wait! " Here! Man does

not eat man!" Mowgli shrieked.

"Who was a wolf but now? Who drove the knife at me for thinking he might be a man?" said Akela, as the four wolves turned back sullenly and dropped to heel.

"Am I to give reasons for what I choose

to do?" said Mowgli furiously.

"That is a man. There speaks a man," Bagheera muttered under his whiskers. "Even so did men talk round the king's cages at Oodeypore. We of the jungle speed, and as they ringed him, they talked know that man is wisest of all. If we unconcernedly; for their speech began betrusted our ears, we should know that of low the lowest end of the scale that unall things he is most foolish." Then rais- trained human beings can hear. The other

snuffing at the blade's cut in the earth; ing his voice, he added, "The man cub is Men hunt in packs. thy eye, Little Brother. I could have kill one, unless we know what the others will do, is bad hunting. Come, let us see what this man means towards us.'

> "We will not come," Grey Brother "Hunt alone, Little Brother. growled. We know our own minds. That skull would have been ready to bring by now.'

> Mowgli had been looking from one to the other of his friends, his chest heaving, and his eyes full of tears. But now he strode forward to the wolves, and dropping on one knee, said: "Do I not know my mind? Look at me!"

> They looked uneasily; and when their eyes wandered, he called them back again and again, till their hair stood up all over their bodies, and they trembled in every limb, while Mowgli stared and stared.

"Now," said he, "of us five, which is

"Thou art leader, Little Brother," said Grey Brother, and he licked Mowgli's foot.

"Follow, then," said Mowgli; and the four followed at his heels with their tails

between their legs.

"This comes of living with the man pack," said Bagheera, slipping down after them. "There is more in the jungle now than jungle law, Baloo.'

The old bear said nothing, but he thought

many things.

Mowgli cut across noiselessly through the jungle, at right angles to Buldeo's path. till, parting the undergrowth, he saw the old man, his musket on his shoulder, running up the trail of overnight at a dog-

You will remember that Mowgli had left the village with the heavy weight of Shere Khan's hide on his shoulders, while Akela and Grev Brother trotted behind, so that the trail was very clearly marked. ently Buldeo came to where Akela, as you know, had gone back and mixed it all up. Then he sat down and coughed and grunted and made little casts round and about into the jungle to pick it up again, and all the time he could have thrown a stone over those who were watching him. No one can be so silent as a wolf when he does not care to be heard; and Mowgli, though the wolves thought he moved very clumsilv, could come and go like a shadow. They ringed the old man as a school of porpoises ring a steamer going at full

end is bounded by the high squeak of Mang the bat, which very many people cannot hear at all. From that note all the bird and bat and insect talk takes on.

"This is better than any kill," said Grey Brother as the old man stooped and peered and puffed, "He looks like a lost pig in the jungles by the river What does he say?" Buldeo was muttering savagely.

Mowgli translated, "He says that packs of wolves must have



"EAT, OR BLOW SMOKE OUT OF RIS MOUTH ... MEN ANNALS PLAY WITH THEIR MORTHS," SALE MEW ALL

he never saw such a trail in his life. He and smoked, and Bagheera and the othsays he is tired."

again," said Bagheera coolly, as he slipped devil-child, from one end to another with round a tree trunk, in the game of blind additions. How he himself had really

man's baff that they were playing. " Now what does the lean thing

" I at, or blow smake out of h's month. Men always play with their meaths,' said Mowg i; and the sile it traiters saw the old man till and got and puff at a waterpipe, and they took good note of the smell of the tebucco, so as to be sire of Bildeo in the darkest rogl t, if things fe l out that way,

Then a little knot of charcoalburners came down the path, and naturally halted to speak to Buldeo, whose fame as a hunter reached for at least twenty miles round. Then they all sat down

ers came up and watched while Buldeo ³⁴ He will be rested before he picks it up began to tell the story of Mowgli, the killed Shere Khan; and how Mowgli had if the sorcerer's child appeared—well, he turned himself into a wolf, and fought would show them how the best hunter in with him all the afternoon, and changed Seeonee dealt with such things. deo's rifle, so that the bullet turned the corner when he pointed it at Mowgli, and killed one of Buldeo's own buffaloes; and how the village, knowing him to be the bravest hunter in Seconce, had sent him out to kill this devil-child. But, meantime, the village had got hold of Messua and her husband, who were undoubtedly the father and mother of this devil-child,-Messua he knew was a sorceress; had known it for years, but had not cared to make bad blood in the village talk. by talking about it.—and had barricaded them in their own hut, and presently would torture them to make them confess they were witch and wizard, and then they would be beaten to death, "When?" said the charcoal-burners, because they would very much like to be present at the cere-

Buldeo said that nothing would be done till he returned, because the village wished him to kill the jungle boy first. After that they would dispose of Messua and her husband, and divide their lands and buffaloes among the village. Messua's husband had some remarkably fine buffaloes, too. It was an excellent thing to clear out wizards, Buldeo thought; and people who entertained wolf children out of the jungle were clearly the worst kind them?'

of witches.

"But," said the charcoal-burners, "what would happen if the English heard of it?" The English, they had heard, were a perfectly mad people, who would not let honest farmers kill witches in peace.

Why, said Buldeo, the head man of the village would report that Messua and her husband had died of snake bite. That was all arranged, and the only thing now was to kill the wolf child. They did not happen to have seen anything of such a creature? The charcoalburners looked around cautiously, and thanked their stars they had not; but they had no doubt that so brave a man as Buldeo would find him, if any one could. The sun was getting rather low, and they had an idea that they would push on to Buldeo's village and see that wicked witch. Buldeo said that though it was his duty to kill the devil-child, he could not think of letting a party of unarmed men go through the jungle, which might produce the wolfdemon at any minute, without his escort,

into a boy again, and bewitched Bul- Brahmin, he said, had given him a charm against the creature, that made everything perfectly safe.

> "What says he? What says he? What says he?" the wolves repeated every few minutes; and Mowgli translated until he came to the witch part of the story, which was a little bit beyond him, and then he said that the man and woman who had been so kind to him were trapped.

"Do men trap men?" said Bagheera.

"So he says. I cannot understand the They are all mad together. have Messua and the man to do with me that they should be put in a trap, and what is all this talk about the Red Flower? I must look to this. Whatever they would do to Messua, they will not do till Buldeo returns. And so—" thought hard, with his fingers playing round the haft of the skinning-knife, while Buldeo and the charcoal-burners went off very valiantly in single file.

"I am going hot foot back to the man

pack," he said at last.

"And those?" said Grey Brother, looking hungrily after the brown backs of the charcoal-burners.

"Sing them home," said Mowgli, with a grin; "I do not wish them to be at the village gate till it is dark. Can vou hold

Grev Brother bared his white teeth in contempt. "We can head them round and round in circles like tethered goatsif I know men."

"That I do not need. Sing to them a little, lest they be lonely on the road; and, Grey Brother, the song need not be of the sweetest. Go with them, Bagheera, and help make that song. When the night is well down, meet me by the village. Grey Brother knows the place."

"It is no light hunting to work for a man cub. When shall I sleep?" said Bagheera vawning, though his eyes showed he was delighted with the amusement. to sing to naked men! But let us see."

He lowered his head so that the sound would travel well, and cried a long, long "good hunting"—a midnight call in the afternoon which was quite awful enough to begin with. Mowgli heard it rumble and rise, and fall and die off in a creepy sort of whine behind him, and laughed to himself as he ran through the jungle. He could see the charcoal-burners huddled in a He, therefore, would accompany them, and knot, with old Buldeo's gun-barrel waving

seemed to come from the very ends of the work well without sleep, earth, nearer and nearer and nearer, till it

a deep - mouthed wolf of the pack knows. This is a rough rendering of the song, and you must imagine what it sounds like when it breaks the afternoon hush of the jungle:

One moment past our bodies cast

No shadow on the plain,

Now clear and black they stride our track,

And we run home again

In morning hush, each rock and bush Stands hard and high and raw; Then give the call Good rest to all

That keep the jungle law.

Ho! Get to lair! The sun's affare Behind the breathing grass ,

And creaking through HERE II SEV the young bam-

The warning whispers pass By day made strange, the woods we ringe, With blinking eyes we scan While down the skies the wild duck cracs? The day-the day to man !

> The dew is dried that drenched our hide, Or washed about our way: And where we drank, the publicd bank Is crisping into clay. The traitor dark gives up each mark Of stretched or hooded claw, Then hear the call: " Good rest to all That keep the jungle law."

it, or the yelping scorn the four threw into Messua, gagged and bound hand and foot, every word of it as they heard the trees breathing hard and groaning, and her

like a banana-leaf to every point of the into the branches, and Buldeo began recompass at once. Then Grey Brother gave peating incantations and charms. Then the Ya-la-hi, Yalaha! call for the buck- they lay down and slept, for, like all who driving, when the pack drives the Nilghai, live by their own exertions, they were of a the big Blue Cow, before them; and it methodical cast of mind; and no one can

Meantime Mowgh was putting the miles ended in a shrick snapped off short. The behind him at the rate of nine an hour, other three answered till even Mowgh could swinging on, delighted to find himself so have vowed that the full pack was in full fit after all those cramped months among cry; and then they all broke into the mag- men. The one idea in his head was to get nificent morning-song in the jungle, with Messua and her husband out of the trap, every turn and flourish and grace-note that whatever it was, for he had a natural

mistrust of traps. Later on, he promised himself. he would begin to pay his debts to the village at large. It was twilight when he saw the well-remembered grazinggrounds, and the dhak-tree where Grev Brother had waited for him enthe morning that he killed Shere Khan. Angry as he was at the whole breed and community of man, something jumped up in his throat and made him catch his breath when he looked at the village roofs, He noticed that every one had come in from the fields unusually early, and

that, instead of getting to their evening cooking, they gathered in a crowd under the village tree, and chattered and shouted,

" Men must always be making traps for men, or they are not content," said Mowgli. "Last night it was Mowgli-the last night seems many rains ago. To-night it is Messua and her man. To-morrow and for very many nights after, it will be Mowgh's turn again."

He crept along outside the wall till he came to Messua's hut, and looked through But no translation can give the effect of the window into the room. There lay crash when the men hastily climbed up husband was tied to the gayly painted bed-



into the street was shut fast, and three or already." four men were sitting with their backs to it,

of the villagers very fairly. He argued your hands and feet are free. Go, now." that so long as they could eat and talk and smoke, they would not do anything -as thou knowest," Messua began. else; but as soon as they had fed, they do not think that I could walk far." would begin to be dangerous. Buldeo would be coming in before long, and if his our backs and drag us here again," said escort had done its duty, Buldeo would the husband. have a very interesting tale to tell. So he went in through the window, and stooping the palm of his hand with the tip of his over the man and the woman, cut their skinning-knife. "I have no wish to do thongs, pulled out the gags, and looked harm to any one of this village-yet. But round the hut for some milk.

his hand over her mouth just in time to they have let Buldeo come home at last." stop a scream. Her husband was only bewildered and angry, and sat picking dust thee," Messua cried. "Didst thou meet

and things out of his torn beard

"I knew---I knew he would come," Mesble all over, and that surprised him im- I come back." mensely,

they tied thee?" he asked, after a pause

son of thee-what else?" said the man sullenly. "Look! I bleed."

Messua said nothing, but it was at her wounds that Mowgh looked, and they heard him grit his teeth when he saw the blood.

"Whose work is this?" said he, "There

will be a price to pay "

"The work of all the village. I was too rich. I had too many cattle Therefore, she and I are witches because we gave thee shelter."

"I do not understand, Let Messua tell

the tale."

"I gave thee milk, Nathoo, dost thou remember?" Messua said timidly, "Because thou wast my son whom the tiger took, and because I loved thee very dearly. They said that I was thy mother, the mother of a devil, and therefore worthy of death."

"And what is a devil?" said Mowgli. "Death I have seen."

The man looked up gloomily under his eyebrows, but Messua laughed. "See!" she said to her husband, "I knew when I said that he was no sorcerer. He is my son-my son!"

"Son or sorcerer, what good will that do

stead. The door of the hut that opened us?" the man answered. "We are as dead

"Yonder is the road to the jungle"-Mowgli knew the manners and customs Mowgli pointed through the window-"and

"We do not know the jungle, my son, as

" And the men and women would be upon

"H'm!" said Mowgli, and he tickled I do not think they will stay thee. In a Messua was half wild with pain and fear little while they will have much to think (she had been beaten and stoned and of, Ah!" He lifted his head and listened cuffed all the morning), and Mowg', put to shouting and trampling outside. "So

"He was sent out this morning to kill

him?"

"Yes we-I met him. He has a tale to sua sobbed at last "Now do I know that tell; of that I am certain. And while he he is my son;" and she hugged Mowgli to is telling it, there is time to do much. But her heart. Up to that time he had been first I will look and see what they mean, perfectly steady, but now he began to trem- Think where ye would go, and tell me when

He bounded through the window, and ran "What are all these thougs? Why have along again outside the wall of the village, till he came within earshot of the crowd "To be put to the death for making a round the peepul-tree. Buldeo was lying



MOTHER WOLF REARED SERSELF UP ON END, AND LOOKED THROUGH THE WINDOW INTO THE DARK OF THE HUT.



all at once. His hair had tallen about his of the Bander-log. Now he must wash his shoulders; his hands and legs were skinned mouth with water; now he must smoke; from climbing up trees, and he could and when all that is done, be has still his hardly speak; but he felt the importance story to tell. They are very wise peopleof his position keenly. From time to time men. They will leave no one to guard he said something about devils and sing. Messua, till their cars are stuffed with Buling devils and magic enchantment, just to deo's tales. And -I am becoming as lazy give the crowd a taste of what was com- as they!" ing. Then he called for water,

on the ground coughing and groaning, "Bah" said Mowgli "Chatter, chat-and every one was asking him questions ter Talk, talk". These men are brothers

He shook himself and glided back to the

hut. Just as he was at the window, he felt but the horse is well thought of, for Messua a touch on his foot.

"Mother," said he, for he knew that tongue well, "what dost thou here?"

"I heard my children singing through the woods, and I followed the one I loved best. Little Frog, I have a desire to see that woman who gave thee milk," said Mother Wolf, all wet with the dew.

"They have bound and mean to kill her. I have cut those ties, and she goes with

her man through the jungle."

"I also will follow. I am old, but not vet toothless." Mother Wolf reared herself up on end, and looked through the window into the dark of the hut.

In a minute she dropped noiselessly, and all she said was, "I gave thee thy first milk; but Bagheera speaks true.

goes to man at last."

"Maybe," said Mowgli, with a very unpleasant look on his face. "But to-night I am very far from that trail. Wait here, but do not let her see."

"Thou wast never afraid of me, Little Frog," said Mother Wolf, backing into the high grass, and blotting herself out, as she

knew how.

"And now," said Mowgli cheerfully, as he came into the hut again, "they are all sitting round Buldeo, who is saying that which did not happen. When his talk is finished, they say they will assuredly come here with the Red-with fire, and burn you both. And then?"

"I have spoken to my man," said Mes-"Kanhiwara is thirty miles from here, but at Kanhiwara we may find the

English---'

"And what pack are they?" said Mowgli.

"I do not know. They be white, and it is said that they govern all the land, and do not suffer people to burn or beat each other without witnesses. If we can get thither to-night, we live. Otherwise, we

"Live, then. No man passes the gates to-night. But what does he do?" Messua's husband was on his hands and knees, digging up the earth in one corner of the hut.

"It is his little money," said Messua.

"We can take nothing else."

"Ah, yes! The stuff that passes from hand to hand and never grows warmer. Do they need it outside this place also?"

The man stared angrily. "He is a fool. and no devil," he muttered. "With the money I can buy a horse. We are too follow us in an hour.

"I say they will not follow till I choose; Bagheera."

is tired." Her husband stood up and knotted the last of the rupees into his waist-belt. Mowgli helped Messua through the window, and the cool night air revived her; but the jungle in the starlight looked very dark and terrible.

"Ye know the trail to Kanhiwara?" Mowgli whispered.

They nodded.

" Good. Remember, now, not to be afraid. And there is no need to go quickly. Only—only there may be some small singing in the jungle behind you and before.'

"Think you we would have risked a night in the jungle through anything less than the fear of burning? It is better to be killed by beasts than by men," said Messua's husband; but Messua looked

straight at Mowgli and smiled.

"I say," Mowgli went on, just as though he were Baloo repeating an old jungle law for the hundredth time to a foolish cub. "I say that not a tooth in the jungle is bared against you; not a foot in the jungle is lifted against you. Neither man nor beast shall stay you till ye come within eyeshot of Kanhiwara. There will be a watch about you." He turned quickly to Messua, saying, "He does not believe, but thou wilt believe."

"Ay, surely, my son. Man, ghost, or

wolf of the jungle, I believe."

"He will be afraid when he hears my people singing. Thou wilt know and understand. Go now, and slowly, for there is no need of any haste. The gates of this village are shut.

Messua flung herself sobbing at Mowgli's feet, but he lifted her very quickly with a shiver. Then she hung about his neck, and called him every name of blessing she could think of; but her husband looked enviously across his fields, and said: "If we reach Kanhiwara, and I get the ear of the English, I will bring such a lawsuit against the Brahmin and old Buldeo and the others as shall eat the village to the bone. They shall pay me twice over for my crops untilled and my buffaloes unfed. I will have a great justice."

Mowgli laughed. "I do not know what justice is; but—come next rains, and see

what is left."

They went off towards the jungle, and Mother Wolf leaped from her place of

"Follow," said Mowgli, "and look to bruised to walk far, and the village will it that all the jungle knows these two are safe. Give tongue a little. I would call



"TET IN THE JUNGLE, HATHI

the jungle."

them and Mother Wolf as Bagheera rose flat as a dead frog in the summer!" up almost under Mowgh's feet, trembing the jungle people wild.

" I am ashamed of thy brethren," he said, purr-

"What! Did they not sing sweetly to Buldeo?"

said Mowgh

"Too well! Too well! They made even me forget my pride, and, by the Broken Lock that freed me,I went singing through the jungle as though I were out wooing in the spring Didst thou not hear us?"

"I had other game afoot. Ask Buldeo if he liked the song. But where are the four? I do not wish one of the man pack to leave the

gates to-night"

" What need of the four, then?" said Bagheera, slufting from foot to foot, his eyes ablaze, and purrmy louder than ever. "I can hold them, Little Brotler It is killing at last? The singing and the sight of the men climbing up the trees have made me very ready. What is man that we should care for him? The naked brown digger, the bairless and toothless, the eater of carth I have followed him all day, at noon, in the white similarit. 1 berded him as the wolves herd buck 1 am Bagheera! Bagheera! Bagheera 1 Look * As I dance with my shadow so I danced with those men." The great panther

The long, low howl rose and fell, and leaped, as a kitten leaps, at a dead leaf Mowgh saw Messna's husband thuch and whirling overhead; struck left and right turn round, half minded to run back to the into the empty air, that sung under the strokes; landed noiselessly, and leaped "Go on," be called cheerfully. "I said again and again, while the half purr, half there might be singing. That call will growl, gathered head as steam rumbles in follow up to Kanhiwara. It is favor of a boiler "I am Bagheera, in the jungle, in the night, and all my strength is in me. Messua urged her husband forward, and Who shall stay my stroke? Man cub, with the darkness of the jungle shut down on one blow of my paw I could beat thy head

"Strike, then!" said Mowgh, in the diawith the delight of the night that drives lect of the village, not the talk of the jungle; and the human words brought

Bagheera to a full stop, flung back on his stomach: The man pack shall not know haunches, that quivered under him, his eyes what share I have in the sport. Make thy just on the level of Mowgli's. Once more own hunt. I do not wish to see them." Mowgli stared as he had stared at the rebellious cubs, full into the beryl-green eyes, they come." till the red glare behind their green went out like the light of a lighthouse shut off twenty miles across the sea; till the eyes dropped and the big head with themdropped, lower and lower, and the red rasp of a tongue grated on Mowgli's instep.

"Brother—brother—brother!" the boy whispered, stroking steadily and lightly from the neck along the heaving back. "Be still, be still. It is the fault of the if hot coins will make them confess!

night, and no fault of thine.'

"It was the smells of the night," said Bagheera penitently. "This air cries aloud to me. But how dost thou know?"

Of course the air round an Indian village is full of all kinds of smells; and to any creature who does nearly all his thinking through his nose, smells are as maddening as music and drugs are to human beings. Mowgli gentled the panther for a few minutes longer, and he lay down like a cat before a fire, his paws tucked under his breast, and his eyes half shut.

"Thou art of the jungle and not of the jungle," he said at last. "And I am only

Brother.

"They are very long at that council under the tree," Mowgli said, without noticing the last sentence. "Buldeo must have told many tales. They should come soon to drag the woman and her man out of the trap and put them into the Red Flower. They will find that trap sprung. Ho! ho!"

"Nay, listen," said Bagheera. "The fever is out of my blood now. Let them find me there! Few would leave their houses after meeting me. It is not the first time I have been in a cage, and I do not think they will tie me with cords."

"Be wise, then," said Mowgli laughing; for he was beginning to feel as reckless as the panther, who had glided into the hut.

" Pah!" he heard Bagheera say. place is heavy with man, but here is just such a bed as they gave me to lie upon in the king's cages at Oodevpore. Now I am lying down." Mowgli heard the strings of the cot crack under the great brute's "By the Broken Lock that freed weight. me, they will think they have caught big game! Come and sit beside me, Little Brother; we will give them good hunting together!"

"No. I have another thought in my last, coming to his feet fawning.

"Be it so," said Bagheera. "Ah, now

The conference under the peepul-tree had been growing noisier and noisier, at the far end of the village. It broke in wild yells and a rush up the street of men and women waving clubs and bamboos and sickles and knives. Buldeo and the Brahmin were at the head of it, but the mob was close at their heels, and they cried, "The witch and the wizard! Let us see Burn the hut over their heads! We will teach them to shelter wolf devils! Nay. Beat them first. Torches! More torches! Buldeo, heat the gun barrel."

There was some little difficulty with the catch of the door. It had been very firmly fastened, but the crowd tore it away bodily, and the light of the torches streamed into the room, where, lying at full length on the bed, his paws crossed and lightly hung down over one end, black as the pit and terrible as a demon, was Bagheera. There was one half minute of desperate silence, as the front ranks of the crowd clawed and tore their way back from that a black panther. But I love thee, Little threshold, and in that minute Bagheera raised his head and yawned—elaborately, carefully, and ostentatiously—as he would vawn when he wished to insult an equal. The fringed lips drew back and up; the red tongue curled; the lower jaw dropped and dropped till you could see half way down the hot gullet; and the gigantic dog-teeth stood clear to the pit of the gums till they rang together, upper and under, with the snick of steel-faced wards shooting home round the edges of a safe. Next minute the street was empty; Bagheera had leaped back through the window and stood at Mowgli's side, while a velling, screaming torrent scrambled and tumbled over one another in their panic haste to get to their own huts.

> "They will not stir till the day comes," said Bagheera quietly. "And now?"

> The silence of the afternoon sleep seemed to have overtaken the village, but, as they listened, they could hear the sound of heavy grain-boxes being dragged over earthen floors and set down against doors. Bagheera was quite right; the village would not stir till daylight. Mowgli sat still and thought, and his face grew darker and

"What have I done?" said Bagheera, at

now till the day. I must go sleep," And earth, like a dead man across a rock, and slept and slept the day round and the night back again.

When he waked, Bagheera was at his side, and there was a newly-killed buck at Bagheera watched curiously his feet. while Mowgli went to work with his skinning knife, ate and drank, and turned over

with his chin in his hands.

"The man and the woman came safe within eve-shot of Kanhiwara," Bagheera said. "Thy mother sent the word back by Chil the kite. They found a horse before midnight of the night. They were freed and went very quickly. Is not that well?"

"That is well," said Mowgli.

"And thy man pack in the village did not stir till the sun was high this morning. Then they are their food, and ran back quickly to their houses."

"Did they by chance see thee?"

"It may have been. I was rolling in the dust before the gate at dawn, and I may have sung also a little song to myself. Now, Little Brother, there is nothing more to do. Come hunting with me and Baloo. He has new hives, that he wishes to show, and we all desire thee back again as of old. Take off that look which makes even me afraid. The man and woman will not be put into the Red Flower, and all goes well in the jungle. Is it not true? Let us forget the man pack."

"They shall be forgotten in a little Where does Hathi feed to-night?'

"Where he chooses. Who can answer for the silent one? But why? What is there Hathi can do which we cannot?'

"Bid him and his three sons come here

to me.'

"But, indeed, and truly, Little Brother, it is not—it is not seemly to say 'come' and 'go' to Hathi. Remember he is the master of the jungle; and before the man pack changed the look on thy face, he taught thee the master-words of the jungle."

"That is all one. I have a masterword for him now. Bid him come to Mowgli the Frog, and if he does not hear at first, bid him come because of the sack of

the fields of Bhurtpore."

"The sack of the fields of Bhurtpore," Bagheera repeated two or three times to make sure. "I go. Hathi can but be angry at the worst, and I would give a moon's hunting to hear the master-word that compels the silent one.'

"Nothing but great good. Watch them furiously with his skinning-knife into the Mowgli had never seen human Mowgli ran off into the jungle, and dropped blood in his life before till he had seen and-what meant much more to himsmelt Messua's blood on the thongs that bound her. And Messua had been kind to him, and, as far as he knew anything about love, he loved Messua as completely as he hated the rest of mankind. But a deeply as he loathed them, their talk, their cruelty, and their cowardice, not for anything the jungle had to offer could he bring himself to take a human life and have that, terrible scent back again in his nostrils. His plan was simpler, but much more thorough; and he laughed to himself when he thought that it was one of old Buldeo's tales, told under the peepul-tree in the evening, that had put the idea into his head.

"It was a master-word," Bagheera whispered in his ear. "They were feeding by the river, and they obeyed as though they were bullocks. Look, there they come now!"

Hathi and his three sons had arrived in their usual way without a sound. The mud of the river was still fresh on their flanks, and Hathi was thoughtfully chewing the green stem of a young banana-tree that he had gouged up with his tusks. But every line in his vast body showed to Bagheera, who could see things when he came across them, that it was not the master of the jungle speaking to a man cub, but one who was afraid coming before one who was not. His three sons rolled side by side behind their father.

Mowgli hardly lifted his head as Hathi gave him "Good hunting." He kept him swinging and rocking and shifting from one foot to another for a long time before he spoke, and when he opened his mouth it was to Bagheera and not to the elephants.

"I will tell a tale that was told to me by the hunter ye hunted to-day," said Mowgli. "It concerns an elephant, old and wise, who fell into a trap, and the sharpened stake in the pit scarred him from a little above his heel to the crest of his shoulder, leaving a white mark." Mowgli threw out his hand, and as Hathi wheeled, the moonlight showed a long white scar on his side as though he had been struck with a red-hot whip. "Men came to take him from the trap," Mowgli continued, "but he broke his ropes, for he was strong, and he went away till his wound was healed. And I remember now that he had three sons. These things hap-He went away, leaving Mowgli stabbing pened many, many rains ago, and very far away — among the fields of Bhurtpore, ploughed in the twilight; but this scheme What came to those fields at the next for deliberately blotting out an entire vilreaping, Hathi?"

"They were reaped by me and by my

three sons," said Hathi.

"And to the ploughing that follows the reaping?" said Mowgli.

"There was no ploughing," said Hathi. "And to the men that live by the green crops on the ground?" said Mowgli.
"They went away."

"And to the huts in which the men

slept?" said Mowgli.

"We tore the roofs to pieces, and the jungle swallowed up the walls," said Hathi. "And what more beside?" said Mowgli.

"As much good ground as I can walk over in two nights from the east to the west, and from the north to the south as much as I can walk over in three nights, the jungle took. We let in the jungle upon five villages, and in those villages and in their lands, the grazing-ground and the soft crop grounds, there is not one man to-day who gets his food from the ground. That was the sack of the fields of Bhurtpore, which I and my three sons did; and red at the sack of the fields of Bhurtpore, now I ask, man cub, how the news of it came to thee?" said Hathi.

"A man told me. And now I see even Buldeo can speak truth. It was well done. Hathi with the white mark; but a second time it can be done better, for the reason that there is a man to direct. Thou knowest the village of the man pack that cast me out? They are idle, senseless, and cruel; they play with their mouths, and they do not kill the weaker for food but for sport. When they are full-fed they would throw their own breed into the Red Flower. It is not well that they should live here any more. I am tired of them.'

"Kill, then," said the youngest of Hathi's three sons, picking up a tuft of grass, dusting it against his forelegs, and throwing it

furtively from side to side.

"What good are white bones to me?" Mowgli answered angrily. "Am I cub of a wolf to play in the sun with a raw head? I have killed Shere Khan, and his hide rots on the Council Rock; but—but I do not know where Shere Khan is gone, and my speak for us all. We are cubs before stomach is still empty. Now I will take thee. that which I can see and touch. Let in the that have lost their doe." jungle upon that village, Hathi."

He could understand, if the worst came to and caught his breath, and sobbed and the worst, a quick rush down the village laughed again, till he had to jump into a street, and a right and left blow into a pool to make himself stop. Then he swam crowd, or systematic killing of men as they round and round, ducking in and out of

lage from the eyes of man and beast frightened him. Now he saw why Mowgli had sent for Hathi. No one but the long-lived elephant could plan and carry through such a war.

"Let them run as the men ran from the fields of Bhurtpore, till we have the rainwater for the only plough, and the noise of the rain on the thick leaves for the pattering of the spindles; till Bagheera and I lair in the house of the Brahmin, and the buck drink at the tank behind the temple. Let in the jungle, Hathi!"

"But I—but we have no quarrel with them, and it needs the red rage of great pain ere we tear down the places where

men sleep," said Hathi doubtfully.

"Are we the only eaters of grass in the jungle? Drive in your peoples. Let the deer and the pig and the nilghai look to it. Ye need never show a hand's-breadth of hide till the fields are naked. Let in the jungle, Hathi!"

"There will be no killing? My tusks were and I would not wake that smell again,'

"Nor I. I do not wish their bones to lie on the clean earth. Let them go and find a new place. They cannot stay here. I have seen and smelt the blood of the woman that gave me food-the woman whom they would have killed but for me. Only the smell of the new grass on their doorsteps can take away that smell. It burns in my mouth. Let in the jungle. Hathi!"

"Ah!" said Hathi. "So did the scar of the stake burn on my hide till we saw the villages die under in the spring growth. Now I see. We will let in the jungle.'

Mowgli had barely time to catch his breath -he was shaking all over with rage and hate—before the place where the eleaway, while his little red eyes glanced phants had stood was empty, and Bagheera was looking at him with terror.

> "By the Broken Lock that freed me," said the black panther at last, "art thou the naked thing I spoke for in the pack! Master of the jungle, when my strength goes, speak for me-speak for Baloo-Snapped twigs under foot. Fawns

The idea of Bagheera being a stray fawn Bagheera shivered and cowered down. upset Mowgli altogether, and he laughed



WHIRE HATHI GLEANS THERE IS NO KEED TO FOLLOW,

the bars of the moonlight like the frog his and broke off the poles of the machans namesake.

pass, and were striding silently down the valleys a mile away. They went on and good sixty miles, through the jungle, and every step they took and every wave of their trunks was known and noted and talked over by Mang and Chil and the monkeys and all the birds of the forest. Then they began to feed, and fed quietly for a week or so. Hathi and his sons are like Kaa the rock python. They never hurry till they have to.

knew who had started it, a rumor went through the jungle that there was better food and water to be found in such and such a valley. The pig-who, of course, will go to the ends of the earth for a full meal—moved first by companies, scuffling over the rocks; and the deer followed, with the little wild foxes that live on the dead and dving of the herds; and the heavyshouldered nilghai moved parallel with the deer, and the wild buffaloes of the swamps came after the nilghai. The least little thing would have turned the scattered, straggling droves that grazed and sauntered, and drank and grazed again; but whenever there was an alarm some one would rise up and soothe them. At one time it would be Sahi the porcupine, full of news of good feed just a little farther on; at another, Mang would cry cheerily, and flap down a glade to show it was all empty; or Baloo, with his mouth full of have thought of insolently dragging the roots, would shamble alongside a wavering line, and half frighten, half romp it clumsilv back to the proper road. Very many creatures broke back, or ran away, or lost interest, but very many were left to go forward. At the end of another ten days or so the situation was this: The deer and the pig and the nilghai were milling round and round in a circle of eight or ten miles radius, while the eaters of flesh skirmished round its edge. And the centre of that circle was the village, and round the village sat men on what they call machans—platforms like pigeon perches, made of sticks, at the top of four poles—to scare away birds and other stealers. Then the deer cious stuff lay. were coaxed no more. The eaters of flesh ward and onward.

It was a dark night when Hathi and his three sons slipped down from the jungle

with their trunks, and they fell as a snapped By this time Hathi and his three sons stalk of hemlock in bloom falls, and the had turned, each to one point of the com- men that tumbled from them heard the deep breathing of the elephants in their ears. Then the vanguard of the bewilon for two days' march, that is to say, a dered armies of the deer broke down and flooded into the village grazing grounds and the ploughed fields, and the sharphoofed, rooting wild pig came with them, and what the deer left, the pig spoiled; and from time to time an alarm of wolves would shake the herds, and they would rush to and fro desperately, treading down the young barley, and cutting flat the banks of the irrigating channels. Before the dawn At the end of that time, and no one broke, the pressure on the outside of the circle gave way at one point. The eaters of flesh had fallen back, and left an open path to the south, and drove upon drove of buck fled along it. The others, who were bolder, lay up in the wild sal thickets to finish their meal next night.

But the work was practically done. When the villagers looked in the morning, they saw their crops were lost. And that meant death, if they did not get away; for they lived, year in and year out, as near to starvation as the jungle was near to them. When the buffaloes were sent to graze, the hungry brutes found that the deer had cleared the grazing-ground, and so wandered into the jungle, and drifted off with their wild mates; and when twilight fell, the three or four ponies that belonged to the village lay in their stables with their heads beaten in. Only Bagheera could have given those strokes, and only Bagheera would last carcasses to the open street.

The villagers had no heart to light fires in the fields that night, so Hathi and his three sons went gleaning among the pumpkins and what was left of the maize; and where Hathi gleans there is no need to follow. The men decided to live on their stored seed corn until the rains had fallen, and then to take work as servants till they could catch up with the lost year; and as the grain-dealer was thinking of his wellfilled crates of corn, and the prices he would the crops were ripening, and in the crops levy at the sale of it, Hathi's sharp tusks were picking out the corner of his mud house, and smashing open the big wickerchest heaped with cowdung, where the pre-

When that last loss was discovered, it were close on them, and forced them for- was the Brahmin's turn to speak. He had prayed to his own gods without answer. It might be, he said, that unconsciously the village had offended some one of the gods people drifting through it.

There was no need to ask his meaning worshipped their god, and the sooner they saved themselves the better.

moorings. They stayed on as long as any and rolled before them even at moon, and for one look at their homes when they ran back, atraid, to their walls,

of the jungle, for beyond doubt the jungle no time to patch and plaster the rear walls was against them. So they sent for the of the empty byres tacking on to the head man of the nearest tribe of wandering jungle, so the pig trampled them down, and Gonds—little, wise, and very black hunters the vines hurried after and threw their living in the deep jungle, whose fathers elbows over the new-won ground, and the came of the oldest race in India-the ab- coarse grass bristled behind the vines like original owners of the land. They made the lances of a goblin army following a the Gond welcome with what they had, and retreat. The single men had left earlier, he stood on one leg, his bow in his hand, and carried the news far and near that the and two or three poisoned arrows stuck village was doomed. Who could fight, through his top-knot, looking half afraid they said, against the jungle, or the gods and half contemptuously at the anxious of the jungle, when the very cobra had villagers and their ruined fields. They left his hole in the platform under the peewished to know whether his gods -the old pul? So their nitle commerce with the gods-were angry with them, and what outside world shrunk as the trodden paths sacrifices should be offered. The Good across the open grew fewer and fainter; said nothing, but picked up a trail of the and the nightly trumpetings of Hathi and vine that bears the bitter wild gourd, and his three sons ceased to trouble them, for laced it to and fro across the temple door, they had no more to lose. The crop on in the face of the staring red Hindu image, the ground and the seed in the ground had Then he pushed with his hand in the open been taken. The outlying fields were air along the road to Kanhiwara and went already losing their shape, and it was time back to his jungle, and watched the jungle to throw themselves on the charity of the English at Kanhiwara.

Native fashion, they delayed their de-The wild gourd would grow where they had parture from one day to another, till the first rams caught them, and the unmended roofs let in a flood, and the grazing-ground But it is hard to tear a violage from its stood ankle deep. And all nature came on with a rush after the heat of the sumof their summer food was left to them, and mer. Then they waded out, men, women, they tried to gather note in the single; but and children, through the blinding hot shadows with glaring eves watched them rain of the morning, but turned naturally

They heard, as the last burdened family on the tree trunks they had passed not live fixed through the gate, a crash of falling minutes before the bark would be stripped, beams and thatch behind the walls. Then and chiselled with the stroke of some great- they saw a shiny, snaky, black trunk lifted taloned paw. The more they kept to their for an instant, scattering sodden thatch to village, the booler grew the wild things and fro. It disappeared, and there was that gamboiled and bellowed on the graz- another crash, followed by a squeal. Hathi-ing-grounds by the Waingenga - They had - had been plucking off the roofs of the huts



THE STOL THAT HAD THEN UNDER PLOUDS NOT SIX MONTHS BEFORE,

as you pluck water-lilies, and a rebounding beam had hit him. unchain his full strength; for of all things in the jungle the wild elephant enraged is the most wantonly destructive. He kicked and weaken! Now!" backwards at a mud wall that crumbled at the stroke, and, as it crumbled, melted to the outer wall bulged, split, and fell, and vellow mud under the torrent of rain, the villagers dumb with horror, saw the Then he wheeled and squealed and tore through the narrow streets, leaning against the huts right and left, shivering the crazy doors and crumpling up the eaves, while ley, as their village, smashed and overhis three sons raged behind, as they had turned, shredded and tossed and trampled, raged at the sack of the fields at Bhurtpore.

"The jungle will swallow these shells," said a quiet voice in the wreckage. "It is with soft green young stuff; and by the the outer wall that must lie down," and end of the rains there was the roaring bare shoulders and arms, leaped back from been under plough not six months bea wall that was settling like a tired buffalo. fore.

"All in good time," panted Hathi. "Oh, It only needed this to but my tusks were red at Bhurtpore! To the outer wall, children! With the head! Together! Again! With the tusk stab

The four were in line side by side, and savage, clay-streaked heads of the wreckers in the ragged gap. Then they fled, houseless and foodless, down the valmelted behind them. A month later the place was a dimpled mound covered Mowgli, with the rain sluicing over his jungle, in full blast, on the spot that had

CONCERNING "SHIPS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT."

BY BEATRICE HARRADEN.

Author of "Ships that Pass in the Night," "Things Will Take a Turn," etc.

I T has been suggested to me that I should fore regards itself, with justice, as self-give some short account of the writing made. It was first of all submitted to a the publishers or myself. It was really care for that kind of story—a story without a plot, without a motive, without, indeed, any sort of raison d'être; without any striking situation or subtle development of circumstance. But the many decided that it was a story for them, too. And so in England the book leapt from one edition into another; and in America, having un-fixed idea that these gentlemen were the fortunately been unprotected, from one piracy into another, until it has spread through the States, and is to be found in places remote and unfrequented.

HOW THE BOOK FOUND A PUBLISHER.

It has never been greatly advertised. The English publishers never seemed to take much interest in it; and if one may be allowed to criticise so sacred a personage as a publisher, one might almost say that it has succeeded in spite of its publishers. From the very beginning it was quite inde-

of that little book, "Ships that Pass in the well-known firm of publishers, who de-Night," which seems to have won for it-cided against it. They said that it could not self a success quite unexpected either by possibly sell; that it was morbid and pessimistic from beginning to end; that the atwritten for the few who might perhaps tempts at sentiment and pathos rang false; that there was nothing original in it. But for all that, if it had been in three volumes, they would have published it, as they admired the style and appreciated the workmanship—or words somewhat to that effect.

At that time I was possessed with the only publishers in the world; and that failing to meet with their approval, all chances of success were everlastingly cut off from me. So when a friend proposed that I should take the book to a young new firm, it seemed a matter of indifference to me whether or not it was submitted to any other court; but finally my reasonableness gave way to my most grievous disappointment, and the little book went to the young new firm. I was staying at the Green Dragon, a wayside inn in Shropshire, when I heard that the story was accepted, and would be published at once. I pendent of everyone and everything; it gave this news to the landlady, who took started life on its own account, and there- the greatest interest in myself and my doings, and she passed it on to two or three America all the editions of Longfellow are of the farmers who came in the evenings complete? to smoke their long clay pipes and drink the famous Green Dragon ale. They took their pipes from their mouths, gazed at me absently, and said:

thought the like of her?"

And then they returned to the topics which were more congenial to their tastes, such as turnips and potatoes and the forthcoming horse fair; and so frivolous a subject as literature was immediately dismissed from their consideration.

WHERE THE BOOK GOT ITS TITLE.

About five months later the book was published, and was reviewed in the papers unusually quickly; and I was beset with letters of inquiry concerning the origin of the words "Ships that Pass in the Night,"

I myself did not know where to find them, although I had searched through many editions of Longfellow. They had been given to me many years ago, and I suppose I had borne them unconsciously in my mind all that time; and when I came to one of the last chapters of the first part of the book, where the melting of the snow had begun, and the guests of Petershof were speeding each on his own way. each in utter disregard of any one else, then those words swept across my remembrance, and I called the chapter "Ships that Speak Each Other in Passing,"

When the book was finished, I could find no title for it. I thought of this, and thought of that, and then in despair I took my pen and wrote on the outside sheet, "Ships that Pass in the Night." In sending the story to the publishers, I told them that I could suggest no other title, but that of course these words would not do, only that they would serve for the present, just for the sake of calling the book something. The publishers saw no objection to the twelve chapters were laid on one side and quotation, and therefore the title remained. afterwards burnt, a circumstance which It would be impossible to say how many has ever since caused me unmixed satisletters I have received and answered about faction. those words; and as time went on, and was not burnt. the book became more generally known in

HOW THE BOOK WAS WRITTEN.

I gathered much of the material out of "Well, to be sure, now! Who'd have which the book was built, at Petershof, a mountain health resort, probably identified by many people. I was there myself for six or seven months, and during that time was too ill to have any thoughts of writing a book or to take mental notes of the sufferers around me. It was more than a year after leaving Petershof, when I was supposed to have gained a certain amount of strength, that I was strongly urged by those who loved me to take up my writing once more, and try whether the old pleasure in the old occupation would not return.

> And here perhaps it would not be out of place to say that, before falling ill, I had attained to a certain amount of quiet success, having, of course, passed through the usual round of disappointments, all of them well merited, and useful as steppingstones in the apprenticeship which every workman must have. I wrote many unsigned and some signed stories for children, and in contriving these I learnt something about the secret of concentration; and I wrote short tales for two or three of the magazines, and, finally, had the advantage of appearing in "Blackwood's Magazine." First in one direction and then another, opportunities presented selves, but I confined myself almost entirely to the short story, for I felt, and had been told, too, that this was the best way of preparing for a longer and more sustained attempt; and I had no wish to rush headlong into a novel, and then have cause to regret my hastiness. But after waiting some time I did begin a novel, and had written about twelve chapters of it, when I was obliged to give up work, and the But to return to the book which

The suggestion that I should go back to reading circles, the first question that was my old occupation weighed heavily on me, put to me personally was: "Where—" for I was quite out of practice and out I instinctively felt what would be likely to of touch; and it seemed impossible to me follow, and began to wish that my ships that I should ever manage to set down six would sink and be heard of no more. I consecutive words. I felt entirely bereft believe that letters of inquiry still continue of ideas and inclination and enthusiasm; to be sent to me in England, but in the and moreover, my hand, which for some land of Longfellow no one needs to ask time had been entirely useless, was still a such a question—or is it, rather, that in very troublesome member, often fickle and waste the time and energy on attempts never have gone on with my task but for the tender solicitude of the friends to whom the little book was dedicated. was written chiefly in their home, and I count it my greatest pleasure in remembering how deep an interest they took in every sentence, and how gratified they were when I seemed to be 1/ss dissatisfied than usual with my morning's efforts.

THE STORY CAME MAINLY AS THE PEN MOVED

When I began my work again, I had no idea of inventing a story about Petershof; but as I bent lazily over the blank sheet of paper, memories of the Kurhaus came crowding over me, and, much to my own astonishment, the first chapter contrived itself. But that did not help me greatly, for I could not think what to make out of the characters which I had thus casually introduced on the scene; but I went on in a dull kind of way, not knowing from one sentence to another what I was going to say And, indeed, it was not until I arrived at the thirteenth chapter that I felt I was beginning to take hold of my people since lost it. and to form some vague idea of what might possibly be done with them. But for all that, it was a very vague idea; and, indeed, the dimness of purpose pursued me to the last word of the book. The great drawback was that I could not use my hand for more than a quarter of an hour or so at a time; and in consequence of this hinderance, my work seemed to me hopelessly disconnected, done in such snatches, and without the advantage of continuous application. But, with the exception of a word here and there, I made no alterations, and the pages stand just as I originally wrote them. The second chapter in the first part, containing a few details about my heroine's life previous to her departure for Petershof, was written last of all, and gave me some trouble. I knew, of course, that I should have to account for Bernardine's existence, and refer, however briefly, to the end, shirking the difficulty until I was obliged to turn and face it. In reading

uncontrollable. But this did not fret me ousness from which I myself had so often so much as the bereftness; it was that suffered, just at a point, too, where my inwhich made me feel that it was folly to terest had been aroused in the present, and where the past seemed an unwelcome inwhich were foregone failures. I should trusion. So I made my second chapter as short as possible, and felt more than thankful that Bernardine had only one relation. It In real life, as is well known, too many relatives are apt to be a nuisance, and difficult of management, but I have always thought that in a book they must be even worse. Crowded together in one little volume, what could anyone do with them, and what could they do with themselves in such close quarters?

> With regard to the allegory of the Traveller and the Temple of Knowledge, I wrote it for the purpose of avoiding a long and delicate analysis of Bernardine's condition of mind when she discovered that she had taken a long journey in vain. It seemed to me to present the situation, and without need of any comment.

> There was a chapter called "Self-cheatings: A Chapter which has Crept in Unawares"; and it followed "The One Great Sacrifice." As far as I recollect, it was a reverie of the Disagreeable Man, and it might, perhaps, have been interesting to some of the many friends who have taken so kindly to him; but for some reason or other I decided not to use it, and I have

THE MUCH-DISCUSSED ENDING.

The ending of the story has been much criticised, and Bernardine's unexpected death favorably and unfavorably commented upon. I felt at the time that she had to die, and that it was in keeping with the irony of life that she, the stronger of the two, should be suddenly swept away. I felt, too, that she would never have got back to any real touch with life, and I was not sorry that she should be at rest. I do not at all claim that my own ending was the best or the most artistic; but of the many suggestions which have been made on the subject, I have not found one which would have helped me out satisfactorily. I can only say about my own ending, that it came so, whether for better or for worse.

An incident in connection with the deher surroundings; but I put this off to scription of Bernardine's last moments is perhaps worth mentioning. I had made her send one more message to the Disagreenovels I have always felt irritated when able Man; and when the proofs of the story the author gives a long and detailed ac- were forwarded to me at Mentone, where I count of the back history of his characters, was passing the winter, a friend helped me and I determined to try and avoid a tedi- to correct them, and pounced like a tigress regret that sentence, and so would the their own experiences. critics, especially the young and unmerciful

as the book grew, and my confidence with it, from grave scholars and professors, and

I remember putting down on paper the headings of some of the conversations which afterwards took place between Bernardine and Robert Allitsen. For instance, I put down: "The loneliness of most of us." " Death and our bereftness." "Our unreasonable desire for uninterrupted han piness," and so on; and then, as the opportunity presented itself, I wove these detached thoughts into the story, just where they happened to fit in best : or, rather, I should say, they arranged

themselves according to their fancy.

LETTERS TO THE AUTHOR FROM ALL DIREC-TIONS AND OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

I have been repeatedly asked for my be, but, for want of a better name, saints has been to me a most delightful experience. they are to us, gracious and lovely presences." Or, if not in a serious mood, I letters, too-complaints about Bernardine's turn to the scene between Mrs. Reffold death; reproaches about many other things; and Bernardine, and put my finger on the regrets over Bernardine's way of looking at

upon those extra words (on which I set people to be somewhat malicious in my great store), and tried to persuade me that judgment of this interesting portion of the they were bathos itself, and that they community. I never intended to be maliwould spoil the chances of the book, as the cious, but was merely anxious to paint critics would be sure to make fun of them - a truthful picture, and I am quite sure that as, indeed, so she said, they ought to do. I have not used too strong colors, I have I was extremely touchy on the point, and been comforted on this point by receiving fought obstinately for those extra words; letters of reassurance from French and but finally I was overcome by her argu- German, as well as English, guests, who ments, and gave in. Nevertheless, I still said that my observations coincided with

And this leads me to speak of the many ones, if they only knew what it contained, curious letters which have reached me from As I had no definite idea of what I in- all sorts and conditions of men and women tended to do with my characters, notes -strange human documents which will alwould not have been of any use to me; but ways remain in my memory. I have heard

> hurried business men who seldom pause to read a book: from people of rare culture and distinction, and people without any culture or distinction: from gay women and from tired workers; from the happy and the miserable; from Baptist munisters, and Catholies, and French pasteurs, and Church of England clergymen. I am always being surprised by the widely different types of readers who take up their pen and write to me so warmly about the book and so frankly

about themselves. They find something in it, I suppose, which appeals to them, or which seems to apply to their own particular cases; and then they hasten to tell me that the book was written for them, and that it has sunk into their hearts. As for the grafavorite passages in the book, and I always cious and gratifying words spoken and turn to the words: "Saints they may not written to me by other authors, that alone

Of course I have had other kinds of words: "Where does one get the best tea?" life and death, and over the general tone The chapter "Concerning the Care- of pessimism and hopelessness pervading takers" has, I believe, caused a great deal the story; whilst others have written at of amusement and irritation and anger the same time, rejoicing over the optimism amongst the care-takers of various health- and the strong note of hope. One curious resorts, and I have been thought by some document was sent me, containing nothing



BEATRICE HARRADEN FROM A PROTOGRAPH BY MIDGLEY ASQLITH, HARROGATE, ENG.

no letter came with it, and it was signed "From a Ship Passing in the Night." One letter from a lover of dogs interested and the Temple of Knowledge." He asked what had become of the the scene. It is true that I had completely forgotten him. The funniest note of all came a few days ago. It was from a lady, saving that I had done a great deal for her by my book, and now she wanted to benefit me. She gave me the name of an electric battery, peculiarly helpful in cases of writer's cramp, and she asked me to order it through her, as it was the means of bringing her in a small percentage.

TRANSLATIONS.

I have been much astonished at the number of applications from both French and German translators, asking for permission to translate the book, and all of them, apparently, quite confident of its success in France and Germany. I have not vet heard whether the French version has been completed, but I understand that the German edition, by Madame Niemeyer, will be issued by Engelhorn.

These letters from foreign readers have greatly pleased me, for I feel it to be very satisfactory to have broken through the barriers of nationality; and even now, as I write, I have before me a note just received from an Italian medical student, telling me that he has translated my book into Italian, "con intelletto d'amore," with loving heart and mind, and asking for permission to publish it, and keeping all the time a great fear in his heart, so he says, lest I should have given to some one else "the right to frame those thoughts with Italian words." I am half tempted to quote his naïve and graceful letter, but it was written for me and not for the public, and so I reluctantly reserve it for myself. The Danish translation, "Skibe i Natten," done by Madame Ingeborg Raunkiar of Copenhagen, herself a writer of some standing, appeared several months ago, and has met with a favorable reception.

"Ships" has also been put into the Braille type for the blind. I learn from many sides

but texts from the Bible, chosen to contra- that sermons have been preached for and dict some of the statements in the book; against this little volume, and more than once the text for the discourse has been taken from the allegory of "The Traveller

And so I might go on, telling of curious Disagreeable Man's dog, which was never experiences and gracious incidents which mentioned after Bernardine appeared on have befallen me, and running the risk, I fear, of tiring my readers. But I cannot resist the temptation of saying that my knowledge of geography, which was always my weakest point, has considerably increased since the publication of "Ships." Obscure places in dear old England have revealed themselves to me, and kindly greetings have been sent me from mysterious corners of several countries. From lonely hill stations in India, news comes to me that the book has been read and cared for. And out here in California I have myself learned how far into the mountains it has penetrated; for the other day, on an expedition into the back country. amongst cattle ranches, and near a desolate Indian reservation, I was astonished to find a copy of it at the inn where I stayed. To my everlasting shame, very little I knew about the geography of the United States until I came here and received letters from so many places both in the East and West. Even if I forget most of what I have learnt, I shall certainly always remember that Keokuk is in Iowa. The inhabitants of that town write frequently, begging me to settle some point of dispute about the book. The last question asked was whether, in my opinion, Bernardine, if she had lived, would ever have married the Disagreeable Man. My answer was, that, so far as my understanding of her went, she would not have married him. And last week I saw it stated in the "London Era" that "Ships that Pass in the Night" had been dramatized and performed in-Keokuk!

> The following lines from Matthew Arnold seem to me to contain the same idea as Longfellow's words, though not so simply stated:

"Yes, in the sea of life enisled, With echoing straits between us thrown, Dotting the shoreless watery wild, We mortal millions live alone. The islands feel the enclasping flow, And then their endless bounds they know,"

DR. CHARLES H. PARKHURST:

HIS RECENT WORK IN MUNICIPAL REFORM.

By E. J. EDWARDS.

his methods in carrying on the work come a member of the Federal Union, of municipal reform, were the subject of a review printed in McClure's MAGAZINE for April, 1894. At that time it was pos- DR. PARKHURST'S SKILL AS AN ORGANIZER, sible to do little more than set forth something of the personal qualities of Dr. Parkhurst, and suggest why he had undertaken a work of reform in a manne; unusual for a clergyman, and, it seemed at first to many persons, in some respects not wholly worthy.

DR. PARKHURST THE MORAL RULER OF NEW YORK.

At the time of the publication of that sketch Dr. Parkhurst's work was still tenta-At least it was so deemed even by many who had learned to have respect for his courage and confidence in his purpose. The fruition of the work had not been sufficiently aroused-after testimony had then reached, nor is the work yet fully and finally done. Nevertheless, the personal triumph, if the achievement of Dr. Parkhurst may properly be so termed, has come. Dr. Parkhurst is to-day the acknowledged moral force that directs public sentiment in New York city. Furning to him, with exquisite grace and gesture, and in the presence of many distinguished men, the Honorable Joseph II. Choate, then fresh the politician, who depends somewhat upon from his highest achievement, the reconstruction of the State Constitution of New York, said: "There is Parkhurst, the moral ruler of New York."

all present as deserved. To-day Dr. Parklater events, to be changed in a single crime—an administration for spoils. concrete, tremendous results, such as it is aim involved, he showed an intellectual the day when Hamilton persuaded the admit would have made him, had he chosen

AR, PARKHURST, his purpose and State, against its own inclination, to be-

Perhaps the most difficult of the more recent work Dr. Parkhurst had to do was to give proper direction to the public sentiment, and bring into effective union the various influences, which had been aroused by the revelations which he and his associates were able to make. From the first Dr. Parkhurst had said, "We are aiming not so much at vice as at a system which tolerates and supports vice. We are bringing our guns to bear upon the citadels of those by whose authority, influence, and command vice flourishes, honest government is destroyed, and the community is made a spot of shame,'

Therefore, when public sentiment was been heaped on testimony and the awful skeleton had been exposed--there was need of executive qualities of the highest order, the wisdom which distinguishes statesmanship; a capacity for handling groups of men who, while having a common object, incline to seek it by diverse ways and thereby jeopardize it; and beyond that even, the skill and strategy of expediency, and very greatly upon organization.

It was in the way he met these new demands on him that Dr. Parkhurst made the The characterization was accepted by fullest revelation of his extraordinary intellectual power. His purpose was moral. nurst is in truth the moral ruler of He aimed to overthrow, and to overthrow New York. Since the review of him and permanently, a political system which had his work was published in McClure's— made the administration of the city's affairs a review which needs not, in the light of a left-handed partnership with vice and word or suggestion he has revealed him-the arguments, the consultations, and the self as a moral force producing actual, other work which the achievement of this safe to say have not been gained by the capacity which now even the greatest of power of agitation and moral suasion since the politicians of New York cheerfully



EST AT 15



DR. PARKHURST AT 20.

politics or public life as his vocation, preeminent.

THE ELEMENTS THAT HAD TO BE HAR-MONIZED.

In the interest and horror excited by the revelations before the investigating committee of the State Senate, the public lost sight of the extraordinary political skill with which Dr. Parkhurst was then attempting to unite into one compact, coherent, sympathetic, and well-disciplined organization all of the elements which had been aroused against the Tammany admin-



DR PARKH RST AT 35

ated by ex-Secretary of the Treasury Fairchild and ex-Mayor Grace. There was an independent Democratic association: and two or three others. Every one of these organizations was opposed to Tammany and to Tammany methods. But the great danger was that, fighting against the enemy each orgapization in its own way, the attack would be futile, and the strength which united would be irresistible would be frittered away. In each of these organizations there were very able and very ambitious men. Some of them had had long training

istration in New York City. It was a task of in political organization and management. supreme difficulty. It could not have been It seemed even to the shrewdest of them accomplished with less than Dr. Parkhurst's that it might be impossible to bring about generalship. The elements opposing Tam- an understanding and combination. This many were many. There was first the Re- was the work which Dr. Parkhurst under-publican party. Then there were the in- took. The Republican leaders before takdependents—the persons associated with ing any action consulted with him. The the Good Government clubs and kindred German reform association spent through organizations. There was a great body its representatives hours with him. The of German-American citizens, nearly all of Fairchild and Grace Democracy sent delethem of Democratic inclination. There was gates to him. And so he found himself in a new organization of the Democracy, cre- the position of an arbiter, and he realized that his suggestions were taken almost as the nomination for mayor of a man in the moment. Nothing was behind him who had been his most able heutenant. Mr. make the ablest statesman, the most suc- sociation representing the business and processful politician. An error in counsel, a fessional activities of New York. sonal vanity or pride, and the union which Goff. It was a dazzling honor for a man complished.

DR. PARKHURST'S RELATIONS WITH MR. GOFF.

commands. He was the moral power of whom he had the highest confidence, and but public sentiment; he was supported John W. Goff had been named as a satiswholly and only by the confidence of the factory candidate for the mayoralty nomiworthy elements in the community. That nation by the Grace Democracy and by the was a supreme test of the qualities which Committee of Seventy, an independent asmistake in judgment, a concession to per- nomination was formally tendered to Mr. Dr. Parkhurst sought could never be ac- who six months ago was almost unknown. Moreover, the chances were that it would not prove an empty honor. Yet Mr. Goff, in a brief, simple, courteous note, declined it. And those who had tendered it did not then know, nor does the public know yet, that it was Dr. Parkhurst's judgment Probably Dr. Parkhurst's power was best more than any other influence that caused illustrated when he interfered to prevent Mr. Goff to decline. Dr. Parkhurst was



DR. PARKHURST AT THE PRESENT TIME

persuaded that it would be a mistake for it, a tribute could be swiftly secured which Mr. Goff to accept, and for two reasons: would represent a considerable fortune. first, because his acceptance might prevent a union of all the elements opposing Tammany; second, because Dr. Parkhurst believed that Mr. Goff could be of more service in the work which remains to be done. and which must be continued for many months, if he were chosen to another post, that of presiding criminal judge, an office long filled by an able lawyer, but one who has been in intimate association with Tammany Hall.

DR. PARKHURST'S TRIUMPH.

Dr. Parkhurst insisted from the beginning that union was absolutely essential, and he recognized that in order to procure union the various elements must be represented upon a single anti-Tammanv ticket. It seemed to him that as the Republican organization contained by far the greater number of those who would deliver votes against Tammany, the candidate for mayor might properly be chosen from that party. But he also said that any one of a score or system that prevailed, and that he could more of Democrats would be preferable to speak of it only with loathing and conany one of a score or more of Republicans tempt. who had no other recommendation for the system often solicited him to become their mayoralty than that they had been active associate, and he refused opportunities politicians.

that union could not be effected, and in of securing much of the good things of life. these emergencies Dr. Parkhurst showed a with whom he was brought in contact. He piciously, but still searchingly, curiously, spurned the proposition that he himself become a candidate, regarding the acceptbition in his reform work. Moreover, he came perfect trust and confidence, purely moral agencies. The delicate, difficult task was achieved finally. Every elehis great service, and, if he would permit Before he was through with that commis-

THE INVALUABLE AID RENDERED BY MR. COFF

In the moment of his triumph, Dr. Parkhurst regards with especial fondness and approval his able assistant John W. Goff. When the first review of Dr. Parkhurst's work appeared in McClure's Mag-AZINE, Mr. Goff was known to a comparatively limited circle. There he had gained a repute not only for moral honesty, but for intellectual honesty. He thought honestly as well as acted honestly. He had served briefly as an Assistant District Attorney, and had held no other public office. Although of Irish birth, he bore in personal appearance the marks of the Saxon race. Golden-haired (before time had touched his locks), blue-eyed, and fair-cheeked, he scarcely suggested the power of the reformer which was in him. But it was known that in his brief experience in public office he had been made well aware of the vicious The men who maintained that that would have made him comfortable Several times there seemed to be danger even at times when he had no great promise

When Mr. Goff and Dr. Parkhurst first diplomacy which amazed the politicians met, they approached each other not suseach determined to read the other well. There were not many interviews, however, ance of a nomination as sure to involve before each discovered in the other a man him in the charge of self-interest and am- of his own quality, and after a little there believed that his influence would be more Parkhurst turned over to Mr. Goff a great effective if it were still exerted through mass of testimony which his agents had collected. After this testimony had been carefully sifted, Mr. Goff, profiting by his trainment in the city opposed to Tammany was ing as a prosecutor and examiner, as well brought by Dr. Parkhurst's genius and in- as his natural abilities, laid down a line of fluence into enthusiastic association, and procedure before the Lexow Committee inunited upon a ticket in which the more volving arrangements and a strategy of important were all represented. And this prosecution quite as detailed and extensive ticket was elected by majorities ranging as those which a general devises for the from forty-five thousand to fifty thousand. conduct of a great battle. He never devi-To-day Dr. Parkhurst is the most popular ated from that line, excepting in those cases man in New York. No longer is he ridiculed where circumstances which he could not or held up to contempt, and no longer is it control suddenly arose. One of his first urged that he has contaminated himself acts was to put a Republican police comand his calling by his contact with vice, missioner upon the stand. He chose a Instead there is a wide-spread disposition Republican so that it could not be said to make some formal acknowledgment of that this was a partisan investigation.

sioner he had driven him from office, formal part in these investigations. On sergeants, and even inspectors were inready to believe anything; and it seemed lines laid down by Mr. Goff and Dr. Parkuseless to prolong the investigation, except possibly, for the purpose of bringing guilty officers to justice. As a result of these investigations, some ten police captains, as many sergeants, and a considerable number of wardmen, or detectives, were constructive reformer, a more difficult and shown to be participants in the system of delicate task, even, than the destructive blackmail. Three of these captains have reform with which Dr. Parkhurst was comsince been dismissed from the force, with pelled to begin this great labor. There is sergeants and wardmen as well, and some to be necessary careful, prudent legislaof them and others are now under indict-tion, and the maintenance of influences ment, and are to be prosecuted.

Mr. Goff cannot much longer take impressive, and sufficient.

Then there came witness after witness the 1st of January he becomes presiding telling under oath most startling stories criminal judge, succeeding a man who of police blackmailing and persecution, fined him for contempt because he insisted Shock followed shock, as police captains, upon his rights as counsel in protecting one of Dr. Parkhurst's agents. The involved, until at last the community was vestigation, however, will continue on the hurst, and it is understood that we have really had but a beginning of these exposures. Dr. Parkhurst's work, however, and that of the successful party which he organized, will be hereafter mainly that of the that will keep public spirit alert, watchful,

THOMAS NAST'S SHARE IN THE OVERTHROW OF THE TWEED RING IN

T has occurred to many persons who are familiar with the influences which procured the overthrow of the corrupt ring of the service rendered by the artist Thomas Nast in that work with what has been done downfall. by Dr. Parkhurst in the later revolution. prominent in undertakings of a similar nature, there is, after all, little to furnish a comparison. Mr. Nast's service was important. He represented in the concrete, and by the weapon of satire, the public opinion which was then making against Tweed and the vulgar thieves by whom he was surrounded. He was able to catch the spirit of the public opposition, and public by cartoon what it was thinking His most famous cartoon represkill which has never been equalled in this country, Nast converted, by a few strokes of his pencil, the representation of a bag great fortune for himself.

The cartoons were of immense importance in thus formulating or crystallizing public opinion. It has been said that Tweed which Tweed was the chief, to compare himself looked upon them as one of the most important influences in causing his

Mr. Nast is of European birth, having Excepting the fact that both men were been born in Bayaria fifty-four years ago: but he came early to this country, and is one of the most enthusiastic and loyal of Americans. His first work as a cartoonist or a sketch-maker for the illustrated weeklies was done before the civil war. went to England, and sketched the famous prize-fight between Heenan and Sayers, and he also followed Garibaldi during the most important of his engagements. so suggest it by his pencil as to show the was by means of his pencil that America became familiar with these important events. Coming back to the United States, sented Tweed as a money-bag. With a he became associated with the Harpers, and sprang into general fame when he began to tell in satire the story of Tweed's corruption. He became still further known of gold into a caricature of Tweed's face, by his illustrated lectures, delivered all and this expressed week after week what over the county. Lately Mr. Nast has everybody had in his mind, that Tweed made one or two ventures of his own in had, by his political power and control of illustrated journalism. He was the first the city of New York, been able to make a of the great American cartoonists, and pointed the way for Keppler and Gillam.



THOMAS NAST IN 1842, AGE 2.



2868, AT THE TIME OF GRANT'S PIEST ELECTION AS PRESIDENT. AGE 38.



1863, AT THE TIME OF THE GARIBALDIAN CAMPAIGN. AGE 20.



1865, AT THE CLOSE OF THE WAR, AGE 25.



1879, AT THE TIME OF THE DOWNFALL OF TWEED. AGE 36.



1893. AGE 53.

THE GREEN FLAG.

By A. CONAN DOYLE,

Author of "Micah Clarke," "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes," etc.

WHEN Jack Conolly, of the Irish a man; and their whole experience of the might have carried him to America, he took the only way handy of getting himself out of the way. Seldom has Her-Majesty had a less promising recruit, for sergeant, however, smiling complacently over his six feet of brawn and his fortyfour inch chest, whisked him off with a dozen other of the boys to the depot at Fermov, whence in a few weeks they were sent on, with the spade-work kinks taken out of their backs, to the first battalion of the Royal Mallows, at the top of the roster for foreign service.

The Royal Mailows, at about that date, were as strange a lot of men as ever were paid by a great empire to fight its battles. It was the darkest hour of the land struggle, when the one side came out with crowbar and battering-ram by day, and the other with mask and with shot-gun by night. Men driven from their homes and potato-patches found their way even into the service of the government, to which it seemed to them that they owed their troubles, and now and then they did wild things before they came. There were forget to answer to their own names, so short had been their acquaintance with them. Of these, the Royal Mailows had their full share; and, while they still resmartest corps in the army, no one knew hatred of the flag under which they served, others could have their way,

And the centre of all the disaffection

Shot-gun Brigade, the Rory of the British government had been an inexora-Hills Inner Circle, and the extreme left ble landlord, and a constabulary who wing of the Land League, was inconti- seemed to them to be always on the side nently shot by Sergeant Murdoch of the of the rent-collector. Dennis was not the constabulary, in a little moonlight frolic only moonlighter in the ranks, nor was he near Kanturk, his twin brother Dennis alone in having an intolerable family bloodjoined the British army. The countryside feud to harden his heart. Savagery had had become too hot for him; and, as the begotten savagery in the veiled civil war. seventy-five shillings were wanting which. A landlord with an iron mortgage weighing down upon him had small bowels for his tenantry. He did but take what the law allowed; and vet, with men like Jim Holan, or Patrick McGuire, or Peter Flynn, his hot Celtic blood seethed with hatred who had seen the roofs torn from their against Britain and all things British. The cottages and their folk huddled among their pitiable furniture upon the roadside, it was ill to argue about abstract law. What matter that in that long and bitter struggle there was many another outrage on the part of the tenant, and many another grievance on the side of the landowner! A stricken man can only feel his own wound, and the rank and file of the C Company of the Royal Mallows were sore and savage to the soul. There were low winsperings in barrack-rooms and canteens, stealthy meetings in public-house parlors, bandying of pass-words from mouth to mouth, and many other signs which made their officers right glad when the order came which sent them to foreign and, better still, to active, service.

For Irish regiments have before now been disaffected, and have at a distance looked upon the foe as though he might, in truth, be the friend; but when they have been put face on to him, and when their recruits in the Irish regiments who would officers have dashed to the front with a wave and halloo, those rebel hearts have softened and their gallant Ceitic blood has boiled with the mad joy of the fight, until the slower Britons have marvelled that tained their fame as being one of the they ever could have doubted the loyalty of their Irish comrades. So it would be better than their officers that they were again, according to the officers, and so it div-rotted with treason and with bitter would not be if Dennis Conolly and a few

It was a March morning upon the eastwas C Company, in which Deanis Conolly ern fringe of the Nubian desert. The sun found himself enrolled. They were Celts, had not yet risen; but a tinge of pink Catholics, and men of the tenant class to flushed up as far as the cloudless zenith,

and the long strip of sea lay like a rosy hand. "Truly their sleep has been but over with thick clumps of mimosa scrub and mottled patches of thorny bush. No tree broke the monotony of that vast desert. The dull, dusty hue of the thickets and the vellow glare of the sand were the only colors, save at one point where, from a distance, it seemed that a landslip of snow-white stones had shot itself across a low foot-hill. But as the traveller approached, he saw, with a thrill, that these were no stones, but the bleaching bones of a slaughtered army. With its dull tints, its gnarled viperous bushes, its arid barren soil, and this death streak trailed across it; it was indeed a nightmare country.

Some eight or ten miles inland the rolling plain curved upwards with a steeper slope until it ran into a line of red basaltic rock which zigzagged from north to south, heaping itself up at one point into a fantastic knoll. On this summit there stood upon that March morning three Arab chieftains-the Sheik Kadra of the Hadendowas, Moussa Wad Aburhegel, who led the Berber dervishes, and Hamid Wad Hussein, who had come northward with his fighting men from the land of the Baggaras. They had all three just risen from their praying-carpets, and were peering out, with fierce, high-nosed faces thrust forward, at the stretch of country revealed by the spreading dawn.

The red rim of the sun was pushing itself now above the distant sea, and the whole coast-line stood out brilliantly yellow against the rich deep blue beyond. At one spot lay a huddle of white-walled houses, a mere splotch in the distance; while four tiny cock-boats, which lay beyond, marked the position of three of Her-Majesty's ten-thousand-ton troopers and the admiral's flagship. But it was not upon the distant town, nor upon the great vessels, nor yet upon the sinister white litter which gleamed in the plain beneath them, that the Arab chieftains gazed. Two miles from where they stood, amid the sand-hills and the mimosa scrub, a great parallelogram had been marked by piledup bushes. From the inside of this dozens of tiny blue smoke-reeks curled up into the still morning air; while there rose from it a confused deep murmur, the voices of men and the gruntings of camels blended into the same insect buzz.

"The unbelievers have cooked their morning food," said the Baggara chief, shading his eyes with his tawny, sinewy

ribbon along the horizon. From the coast scanty; for Hamid and a hundred of his inland stretched dreary sand-plains, dotted men have fired upon them since the rising of the moon."

> "So it was with these others," answered the Sheik Kadra, pointing with his sheathed sword towards the old battle-field. "They also had a day of little water and a night of little rest, and the heart was gone out of them ere ever the sons of the Prophet had looked them in the eyes. This blade drank deep that day, and will again before the sun has travelled from the sea to the hill."

> "And yet these are other men," remarked the Berber dervish. "Well I know that Allah has placed them in the clutch of our fingers, yet it may be that they with the big hats will stand firmer than the

cursed men of Egypt."

"Pray Allah that it may be so," cried the fierce Baggara, with a flash of his black eves. "It was not to chase women that I brought seven hundred men from the river to the coast. See, my brother, already

they are forming their array."

A fanfare of bugle-calls burst from the distant camp. At the same time the bank of bushes at one side had been thrown or trampled down, and the little army within began to move slowly out on to the plain. Once clear of the camp, they halted, and the slant rays of the sun struck flashes from bayonet and from gun-barrel as the ranks closed up, until the big pith helmets joined into a single long white ribbon. streaks of scarlet glowed on either side of the square, but elsewhere the fringe of fighting men was of the dull yellow khaki tint which hardly shows against the desert sand. Inside their array was a dense mass of camels and mules bearing stores and ambulance needs. Outside, a twinkling clump of cavalry was drawn up on each flank, and in front a thin scattered line of mounted infantry was already slowly advancing over the bush-strewn plain, halting on every eminence, and peering warily round as men might who have to pick their steps among the bones of those who have preceded them.

The three chieftains still lingered upon the knoll, looking down with hungry eyes and compressed lips at the dark steeltipped patch. "They are slower to start than the men of Egypt," the sheik of the Hadendowas growled in his beard.

"Slower also to go back, perchance, my brother," murmured the dervish. "And yet they are not many—three thousand at the most."

"And we ten thousand, with the Proph-

et's grip upon our spear-hafts and his clansmen, fierce, predatory slave-dealers of

et, I had thought it!'

around them.

the gun can carry thus far, then ours can Bishareen camels, were the emirs and answer to it. Ride to the left, Moussa, sheiks who were to lead them against the and tell Ben Ali to cut the skin from the infidels. Egyptians if they cannot bit yonder mark, And you, Hamid, to the right, and see that saddle and drew his sword, there was a wild three thousand men he close in the wady whoop and a clatter of waving spears, while that we have chosen. Let the others beat the one-ended war-drums burst into a dull the drum and show the banner of the crash like a wave upon shingle. For a Prophet; for, by the black stone, their moment ten thousand men were up on spears will have drunk deep ere they look the rocks, with brandished arms and leapupon the stars again,"

teau lay on the summit of the red hills, for their chieftain's orders. The square sloping very precipitously to the plain, was less than half a mile from the ridge save at one point, where a winding gully now, and shell after shell from the sevencurved downwards, its mouth choked with pound guns was pitching over it. A deep sand mounds and olive-hued scrub. Along roar on the right, and then a second one, the edge of this position lay the Arab host, showed that the Egyptian Krupps were in

words upon our banner. See to their chief- the interior, and wild dervishes from the tain, how he rides upon the right and looks. Upper Nile, all blent together by their up at us with the glass that sees from afar! common fearlessness and fanaticism. Two It may be that he sees this also." The races were there, as wide as the poles apart, Arab shook his sword at the small clump the thin-lipped, straight-haired Arab, and of horsemen who had spurred out from the the thick-lipped curly negro; yet the faith of Islam had bound them closer than a "Lo! he beckons," cried the dervish; blood tie. Squatting among the rocks, or "and see those others at the corner, how lying thickly in the shadow, they peered they bend and heave. Ha! by the Proph- out at the slow-moving square beneath them, while women with water-skins and As he spoke, a little woolly puff of smoke bags of dhoora fluttered from group to spurted up at the corner of the square, and group, calling out to each other those a seven-pound shell burst with a hard fighting texts from the Koran which in the metallic smack just over their heads. The hour of battle are maddening as wine to splinters knocked chips from the red rocks the true believer. A score of banners waved over the ragged valiant crew, and "Bismillah!" cried the Hadendowa, "if among them, upon desert horses and white

As the Sheik Kadra sprang into his ing figures. The next they were under A long, straggling, boulder-strewn pla- cover, again waiting sternly and silently a motley crew of shock-headed desert action. Sheik Kadra's hawk eves saw that



* TELL COLONEL FLANAGAN TO SEE TO IT, STEPHEN," HE CONCLUDED, AND THE GALLOPER SPEAU FOR HIS WAY,



INSTANT FALER THEY WERE SECRETS IT FOR THEIR LIVES, CROCCHING DATE THE MANES OF THEIR HORSES

the shells burst far beyond the mark, and the whole he thought it better to hold his captured crews

they aimed!'

men with their throats cut were sobbing sence of an army corps. out their lives upon the ground

of Shaitan, aim, and aim for thy life."

grimly and galloped back to the left, where his spearmen were streaming down into the gully. As he joined them, a deep growling rose from the plam beneath, like the snarling of a sullen wild beast, and a little knot of tribesmen fell in a struggling heap, caught in the blast of lead from a Gardner, Their comrades pressed on over them and sprang down into the ravine. From all along the crest burst the hard sharp crackle of Remington fire.

The square had slowly advanced, rippling over the low sand-hills, and halting every few minutes to rearrange its formation. Now, having made sure that there was no force of the enemy in the scrub, it changed its direction, and began to take a line parallel to the Arab position. It was too steep to assail from the front, and if they moved far enough to the right the general hoped that he might turn it. On the top of those ruddy hills lay a baronetcy for him, and a few extra hundreds in his pension, and he meant having them both that day. The Remington fire was annoying, and so were those two Krupp guns; already there were more cacolets full than he cared to see. But on

he spurred his horse along to where a knot fire until he had more to aim at than a few of mounted chiefs were gathered round hundreds of fuzzy heads peeping over a the two gans, which were served by their razor-back ridge. He was a bulky, redfaced man, a fine whist-player, and a soldier "How is this, Ben Alt?" he cried. "It who knew his work. His men believed in was not thus that the dogs fired when it him, and he had good reason to believe in was their own brothers in faith at whom them, for he had excellent stuff under him that day. Being an ardent champion of the A chieftain reined his horse back, and short-service system, he took particular thrust a blood-smeared sword into its care to work with veteran first battalions, sheath Beside him, two Egyptian artillery- and his little force was the compressed es-

The left front of the square was formed "Who lays the gun this time?" asked by four companies of the Royal Wessex, the fierce chief, glaring at the frightened and the right by four of the Royal Malgunners. "Here, thou black-browed child lows. On either side the other balves of the same regiments marched in quarter It may have been chance, or it may have column of companies. Behind them, on been skill, but the third and fourth shells the right, was a battalion of guards, and burst over the square. Sheik Kadra smiled on the left one of marines, while the rear was closed in by a rifle battalion. Two "He's died like a soldier, fighting for his Royal Artillery seven-pound screw-guns queen. kept pace with the square, and a dozen white-bloused sailors, under their blue- hoarse voice from the ranks. coated, tight-waisted officers, trailed their then to spit up at the draggled banners which waved over the cragged ridge. Hussars and lancers scouted in the scrub at each side, and within moved the clump of camels, with humorous eyes and supercilious lips, their comic faces a contrast to the blood-stained men who already lav huddled in the cacolets on either side.

The square was now moving slowly on a line parallel with the rocks, stopping every few minutes to pick up wounded, and to allow the screw-guns and Gardner to make themselves felt. The men looked serious, for that spring on to the rocks of the Arab army had given them a vague glimpse of the number and ferocity of their foes; but their faces were set like stone, for they knew to a man that they must win or they must die, and die, too, in a particularly unlovely fashion. But most serious of all was the general, for he had seen that which brought a flush to his cheeks and a frown to his brow.

"I say, Stephen," said he to his galloper, "those Mallows seem a trifle jumpy. right flank company bulged a bit when the

niggers showed on the hill."

"Youngest troops in the square, sir," murmured the aide, looking at them critically through his eyeglass. The general glared at them too, and remarked, in the racy speech for which he was famous, that the eternally lost idiots were cackling in the ranks like a coopful of anti-Christian hens who had laid an egg which was condemned by the deity.

"Tell Colonel Flanagan to see to it, Stephen," he concluded; and the galloper sped upon his way. The colonel, a fine old Celtic warrior, was over at C Company

in an instant.

"How are the men, Captain Foley?"

"Never better, sir," answered the senior captain, in the spirit that makes a Madras officer look murder if you suggest recruiting his regiment from the Punjaub.

"Stiffen them up!" cried the colonel. As he rode away a color-sergeant seemed to trip, and fell forward into a mimosa

bush.

He made no effort to rise, but lay in a heap among the thorns.

"Sergeant O'Rooke's gone, sorr," cried a voice.

"Never mind, lads," said Captain Foley.

"To hell with the queen!" shouted a

But the roar of the Gardner and the Gardner in front, turning every now and typewriter-like clicker of the hopper burst in at the tail of the words. Captain Foley heard them, and subalterns Grice and Murphy heard them; but there are times when a deaf ear is a gift from the gods.

> "Steady, Mallows!" cried the captain, in a pause of the grunting machine gun. "We have the honor of Ireland to guard

this day.'

"And well we know how to guard it, captain!" cried the same ominous voice; and there was a buzz from the length of the company.

The captain and the two "subs" came

together behind the marching line.

"They seem a bit out of hand," murmured the captain.

"Bedad," said the Galway boy, "they mean to scoot like redshanks.'

"They nearly broke when the blacks showed on the hill," said Grice.

"The first man that turns, my sword is through him," cried Foley, loud enough to be heard by five files on either side of him. Then, in a lower voice: "It's a bitter drop to swallow; but it's my duty to report what you think to the Chief, and have a company of Jollies put behind us." He turned away, with the safety of the square upon his mind, and before he had reached his goal the square had ceased to exist.

In their march in front of what looked like a face of cliff, they had come opposite to the mouth of the gully, in which, screened by scrub and boulders, three thousand chosen dervishes, under Hamid Wad Hussein of the Baggarras, were crouching. Tat, tat, tat, went the rifles of three mounted infantrymen in front of the left shoulder of the square, and an instant later they were spurring it for their lives, crouching over the manes of their horses, and pelting over the sand-hills, with thirty or forty galloping chieftains at their heels. Rocks and scrub and mimosa swarmed suddenly into life. Rushing black figures came and went in the gaps of the bushes. A howl that drowned the shouts of the officers, a long, quavering yell, burst from the ambuscade. Two rolling volleys from the Royal Wessex, one crash from the screwgun firing shrapnel, and then, before a second cartridge could be rammed down, a living, glistening black wave, tipped with steel, had rolled over the gun, the Royal

camels, and a thousand fanatics were hewing and hacking in the heart of what had leaping crew swerved away to the right, been the square.

The camels and mules in the centre, jammed more and more together as their leaders flinched from the rush of the tribesmen, shut out the view of the other three faces, who could only tell that the Arabs had got in by the yells upon Allah, which rose ever nearer and nearer amid the clouds of sand-dust, the struggling animals, and the dense mass of swaying, cursing men. Some of the Wessex fired back at the Arabs who had passed them, as excited Tommies will; and it is whispered among doctors that it was not always a Remington bullet which was cut from a wound that day. Some rallied in little knots, stabbing furiously with their bayonets at the rushing spearsmen. Others turned at bay, with their backs against the camels; and others round the general and his staff, who, revolver in hand, had flung themselves into the heart of it. But the whole square was sidling slowly away from the gorge, pushed back by the pressure at the shattered cor-

The officers and men at the other faces were glancing nervously to their rear, uncertain what was going on, and unable to take help to their comrades without breaking the formation.

"By Jove, they've got through the Wessex!" cried Grice of the Mallows,

"The divils have hurrooshed us, Tiddy,"

said his brother subaltern, cocking his re- it." volver.

The ranks were breaking and crowding towards Private Conolly, all talking together as the officers peered back through the veil of dust. The sailors had run their Gardner out, and she was squirting death out of her five barrels into the flank of the rushing stream of savages.

metallic grunting had ceased, and her crew were straining and hauling at the breech.

"This vertical feed!" cried an officer. "The spanner, Wilson, the spanner! Stand to your cutlasses, boys, or they're into us."

His voice rose into a shriek as he ended, for a shovel-headed spear had been buried in his chest. A second wave of dervishes lapped over the hillocks, and burst upon

Wessex had been dashed back among the and dropped two hundred of them with a single point-blank volley. The howling, and dashed on into the gap which had already been made for them.

> But C Company had drawn no trigger to stop that fiery rush. The men leaned moodily upon their Martinis. Some had even thrown them upon the ground. Conolly was talking fiercely to those about him. Captain Foley, thrusting his way through the press, rushed up to him with a revolver in his hand.

> "This is your doing, you villain!" he

"If you raise your pistol, capt'in, your brains will be over your coat," said a low voice at his side.

He saw that several rifles were turned The two "subs" had pressed for-

ward, and were by his side.

"What is it, then?" he cried, looking round from one fierce mutinous face to another. "Are you Irishmen? Are you soldiers? What are you here for, but to fight for your country?"

"England is no country of ours," cried

several.

"You are not fighting for England. You are fighting for Ireland, and for the

empire of which it is part."

"A black curse on the impire!" shouted Private McGuire, throwing down his rifle. "Twas the impire that backed the man that druv me onto the roadside. May me hand stiffen before I draw thrigger for

"What's the impire to us, Captain Foley, and what's the widdy to us ayther?" cried a voice.

" Let the constabulary foight for her."

"Ay, they'd be better imployed than pullin' a poor man's thatch about his ears." "Or shootin' his brother, as they did mine.'

"Oh, this bloody gun!" shouted a "It was the impire laid my groanin' sice. "She's jammed again." The fierce mother by the wayside. Her son will rot before he upholds it, and ve can put that in the charge sheet in the next coortmartial."

In vain the three officers begged, menaced, persuaded. The square was still moving, ever moving, with the same bloody fight raging in its entrails. Even while they had been speaking they had been shuffling backwards, and the useless Gardthe machine-gun and the right front of ner, with her slaughtered crew, was already the line. The sailors were overborne in a good hundred yards from them. And an instant, but the Mallows, with their the pace was accelerating. The mass of fighting blood aflame, met the yell of the men, tormented and writhing, was trying, Moslem with an even wilder, fiercer cry, by a common instinct, to reach some

tribesmen with a volley, and the cavalry had ridden over another stream of them, as they welled out of the gully. A litter of namstrung horses, and haggled men behind them, showed that a spearman onhis face among the bushes can show some sport to the man who charges him But, in spite of all, the square was still reeling swiftly backwards, trying to shake itself clear of this torment which clung to its heart. Would it break, or would it re-form? The lives of five regiments and the honor of the dag hung upon the answer.

Some, at least, were breaking. The C Company of the Mallows had lost all military order, and was pushing back in spite of the haggard officers, who cursed and shoved and prayed in the vain attenuit to hold them. Their captain and the "subs" were elbowed and jostled, while the men crowded towards Private Conolly for their orders. The confusion had not spread, for the other companies, in the dust and smoke and turmoil, had lost touch with their mitmous comrades. Captain Foley saw that even now there might be time to avert a disaster.

"Think what you are 1 doing, man," he yelled, rushing towards the ringleader. " There are a thou-

men if we break.

clearer ground where they could re-form, through the screen of camels which had Three faces were still intact, but the fourth fended them off. There was a struggle, a had been caved in, and badly mauled, with- screaming, a mule rolled over, a wounded out its comrades being able to help it, man sprang up in a cacolet with a spear The guards had met a fresh rush of the through him, and then through the narrow Hadendowas, and had blown back the gap surged a stream of naked savages,



"THIS IS YOUR DOING, YOU VILLAIN "" RE CRIED.

sand Irish in the square, and they are dead mad with battle, drunk with slaughter, spotted and splashed with blood-blood The words alone might have had little dripping from their spears, their arms, their effect on the old moonlighter. It is pos- faces. Their yells, their bounds, their sible that, in his scheming brain, he had crouching, darting figures, the horrid enalready planned how he was to club his ergy of their spear-thrusts, made them look Irish together and lead them to the sea, like a blast of fiends from the pit. And But at that moment the Arabs broke were these the allies of Ireland? Were

up in loathing at the thought.

He was a man of firm purpose, and yet at the first sight of those howling fiends that purpose faltered; and at the second it was blown to the winds. He saw a huge coal-black negro seize a shrieking cameldriver and saw at his throat with a knife. He saw a shock-headed tribesman plunge his great spear through the back of their own little bugler from Millstreet. He saw a dozen deeds of blood—the murder of the wounded, the hacking of the unarmed and caught, too, in a glance, the good, wholesome faces of the faced-about rear rank of the marines. The Mallows, too, had faced about, and in an instant Conolly had thrown himself into the heart of C Company, striving with the officers to form the men up with their comrades.

But the mischief had gone too far. rank and file had no heart in their work. They had broken before, and this last rush of murderous savages was a hard thing for broken men to stand against. They flinched away from the furious faces and dripping forearms. Why should they throw away their lives for a flag for which they cared nothing? Why should their leader urge them to break, and now shriek to them to re-form? They would not re-form. They wanted to get to the sea and to safety. He flung himself among them with outstretched arms, with words of reason, with shouts, with gaspings. It was useless; the tide was beyond his control. They were shredding out into the desert with their faces set for the coast.

"Bhoys, will ve stand for this?" screamed a voice. It was so ringing, so strenuous, that the breaking Mallows glanced backwards. They were held by what they saw. Private Conolly had planted his rifle stock downwards in a mimosa bush. From the fixed bayonet there fluttered a little green flag with the crownless harp. God knows for what black mutiny, for what signal of revolt, that flag had been treasured up within the corporal's tunic! Now its green wisp stood amid the rush, while three proud regimental colors were reeling slowly back-

"What for the flag?" yelled the private. "My heart's blood for it!" "And mine!" "And mine!" cried a score of voices. "God bless it! The flag, boys the flag!"

C Company were rallying upon it. The stragglers clutched at each other and pointed. "Here, McGuire, Flynn, O'Hara,"

these the men who were to strike for her ran the shoutings, "close on the flag! against her enemies? Conolly's soul rose Back to the flag!" The three standards reeled backwards, and the seething square strove for a clearer space where they could form their shattered ranks; but C Company, grim and powder-stained, choked with enemies, and falling fast, still closed in on the little rebel ensign that flapped from the mimosa bush.

> It was a good half-hour before the square, having disentangled itself from its difficulties, and dressed its ranks, began to slowly move forwards over the ground across which, in its labor and anguish, it had been driven. The long trail of Wessex men and Arabs showed but too clearly the path they had come.

> "How many got into us, Stephen?" asked the general, tapping his snuff-box.

> "I should put them down at a thousand or twelve hundred, sir."

> "I did not see any get out again. What were the Wessex thinking about! The Guards stood well, though; so did the Mallows."

> "Colonel Flanagan reports that his front flank company was cut off, sir."

> "Why, that's the company that was out of hand when we advanced.

> "Colonel Flanagan reports, sir, that the company took the whole brunt of the attack, and gave the square time to re-

> "Tell the Hussars to ride forward. Stephen," said the general, "and try if they can see anything of them. no firing, and I fear that the Mallows will want to do some recruiting. Let the square take ground by the right, and then advance.

But the Sheik Kadra of the Hadendowas saw from his knoll that the men with the big hats had rallied, and that they were coming back in the quiet business fashion of men whose work was before them. He took counsel with Moussa the dervish and Hussein the Baggarra, and a woe-struck man was he when he learned that the third of his men were safe in the Moslem paradise. So, having still some signs of victory to show, he gave the word, and the desert warriors flitted off unseen and unheard, even as they had come.

A red rock plateau, a few hundred spears and Remingtons, and a plain which, for the second time, was strewn with slaughtered men, was all that his day's fighting gave to the English general.

It was a squadron of Hussars which came first to the spot where the rebel flag had waved. A dense litter of Arab dead marked the place. Within, the flag waved Kaffirs who call themselves Inglees, having past the blood-soaked ring.

to his government, and so did the chief of thou wilt send us a thousand dervishes the Hadendowas to his, though the style from Omdurman. In token of our victory, and manner differed somewhat in each, I send you by this messenger a flag which "The Sheik Kadra of the Hadendowa we have taken. By the color it might well people to Mohammed Ahmed, the chosen seem to have belonged to those of the true of Allah, homage and greeting," began the faith, but the Kaffirs gave their blood freely latter. "Know by this that on the fourth to save it, and so we think that though day of this moon we gave battle to the small it is very dear to them."

no longer, but the rifle still stood in the with us the Chief Hussein, with ten thoumimosa bush, and round it, with their sand of the faithful. By the blessing of wounds in front, lay the Feman private and Allah we have broken them, and chased the silent ranks of his Irishry. Sentiment them for a mile; though, indeed, these infiis not an English failing, but the Hussar dels are different from the dogs of Egypt, captain raised his hilt in a salute as he rode, and have slain very many of our men. Yet we hope to smite them again ere the new The British general sent nome despatches moon be come, to which end I trust that



"CLOSE ON THE FLAG! BACK TO THE FLAG!"

THE BATTLE OF MARENGO.

BY JOSEPH PETIT, OF THE MOUNTED GRENADIERS OF THE CONSULAR GUARD.

HE description of the battle of Marengo here given is taken from a pamphlet written by Joseph Petit, quartermaster of the mounted grenadiers of the Consular Guard, published in Paris in 1801. The title page of the pamphlet bears the following inscription : Maringo ou Campagne d'Italie, par l'Armée de Réserve, commandée par le Général Bonaparte, écrite par Joseph Petit, Fourrier des Grenadiers à cheval, de la Garde des Consuls. Seconde Édition, revue et augmentée par l'auteur. À Paris, Chez Favre [numbers and streets of his shops follow]. An IX.

This pamphlet is included in a remarkable series of Napoleon pamphlets owned by the Congressional Library of Washington. In addition to the description of the battle of Marengo, it gives a picturesque and rather detailed account of the passage of the Alps and of the skirmishes and adventures of the army on its march from the foot of the mountain to the battle-field. It includes also a sketch of General Desaix, a list of the rewards given for brilliant services in the campaign, and the agreement drawn up between Generals Berthier and Mélas after the victory.

The Austrians under General Mélas were in Italy besieging Genoa. Napoleon had decided to attack them on their rear, and so cut off their retreat. To do this he was obliged to cross the Alps. To hide his plan he collected at Dijon what was called the Army of the Reserve. It was a feeble force, and the Austrian spies only ridiculed it. In order to deceive the enemy as to his

route, Napoleon made a demonstration near the Mont Cenis Pass, which led Mélas to believe that if the French crossed the Alps, it would be there, and consequently to send part of his troops to Turin to watch. The pass to the east of Mont Cenis, that of the Great Saint Bernard, he left but feebly defended. It was this pass Napoleon had chosen. The preparations in Switzerland for the passage were made so quietly that even in France the project was not understood. Napoleon did not leave Paris until May 6th. Two weeks later the whole army was across. Descending the valleys of the Aoste and the Po, it came into the plain of Marengo, where, defiantly confronting an army much its superior in numbers, it fought, on June 14, 1800, the great battle which M. Petit describes.-EDITOR.

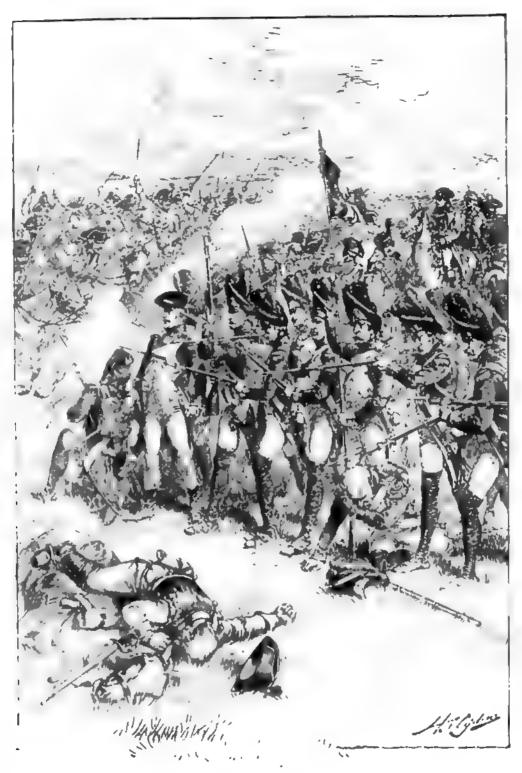
THE PASSAGE OF THE GREAT SAINT BERNARD.

lage of Hautvalais, situated six leagues did the same. . from Mount Saint Bernard. He believed that this place, because so near the mountain, was a suitable one for preparing and directing the astonishing passage that he had resolved to make. He stayed there non, caissons, forges, etc. The inspector three days in the hospital of the monks of artillery, Gassendi, had trees hollowed of Mount Saint Bernard. The advance out into troughs. In these the cannon guard, commanded by General Lannes, advanced to Saint Pierre, a hamlet at the according to the weight, dragged these foot of the mountain. . . . On the 30th loads. The wheels were carried on poles Floreal, the advance guard crossed the by hand. Sleds made expressly for this

lose sight again until we had triumphed at Marengo. . . . The first division of the army, commanded by General Watrin, Bonaparte arrived at Martigny, a vil- followed the advance guard. The rest

SLEDDING CANNON OVER THE ALPS.

The gunners took to pieces the canwere slid, and five or six hundred men, mountain, and at Saint Reme saw for the purpose carried the axles and the empty first time the enemy, of which we did not caissons. The mules were loaded with the



THE POOT GRENADIERS OF THE CONSULAN GUARD WITHSTANDING A DEADLY CHARGE,

the summit of the Alps.

two objects. Half alone were needed to Mexico. drag the loads, while the others were obliged to carry the knapsacks, guns, cartridge boxes, cans, cooking utensils, and,

complete furnishing made a burden of from sixty to seventy pounds. Baggage was left behind at Lausanne. The Consul himself took only what was absolutely necessary.

THE WHOLE ARMY CLIMBED SINGLE FILE.

The army fol lowed close to the advance guard. We mounted one by one. No one was tempted to pass his comrade, an imprudent attempt, the result of which would have inevitably been to bury him in the snow. The head of the army

stopped frequently, and we took advantage to continue their humane work. of these frequent halts to quench our thirst drink is.

difficult to mount.

ammunitions, which were placed in pine great silence, was carried out with more cases. In this way, the army of the promptness than could have been procured French Hannibal began its passage over by anybody else, no matter how much gold be had scattered. On our arrival. To encourage this work, five or six hun- each of us received a glass of wine. This dred francs were given for each cannon liquor, although frozen, warmed us up and furnished with its caisson. An entire bat- revived our strength. No one would have talion was necessary to transport these given up his glass for all the gold in

V TERRIBLE SIX LEAGUES.

We still had six leagues to make, but most important of all, provisions for five six leagues that the extreme rapidity of days,-bread, meat, salt, and biscuit. The the descent made terrible. At each step

we found crevasses caused by the melting of the snow. In vain we held our horses back firmly. It did not prevent them from slipping frightfully. The men themselves, in spite of all their precautions, often fell; and if they did not get up quickly, they ran the risk of dragging their horses out of the path, and rolling with them into the frightful gulfs.

Bonaparte had entered the monastery, accompanied by the prior, who had followed us: but he stayed there only an hour, and left. urging the hermits



The mules and the horses of the Consul by dipping biscuits in melted snow. No followed us. As for him, wishing doubtone would believe, unless, like us, he has less to join us by the quickest path, he climbed over the Alps, how delicious this took a road which a few foot soldiers were following. About the middle, the descent It took us five hours to climb from was so rapid that he was obliged to sit Saint Pierre to the convent. The path down and slide for a distance of about two that we followed is more dangerous than hundred feet. His aides-de-camp, Duroc, The First Consul Le Maroi, Merlin, and others, preceded mounted it on a mule led by a guide. He him, and, like us, made the six leagues on was often stopped by the caissons or can- foot. The crevasses into which we fell non that the infantry was carrying up constantly made the path much more fathis miserable road. His presence always tiguing than that we had followed in mountanimated the courage of those who were ing. We had marched since midnight, and working; and when they were stopped by it was nine o'clock in the evening when we any obstacle, his advice, listened to in arrived, after having made fourteen leagues



almost without eating. The fatigue and the need we had of sleep made us easily forget our sad supper. . . .

[Having passed the summit, the army Milan]

All the engagements in which we had invaded. army. His proclamation contributed not your country to consternation and fear. a little to animate the courage of the army. "You give back liberty and indepen-

BONAPARTE'S PROCLAMATION TO THE ARMY.

"Soldiers, one of our departments was in made its way down, by hard marching and the power of the enemy; consternation with occasional light engagements, until it was in all the south of France; the greatwas received at last with great rejoicing at est part of the Ligurian territory, the most faithful friends of the Republic, had been The Cisalpine Republic had taken part since we crossed the Saint Ber- again become the grotesque plaything of nard were of small importance in compari- the feudal regime. Soldiers, you march, son with the coming one. It was here in -and already the French territory is de-Milan] that the First Consul addressed the livered! Joy and hope have succeeded in



dence to the people of Genoa. You have delivered them from their eternal enemies. You are in the capital of the Cisalpine. The enemy, terrified, no longer hopes for anything, except to regain its frontiers. You have taken possession of its hospitals, its magazines, its resources.

"The first act of the campaign is terminated. Every day you hear millions of men giving you thanks for your acts.

"But shall it be said that the French territory has been violated with impunity? Shall we allow an army which has carried fear into our families to return to its firesides? Will you run with your arms? Very well, march to the battle; forbid their retreat; tear from them the laurels of which they have taken possession; and so teach the world that the curse of destiny is on the rash who dare insult the territory of the Great People. The result of all our efforts will be spotless glory, solid peace.

[Signed] BONAPARTE."

[The battle of Montebello followed, and then Marengo.]

REGINNING OF THE BATTLE.

The 25th Prairial [June 14th] commenced to break. A few cannon shots from the advance guard broke our slumbers. In the twinkle of an eye we were ready. At eight o'clock the enemy had not shown much vigor. They were feeling for feeble spots, and arranging their forces accordingly. At the headquarters we did not know their intentions exactly until the end of the morning. General Berthier was on the field of battle, and all through the morning the addesde camp came in, one after another, bringing the Consul word of the movements of the enemy. The wounded commenced to arrive, saying that the Austrians were in force.

At eleven o'clock the Consul mounted his horse and rode rapidly to the battle-field. The cannon and the musketry became heavier and heavier, and constantly approached. A great number of wounded cavalry, as well as infantry, carried and led by their comrades, were coming back. The First Consul, seeing them pass, said: "One must regret not to be wounded as they are, and not to share their suffering."

The ime of the enemy reached about two leagues; for the Bormida, although rapid and deep, is, nevertheless, fordable in several places. Near the bridge the enemy showed an incredible fury, but

able to reach Voghéra ahead of us and of General Victor from being attacked. cut off all retreat, so their forces were turned on this-the feeblest part, noon we no longer had any doubt but that we were engaging the whole Austrian force; that they had accepted the battle they had refused the evening before.

Orders were given to the troops which were in the rear to come up promptly, but the corps that General Desaix commanded was still far The left wing, away, under the order of General Victor, commenced to give way. Much of the infantry retreated in disorder, and our cavalry was driven back. The fire approached. In the centre a terrible uproar was heard, and it ceased suddenly on the Bormida, An inexpressible anxiety took possession of us. Now we flattered ourselves that our troops were advancing, but the same instant we saw them retire in haste, bringing back the wounded on their shoulders. On the right wing the enemy slowly gained ground.

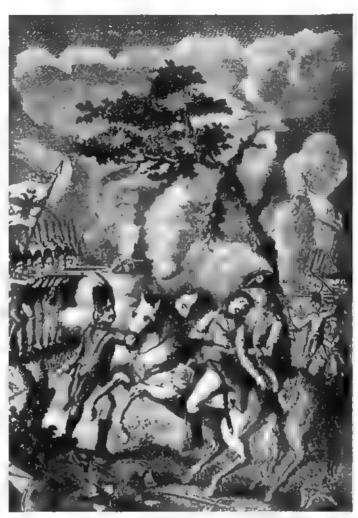
At that moment Bonaparte advanced to the front. He exhorted the soldiers whom he met to firmness and to courage. His presence restored confidence. More than one soldier preferred death to having him a witness of his flight. From this moment his mounted guard no longer remained near him, as before, but began to

take an active part in the battle. A cloud parade. of Austrian cavalry suddenly came into the marched with rapid step on the enemy, plain and formed itself in battle array be- whom they met not more than a hundred fore us, concealing several pieces of light steps from our front. Without artillery, artillery, which were not long in beginning without cavalry, not more than five hunto grumble. General Berthier, who exam- dred in number, they sustained the impetuined the movements of this column, was ous and terrible shock of a victorious army. charged and forced to retire. General Mu- Heedless of their small numbers, they con-

the principal point of the action was San them in the rear, protected the retreat of From this place they were our infantry, and prevented the right flank

> THE GRENADIER GUARD BRAVELY MEETS A TERRIFIC CHARGE

The foot grenadiers of the Consular Guard arrived at this moment, as if for a



THE FALL OF DESAIX A REPRODUCTION OF THE UNIGINAL PRONTISPIECE OF PETIT'S PAMPHLET.

They filed out in order, and • rat, at the head of the dragoons, attacked tinued to advance. Everything yielded before them. The first bullet carried away three grenadiers and a quartermaster. Charged three times by the cavalry, shot by the infantry fifty steps away, they close in a square battalion upon their flags and their wounded, exhaust their cartridges, retire slowly in order, and rejoin our astonished rear guard.

One of the foot soldiers of the Consular field at the moment of our retreat. The Austrian soldiers surrounded him and disputed the spoils. Nothing remained but his coat, which they were tearing off in spite of his cries of pain, when an Austrian colonel drove off the inhuman wretches and asked the soldier to what regiment he "I belong to the Consular belonged. Guard in front of you," answered the chasseur. The colonel praised the guard, sent for a surgeon, had the Frenchman's him to the ambulance.

Schmitt, the trumpeter of the grenasurrounded by several Austrians. Summoned to surrender, he answered by killing his fiercest assailant. He received several sabre strokes, his trumpet was cut off, and his arm was wounded. The pain made him drop the reins. An Austrian seized them and led him away on a gallop. Schmitt did not lose his presence of mind; driving his spurs into his horse's sides, the animal broke into a run so rapid that the Austrian was forced to abandon him, and Schmitt reached our lines. His trumpet of honor from the First Consul.

However, the retreat sounded on all sides. passed and turned our wings. On the right, particularly, they were successful. On the left they were even able to reach our headquarters. The garrison of Tortone, seeing our defeat, and being less shut in, was able to escape. On all sides we were almost buried.

The Consul, always in the centre, encouraged the brave men who still defended the road and the defile which it crossed. This defile was shut in on one side by a wood, and on the other by very high and bush vines. The village of Marengo lay to the left of this place so cruelly memorable.

THE DEAD AND DYING COVER THE EARTH.

How many brave men perished here! Our The most courageous man, the hero the

The haughty eagle hovered indomitable courage struggled ceaselessly over them and threatened to rend them in against the constantly increasing number of our furious enemies. Our artillery, partly dismounted, had lost some guns, and the ammunition commenced to fail. pieces of cannon thundering at us cut our men in two, and, to increase the disaster, destroyed trees whose branches in their fall crushed those who had been wounded.

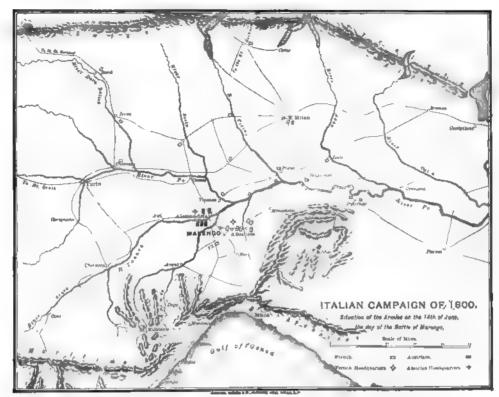
At four o'clock in the afternoon there Guard was left nearly dead on the battle- remained in a radius of two leagues not over six thousand infantry, a thousand horses, and six pieces of cannon. Let no one accuse me of exaggeration in showing so terrible a falling off; the causes of it are easy to explain. A third of our army was not in condition for battle. The lack of carriages to transport the sick made another third necessary for this painful task. Hunger, thirst, fatigue, had forced a great number to withdraw. The sharp-shooters for the most part had lost the direction of wounds dressed before him, and carried their regiments. That which remained of the army was occupied in defending vigorously the defile of which I have spoken, diers, carried away with excitement, was and was not aware of what was passing behind it.

BONAPARTE'S MARVELLOUS COOLNESS.

At this frightful moment, when the dead and the dying covered the earth, the Consul was constantly braving death. gave his orders with his accustomed coolness, and saw the storm approach without seeming to fear it. Those who saw him, forgetting the danger that menaced them, said: "What if he should be killed? Why bravery was rewarded by the gift of a does he not go back?" It is said that General Berthier begged him to do so.

General Berthier came to him to tell him The centre was giving way; the enemy had that the army was giving way and that the retreat had commenced. Bonaparte said to him: "General, you do not tell me that with sufficient coolness." This greatness of soul, this firmness, did not leave him in the greatest dangers. When the Fiftyninth Brigade reached the battle-field the action was the hottest. The First Consul advanced towards them and cried: "Come, my brave soldiers, spread your banners; the moment has come to distinguish yourselves. I count on your courage to avenge your comrades." At the moment that he pronounced these words, a bullet struck down five men. He turned with a tranquil air towards the enemy and said: "Come, my friends, charge them."

I had curiosity enough to listen atten-How much blood was spilled here! tively to his voice, to examine his features.



THIS MAP IS REPRODUCED FROM MR. JOHN C. ROLES S. " THE FIRST NAPLLES N, " BY PERMISSION OF AND ARRANGEMENT WITH THE PUBLISHERS, MESSES, HOUGHTON, MIRRITY & COMPANY, 19870N AND NEW YORK

overcome in his situation without any one selves on our scattered ranks. blaming him. But he was not. In these frightful moments, when Fortune seemed all would have been lost. The Consulto desert him, he was still the Bonaparte of would have been taken or killed Arcola and Aboukir

He who in these frightful circumstances, than survived him. would have said, "In two hours we shall have gained the battle, made ten thousand prisoners, taken several generals, fifteen flags, forty cannons; the enemy shall have all the territory of beautiful Italy; they will soon defile shamefaced in our ranks; and bring back peace into our country,"have seemed to insult our desperate situation.

How came it, then, that such prodigies were accomplished?

the defile where the greatest part of our they little thought that in an hour they troops were headed, had established a for- would be no longer commanded by their midable line of artillery, under the protec- brave general. tion of which it threw its infantry into the ranged behind, only awaited the moment hearts. The enemy, harassed, worn out

most eager for glory, might have been when we should give way, to throw them-

If this final misfortune had happened us, would rather have been hacked to pieces

ARRIVAL OF REENFORCEMENTS.

The hour of Victory sounded. Faithful delivered to us eleven fortified places and to Bonaparte, she came at last to hover over our heads, and to act as our guide. The divisions of Monnier and Desaix came an armistice will suspend the plague of war in sight. In spite of a forced march of ten leagues, they came upon a quickstep, forhe, I say, who would have said that, would getful of all their needs, thirsting only to avenge us. The great number of refugees and of wounded whom they had met might have weakened their courage, but, their eyes fixed on Desaix, they only knew how The enemy, not succeeding in forcing to brave dangers and fly to glory .Alas!

When we perceived these reënforcements vines and into the wood. The cavalry, ar- from afar, hope and joy came back to our them dear, were constantly held in check by our soldiers, who, ignorant of the succor which was coming up, had resolved, rather than fall back, to perish in this new Ther-

mopylæ.

General Mélas, finding too great a resistance at the centre, believed that, by stretching out his wings, he could surround us or cut us off entirely. Imagining that he had sufficiently concealed his movements, and that he could hold us in place by his artillery, he arranged his forces in this way. Not being able to discover what was going on on our side, and ignorant of the reënforcements which were coming, he thus prepared for himself an inevitable defeat. Bonaparte, always at the post of honor, and whom nothing escaped, seized the opportunity.

As soon as the first battalion of Desaix's division reached the height, it was formed into a close column. The Consul, the General-in-chief, the generals, the officers of the staff, ran through the ranks, and everywhere inspired that confidence which gives birth to great successes. This operation lasted an hour, terrible to pass, for the Austrian artillery was thundering upon us, and each volley carried away whole ranks. Bullets and shells destroyed man and horses. They received death without moving from their places, and the ranks closed over the bodies of their comrades. deadly artillery even reached the cavalry, which was drawn up behind us, as well as a large number of footmen of different corps who, encouraged by Desaix's division, which they had seen passing, had hastened back to the field of honor.

THE ENEMY OVERWHELMED.

Everything is arranged. The battalions burn with impatience. The drummer, his eye fixed upon the baton of his major, awaits the signal. The trumpeter, his arm raised, is ready to sound. The signal is given; the terrible quickstep is heard; the regiments all move together. French impetuosity, like a torrent, carries everything before it. In the twinkle of an eye the defile is crossed. The enemy is overwhelmed on all sides. Dying, living, wounded, and dead are trampled under foot.

side of the defile and prepares to enter the may I not weep?" plain, arranges his division in battle array.

with their own victory, which had cost arrived, it was arranged, and vomited death on the frightened enemy. They recoil. Their immense cavalry charges with fury, but musketry, grape-shot, bayonets, stop them short. One of their caissons explodes; the terror is redoubled. The disorder which begins is hidden by thick clouds of smoke. The cries of the victor increase the terror; at last they are overwhelmed. They fall back; they fly.

Then the French cavalry threw itself into the plain, and by its boldness concealed its small numbers. It marches on the enemy without fear of being broken. At the right is Desaix at the head of his intrepid soldiers. Like a thunderbolt he seems to precede the lightning. Everything gives way before him. He crosses the ditches, the hedges; overwhelms, tramples, crushes everything in his way.

The rough ground is crossed with the same speed. The soldiers clamber headlong over the ditches, conquer every difficulty, and even dispute with their chiefs

the glory of passing first.

On the left, General Victor, with the same speed, takes possession of Marengo and flies towards the Bormida, in spite of the efforts of a superior enemy whose artillery and cavalry disturb his right flank.

The centre, with less force and cavalry, under the order of General Murat, advances majestically into the plain. Murat attacks the centre of the enemy, follows up his movement, holds in check an enormous body of cavalry. The intrepid Desaix, by an oblique and quick motion, turns to the right on San Stephano, and cuts off entirely the left Austrian wing. At the same moment General Kellermann, with eight hundred horses gathered up from several regiments, compels six thousand Hungarian grenadiers to lay down their

DESAIX FALLS MORTALLY WOUNDED.

Oh, grief! It is in the very moment of his triumph, after having saved his army and perhaps his country, that the friend and the model of all brave men, Desaix, is mortally wounded. He has only time to say to young Lebrun, "Go, tell the First Consul that the only regret I have is not to have done enough for posterity." With these words he expires. The First Consul, Each leader, as he reaches the opposite on learning this misfortune, cried out," Why

Night approached. The troops of the Then it was that our line presented a for- enemy in disorder—cavalry, infantry, artilmidable front. As fast as the artillery lery—were piled up, one on the other, to-



ENGINETHE LT ENVE G NOT THE WAY OF THE STREET

into the river. The artillery, which they had withdrawn from the beginning of our socof their infantry which, not being able to fly further the fruits of this glorious day. as quickly as the cavalry, was about to be cut to pieces or made prisoner. Our proximity increased the confusion among the enemy. The decisive moment arrives. The trembles. We are ready to fall on the panting infantry.

wards the centre and driven from the bridge they pursued them to a rayine, where several were made prisoners.

Our small number; the difficulty of the cess, lest it be taken, was more of a hinder- land; the night which was coming on; the ance than a help to them now, for it cut out extreme fatigue of the horses, worn out their passage. General Murat, seeing the with hunger; the numerous cavalry, under importance of harrying their retreat and of the eyes of which the action was passing, increasing their disorder, made us advance, and which might have taken revenge, fordouble quick. Already we had passed a part-bade the prudent. Murat-from exposing

THE BALTIE-FIELD IN THE DARKNESS,

Thus ended this memorable day. The trumpets sound the charge. The earth darkness did not allow us to care for the wounded, and a great number remained on the battle-field. Austrians and French be-The Austrian cavalry, deciding to save came brothers, drewnear together, dragging the infantry, hore down upon us in a column; themselves as they could, and gave each its rapidity obliged us to retreat. We made other aid. Each slept where he was, his an oblique movement to the left upon them. knapsack on his back, his gun between his Thirty paces, and a large trench two yards legs. The horsemen, holding their reins wide, separate us. To cross the trench, to on their arms, slept, men and horses, withdraw up the line, cut down the enemy, sur- out drinking or eating. Ten o'clock was round the first two platoons,-all that did sounding at Marengo when we slowly renot take five minutes. Bewildered by this turned towards San Juliano. Several, worn terrible shock, they defended themselves out with fatigue and want of sleep, slept poorly and were cut in pieces. We made no on their horses, but at every moment were prisoners, and we took no horses. In the awakened by the sorrowful cries of those meantime the dragoons fell upon the rear that were being carried on guns or litters; of the column and made horrible carnage; of those who, abandoned and scattered in the fields, implored our aid and awakened in our hearts that melancholy which is not unknown to the true soldier, and which is so honorable to him. Horses wandered here and there on three legs, neighing to ours as we passed. At every step we turned out the brave men who fought there. There is of the road to avoid crushing the wounded. Further on we came upon houses which had been burned and had fallen in on the unfortunate inmates, who, half dead with fright, had concealed themselves in the cellars. The profound darkness which surrounded us made the picture still more frightful.

At last we reached headquarters. Each one camped where he could among the dead and the dying; not even their sharp cries could disturb our fatigue. The next day hunger was more imperative. I went into the court of the headquarters to try to find army at the moment of battle numbered something to eat for myself and my horse. The horrible sight made me shudder. More of whom three thousand were in the cavthan three thousand wounded French and alry. Austrians were piled one on the other in the of cannon, two companies of light artilcourt, in the stables, even in the cellars and lerv. the garrets. They uttered the most lamentwho were not sufficient to care for them all, On every side I heard the weak voices of my comrades and friends, begging me for something to eat or to drink. All that I could do was to go and find them water in my gourd. Forgetting my own needs and known that we were not embarrassed with those of my horse, I remained more than the last; that for lack of caissons we were of a nurse; and every well person did as From every side prisoners were hausted. being brought in. The day was intolerably long for every one. which caused many conjectures softened number of its defenders and of one of its our uneasiness a little. An Austrian officer best generals. But let us remember that demanded an interview, and a French aide- this was necessary to save the South from de-camp departed immediately for Alex- a certain invasion, and perhaps save France andria. General Berthier went there him- from a frightful devastation. Let us reself at noon. We all waited, and dared not member that the rights of Italy are assured, hope what the next day we knew we had that the armistice concluded has brought obtained. We learned then the news of an about since a glorious peace; then we shall armistice, which filled the French army with have powerful motives for putting aside joy, while the Austrians shivered with rage. our just regrets.

FRANCE'S PROFITS AND LOSSES FROM MARENGO.

Marengo is the glorious patrimony of all not a regiment, not a soldier, who did not there reap laurels.

Who would not have fought in the Ninety-sixth Brigade? Who would not have been glad to have been in the ranks with the grenadiers, as terrible as the Greeks who met the Persian army at the pass of Thermopylæ? With those regiments that counted as many battles as days passed in Italy? What charges were given and received by our cavalry! What audacity! what intrepidity!

As well as I can compute it, the French from forty to forty-five thousand men, It had twenty-five to thirty pieces

The Austrian army, all told, was comable cries, and even swore at the surgeons, posed of from fifty-five to sixty thousand men, of whom fifteen to eighteen thousand were in the cavalry; more than eighty pieces of cannon, two hundred caissons well furnished with ammunition, and an immense quantity of war implements. It is well two hours, doing the work of a surgeon and obliged to put our ammunition on ox-carts, and that the little we had was soon ex-

> It cannot be denied that this victory cost However, an event the Republic dear, by the loss of a great

LONELY SOUL.

By MARIORIE MILTON.

BE you my boarder?"

The person addressed looked like to study." around with a smile at her questioner. wayside station among the hills, and there was an amused look in her dark eyes, as she answered, "If you are Miss Martha Bascom, then I be."

"I was so afraid," she said, "that coming. Now, just as soon as the cars are a prim bow under a rather square chin. out of sight, I'll bring round the horse, and It's Deacon Hinds's glance. we will go home. horse, and he's dreadful afraid of rail-

Disappearing behind the station for a moment, she presently came leading a very meek-looking animal. She held him by the bit, at arm's length, and seemed very antly, "and I have a hat in my trunk. I much afraid he would step on her. It was hope you won't insist on my putting strings quite evident Martha did not feel at home on it." with horses.

of the open wagon by the station-master, and, climbing up beside her driver, the boarder, whose name was Marcia Ames, presently found herself riding down a most beautiful country road.

It had been a warm June day, and the sun was still hot on the little depot platform, but as they turned into the shady highway, a fragrance of the pines and other sweet ever heard of loved to set in them.' odors of the wood. The wild roses made summer snow; and when Martha Bascom, on meeting a carriage, turned out to let it grew by the roadside, and the strong fragrance came to Marcia like a welcome. She sighed with content. "I am glad I answered that queer advertisement," she said to herself, "and I will stay here all summer, if things are bearable.'

companion.

"Ain't it?" replied Martha, "Sometimes my cares all fade away, and things don't seem worth minding."

acter," she thought, "and one that I shall

She saw a straight figure that disdained She had just alighted from the cars at a the support of the back of the seat; a care-worn face with grave gray eyes and a smiling mouth that did not seem to belong to the rest of the face. She was dressed in a brown checked gingham, as The other woman drew a long breath of clean as possible; you could see the folds where it had been ironed. She wore a something would happen to hender your shade hat with strings, which were tied in

She looked up and caught Marcia's

"I hope," she said, "you won't laugh at my hat; I can't bear bunnets. I know hats are for girls; but I put strings on this, and thought they would take the curse off."

"I am not a girl," said Marcia pleas-

"Oh!" replied the other, "you can The small trunk was placed in the back wear what you have a mind to; I don't care.

"You need not be surprised," she went on, "if folks look pretty sharp at you. You see, I didn't tell anybody I was going to take a boarder, and they don't know who you can be. I hope you will be contented. I haven't got much room, but I can give you a good bed. And I've bought a hamcool breeze met them, laden with all the mock for you. All the summer boarders I

And Marcia assured her she loved hampink all the hedges. On one side Marcia mocks, and did not care for room, as she saw a meadow white with daisies, like intended to live out of doors most of the time.

People did stare when they met them, and go by, her wheels crushed the mint that presently the horse was brought to a standstill by Martha before the gate of a low red house on the side of a hill, and she told her companion they had got home. "You go in the front door," said she, "and I will get somebody to help me out with your trunk, and carry the horse home. Go "What a lovely road!" she said to her in and turn to the left. I won't be but a minute."

Marcia followed directions, and found when I'm worried most to death, I walk herself in a large front room. The floor down the depot road, as we call it, and was painted yellow, and was so clean it shone; various worn places were trying to hide under braided mats, and everything Miss Ames looked at her. "A char- was spotlessly clean. Between the two

front windows a table was set for two. "Her dining-room," she said to herself, "or saw her lip quiver. her kitchen," as she caught sight of a small side windows, and Marcia saw a piazza with a hammock in a shady corner. There was a home-made lounge in one part of the room, and she sat down on it, thinking she would not remove her bonnet until she went to her room.

hat-strings with nervous hands.

"I don't know how to tell you," she said, "but this is all the house I've got. I know it's ridiculous for me to think of taking a boarder, but I've got to earn some money somehow, and there didn't seem to be any other way."

She held out her hands, and Marcia saw that they trembled. "I will do well by you," she went on; "do say that you will put up with it and stay. You don't know what it will be to me.

that touched Marcia. "She is in trouble," she thought, "and I am going to help her."

She smiled reassuringly. "If you don't think I shall crowd you," she said, "I'll stay. But you don't mean that this room is all you have?" And Martha hastened to tell her there was a bedroom where she could sleep. " I shall sleep on the lounge," she added, as she opened the door of the little sleeping-room, and Marcia went in and took off her bonnet.

It was the next morning. Martha's housework was all done; so she took her rocking-chair out on the piazza, where eat?" her boarder was trying the new hammock, and as she rocked, she knit, and presently began to talk.

"You see, this was father's house, and, when he died, he left it to brother James and me, after mother. James, he thought wanted mother and me to live in with them, and have a chamber finished off to sleep in; but we didn't want to—we didn't like his wife over and above—and so we divided the house. Afterwards, James built on a porch on his part. They've got a diningroom and everything.

a good many years. We got along real comfortable. She had her pension, and I sewed braid; but after a while they stopped thought I would have to. bringing braid around. It was all sewed mother died."

She was silent a moment, and Marcia

"She died, and I was all alone. James cook-stove. A door opened between the wanted me to break up and live in with them—his wife wanted this room for a parlor-but I could not; it was home, and I knew it wouldn't be in the other part.

"The children were sarsy, too; they hadn't used mother well, and one of them called me an old maid. His mother heard And then Martha came in; she untied her him, and I looked at her, for I thought she would take him to due; but she didn't, she only laughed. And she knew," continued Martha, "all about my disappointment, too. I was going to marry Hiram Parker, and I had all my sheets and pillowcases made, and mother and I were just going to quilt. I had five bed-quilts all ready for the bars. He wasn't sick but two weeks; it was the typhus fever. I am sure I feel just like a widder, and I went to his funeral as chief mourner. It was real cruel for James's wife to let her boy There was something in the woman's face twit me so, as if I never had a chance to be married, like old Liddy Wilber." Martha's knitting-needles flashed brightly in the sun, and her grav eyes were almost black with the remembrance of her wrongs. Marcia murmured sympathizingly, and presently Martha went on.

"It's eight years now," she said, "since mother died, and they are always at me to give them this part of the house. I can't bear to. I've got along in spite of them,

till now.'

"But how could you?" said Marcia. "What did you do to get something to

The other woman looked at her a mo-"I suppose," she said, "you'll dement. spise me, but I've worked just like a man. "I want to tell you all about it," she That field over there is mine. I planted it myself, and raised a good many things to sell. I went huckleberrying, and I sold my grass standing, for fifteen dollars, every year, and year before last I sold potatoes he would move right down here, and he enough to buy me a barrel of flour and an alpaca dress. I got a man to plough the field, and I planted the potatoes myself, and hoed them, and dug them. I've got along all right till last year; it was so dry everything dried up. There wasn't any huckleberries, and my potatoes were too little to sell. James used to put a hose "And mother and I lived in here for in the pond and get water to water his garden, but he never put a drop on mine. They wanted me to give up, and they

"I came pretty short last winter. Many on machines in the straw shop. And then a time I did not have anything to eat but hasty pudding, and I could not buy any

I used to smell it from the other part of the house, and I wanted it so bad.

"I will say I don't think James knew how poor I was; he has always been pretty good to me. And the neighbors used to invite me out to spend the afternoon. used to be afraid, sometimes, they mistrusted how poor I was.

"I've got a splendid garden this year, but I know we may have a dry season again, and I made up my mind I must have a little money to fall back on. I laid awake night after night, thinking of every way folks took to earn money, and finally I thought if I could only take a lady boarder I could save most of her board in the summer; for most of folks like garden sauce and so forth, and I've got most everything planted, and they are doing well. I tried to get the schoolmarm. I went to see her, and when she heard what accommodations I could give her, she laughed at me; but she promised she would not tell anybody I asked her.

"I composed that advertisement myself, and sent it to a Boston paper, because I didn't know anybody around here that took a paper from there, and I could not bear to have anybody know I had tried to get a boarder, if I did not get one. I never saw how it looked in print," and she looked appealingly at Marcia, who told point and all right.

Then they sat in silence for a while, and Marcia thought how she had read the advertisement in her city home, and laughed at it, and then suddenly determined to answer it, and find out what manner of woman Martha Bascom was. She thought over the words she had read:

"Wanted, a lady boarder, by a plain country woman, who will do the best she can. The view from the piazza is beautiful, and you will be sure to like it. Address Miss Martha Bascom, Littlefield, Mass."

And here she was, seated on the piazza. She let her eyes wander over the scene be-

"Yes, it is beautiful," she thought. The house was on a hill, and she could look a long way down the valley at her feet. Field after field was outlined there; the stone walls that marked their boundaries ever she went over on their side, and one seemed like children's work—like the playhouses her brothers used to make years broken leg, and her head was hurt, too. She ago, marking out the rooms with a row of died before night, and I buried her under stones. A thick growth of bushes and trees the laylock there. And I missed her so, I told where a river crept, and she could see got me another; but that one was missing the glitter of the water, here and there, within a week, and one of the boys kept between the trees.

"I don't wonder," she said to herself, "that the poor woman wanted to keep her home. I will help her all I can."

One day they were in the parlor, as Marcia called the piazza. She had hung it around with pretty shawls, and had a bright cushion in the hammock; a vine shaded one side, and Martha's thrush sang in his cage among the leaves.

"There is one thing I want to tell you," said Martha. "It don't seem right to take four dollars a week for your board. I never was so happy in my life as I have been since you come. You don't eat hardly a thing, and I haven't had but one white petticoat to wash for you since you have been here."

"And there is one thing I want to tell you," said her friend. "I always go somewhere in the country in the summer, and I never paid less than seven dollars a week for board in my life. I intend to pay you as much as that, I assure you. Four dollars a week!" she said scornfully. "It is very evident, my dear Martha, you are taking your first boarder."

Martha sat up straight in her rockingchair; her eves shone like diamonds, and there was a faint red in her faded cheek.

"If you stay till September and pay me seven dollars a week," she said excitedly, "I'll have me a cow. I can keep her as her kindly that it was very much to the well as not, if I can only get her in the first place. I've got a pasture, and I can raise a lot of pumpkins and fodder corn. I know how to milk. I can make butter. Why, I can most live on her milk," and she burst into a flood of tears, and hid her face in her hands.

> It seemed as if the poor woman could not talk enough about her cow, and her gratitude to the lady who had proved from the first such a godsend to her.

> "I shall have something to love after you are gone," she said one day. "I got me a cat after mother died; she was real pretty, and I thought so much of her. She used to sleep on the foot of my bed, and I did not feel half so lonesome nights, if I could not sleep; for if I spoke to her, she would purr, and come up and rub herself against me. I thought there never was such a cat; but James's boys, they used to stone her whenday she came dragging herself home with a asking me what had become of my cat,

and laughing in a hateful way. So I made in her hand a beautiful gold chain. There

pets.

"But they won't dare to hurt a cow. they are too valuable; and I could have the law on them if they did,"she added grimly. "Anybody can do what they have a mind to to cats, poor things!" for Martha had never heard of the "society with the long name.'

of a cow will you get-Jersey?"

"I shall get a red and white one," said Martha. "Father used to keep a cow, and that was speckled red and white. I mean to get one just like her, if I can. What will James's folks say! I guess they'll think it will be some time before they'll have my house for a parlor."

"It beats all," said she, one day, "how little things trouble folks. Now, any great trial, like death and such, you can carry to the Lord, and He will help you bear it; but anybody feels so mean to trouble Him about the little things.

"Now, there was mother's gold beads. She always told me I should have them friends parted until next summer, Marcia after her. Many a time I've put them on my neck when I was a little girl, and wished mother would give them to me then; but she would take them, and say I should

have them some time.

"And when she died I was almost crazy, and James's wife, she had to see to every-

thing.

"It was a few weeks afterwards, and I saw mother's beads on Maria's neck-that is her oldest girl. I felt dreadfully. went out to the barn and talked to James about it. He said Maria wanted them as bad as I did, and he didn't know if she about it, and so I did not have them.

"But it was a trial. I never had a piece of jewelry in my life but a cornelian ring. I have got that now, but I have outgrown

it."

her sister's boarder coming in. She had get her as the years went by.

up my mind I could not have any more was a locket attached, and the rhinestone in it sparkled like a diamond in the morn-

ing sun.

"Mrs. Bascom," said the lady, "I want to make a bargain with you. I want you to exchange your daughter's gold beads for this chain; it is fully as valuable, and prettier for her.

"You know it is Miss Martha's birthday "Let me see," said Marcia, "what kind to-day, and I want to give her a present. I know there is nothing she will prize like

her mother's gold beads."

Both mother and child were delighted with the chain.

"I have always felt mean about those beads," said Mrs. Bascom, "but the girl wanted them so; and I'm real glad to change. Here, let me brighten them up a bit," and she hurried around after a piece of flannel and some whiting.

And so it happened, just after breakfast, as Martha was getting up from the table, Marcia Ames's white hands went lovingly around her neck, and clasped there the

precious beads.

away went out of sight.

The autumn came all too soon, and the

A gentle red and white cow stood by the bars in Martha's pasture, and it was on her glossy neck that Martha left the tears she shed when the stage that bore her friend

For Marcia had insisted on the cow being a reality before she went away, and had named her at Martha's request. Sultana was the rather high-flown name she had bestowed upon her; and her mistress thought it just the right name, as, indeed, she would have if Marcia had called her Peter Snooks. They had a merry time when they would give them up. His wife made a fuss christened the gentle creature, who calmly chewed her cud, and looked at them with her great mild eyes, as she thought to herself: "What fools these mortals be!"

I do not think Martha Bascom ever Now, Martha had a birthday that week; closed her eyes at night, as long as she and James's wife was astonished, as she was lived, without thanking God for the friend getting breakfast one morning, by seeing she had found—a friend who did not for-

THE DRAMATIC SEASON.

NEW PLAYS, THE OPERA, NOTABLE ACTORS, ACTRESSES, AND SINGERS OF THE YEAR.

BY EDWARD MARSHALL.

AST night (if this article be read on ing the early part of this dramatic season any day but Monday) at least two —until February, perhaps. Later it will hundred thousand dollars was paid by the shrink, because many companies whose lege of sitting in theatres and gazing from tion will disband and scatter. box or orchestra or gallery at the efforts, These figures are not my own, precisely, tragic and connect good and bad, of play- and are at the best so vague—it is imposactors to mumic life. At least twenty nul- sible to approach accuracy in preparing

than to furnish buildings and their fittings for the accommodation of this portion of the public. It is safe to say that more than two million five hundred thousand dollars had been, at one time or another, devoted to the preparation of scenery and "proper-ties" used in the presentation of last evening's entertainments, and that the men and women who took part in them had devoted no less than one-fourth

TOSE R. DEFFERSON AND HIS GRANT INTEGETER. FROM A SHOTOGRAPH TY EVEN, NEW YORK

their rôles. The daily cost of moving in Boston, "about five hundred dollars" theatrical people and things from place to was devoted to the building of the first place about the country is estimated at theatre there, veiled (because theatres and seventy-five thousand dollars, and the cost theatrical performances were prohibited by of sustenance and shelter for the players the legislature and abhorred by the govand those who go with them is not under ernor) under the name of the "New Exsixty thousand dollars for every twenty- hibition Hall." The governor, in fact, four hours at this time of year. It is fair suppressed the performance on the night to figure that the weekly total of salaries of December 5, 1792, in the midst of a paid by theatrical managers will average rebellious riot. The first dramatic perat least a quarter of a million dollars dur- formance in New York of which authentic

people of the United States for the privi- efforts fail to gain the public's approba-

lions had been spent for no other purpose them-that they would be of no value to

a statistician. Most of them were secured by cutting the estimates of a conservative theatrical manager in half. They are advanced, however, with a certainty that they are not too large.

GROWTH OF THE STAGE IN AMERICA

But, even if they are not too large, they are stupendous, They offer a pretty contrast to the records of only two vears more than

of that sum to buying proper costumes for a century ago (midwinter, 1792), when,



at 1 1 f to 2 colors of 15, spos

record exists, occurred sixty years earlier, in half for truth's sake; yet it is true that in a half the use of which was donated by one actress was guaranteed a weekly inone Rip Van Dam; and so fearful of other? come of fifteen thousand dollars, besides interference were those interested in it that pickets were posted to watch, and, it necessary, to warn

But the nineteenth century had well began before the theatre had gamed a good foothoal in America. It is even true that as late as 1833 a whole company of theatrical folk who were bold chough to attempt to give their show in Lowell, Massachosetts, twell known as a stronghold of prejudice against such flengs,) were arrested because they were "to lowing no lawful and honorable profession," They barely escaped saftering violence at the hands of outraged mora ists, and, in this escaping, they were more forth rate than some of their ilk mother places. It is probable that the tolerance which theatres gained in some localities during the closing years of the eighteenth century was regarded with as much amazement by many good people of the day as are the progressions and queer matters- cleverly set aside by French wit as fin de sliele-which make us wonder, as the end of the nineteenth century approaches,

Nor has the evolution of the theatre and the drama in America been less astonishing in other ways. From those days when only Shakespeare was regarded worthy by cultivated folk, to these (when one is sometimes forced to fear that it is not entirely

dissatisfaction with the players that keeps American theatres empty on nights when the dramas of the immortal bard are given), the gap is wider than one hundred twelvemouths make in almost any other line.

America has had its share of influence on the drama of the world, and has given its quota of almost everything, good and bad, that goes to make the ingredients of dramatic history-except great plays. Good dramas have been penned with Yankee ink, but nothing, so far, that will withstand the wear of years, and last to anything approaching immortality. American lavishness has forced the managers of Europe to extravagance in playhouse and in scenery of which they would not have dreamed without the influence of this spendthrift republic. More money has been made by players here than elsewhere; and, alas! more also has been lost. When a New York manager seeks an artist in London, Paris, or Berlin, competition is abandoned. Great tales are told of individual salaries paid by enterprising American managers to European stars, and most of them should be cut in half for truth's sake; yet it is true that one actress was guaranteed a weekly in-



JEAN LE RESTRE. LE MIA PHOTOGRAPH DY NADAR, PARIS,

her expenses, during an American tour, and that operatic stipends have sometimes risen to heights truly incredible to the layman.

THE DRAMATIC SEASON OF 1894-95.

From the patriot's point of view, the season of 1894-95 offers cold comfort. Not one really notable actor, actress, or singer; not one extraordinarily good play or opera, has sprung within the year from the ranks or brains of America's sixty-five millions. There have been none and will

be none but imported "sen-sations" in New York play places and houses opera this winter, and New York is America's amusement ba-Two rometer or three artists of whom fine things were predicted during the waning days of last season, have failed to create any stir whatever this year, and not one American this year has arisen to real theatrical importance. The great plays" which were promised from American pens have either failed or been abandoned. One of the most



been none and will II REPORDE RMADE TOKENING SALSA, NEW Y



MAX ALVARY AS "TARSIFAL." FROM A INDIOGRAPH BY E. BIEBER, BER-LIN AND HAMBURG.

important managers in America last year announced that thereafter he should open his theatre each season with a play written by an American, this year to be the first under this plan. A few weeks ago this manager was forced to confess his inability to secure an American play of which he thought well enough to devote to it the time and money necessary for production. He opened his theatre with a play by a foreigner,

This is melancholy from the patriot's point of view. Presenting to the manager an equally

> sorrowful aspect is the fact that, whether times have improved or not in other lines, the business done by the theatres thus far this season Las been little. if any, in excess of that done during the same months of last vear-and last year was the worst for a decade.

But, as the intelligent observer looks at it, there are many things this year to rejoice over. Principal among them is the decadencelong promised the so-—of called "farce comedy," that nondescript

combination of the old variety show and the new " vaudeville."

THE ITALIAN OPERA.

Broadway. For a number of years a con- men," troversy, which has driven some of its par- If "Falstaff," the bright, musical child

the end of the winter comes, both will have had extended hearings at the Metropolitan. The regular season of Italian opera is already in progress. It departs little in its features from that of a year ago. The repertory is nearly the same, and the most important change in the list of artists is the absence of the name of Calvé, who brightened the glory of the winter of '93-'94 by her matchless "Carmen," and who turned the financial scale in favor of the management. Calvé is now singing most busily in the capitals of Europe, earning her dowry, it is said, although at a smaller salary than she would have received if a quarrel with Emma Eames had not prevented her returning to America with the rest of the company, Her place in the popular fancy is quite likely to be taken by Miss Sybil Sanderson, the gifted Califorma girl whose voice and beauty captivated Jules Massenet, the first of French operatio composers. She is an exceedingly clever woman, less impulsive than Calvé, but a great artist.

Zelie de Lussan, long a stranger to the land that gave her her first faurels, also adds strength to the Metropolitan forces, She looks something like Patti, and of late years she must have been singing con-In New York the great period of the siderably better than La Diva, for it is amusement year is the operatic season at said that her voice has broadened and the Metropolitan Opera House, although it developed notably since the days when she is reasonable to believe that not one- was a treasured member of the old Boston twentieth of the habitual theatre-goers of Ideals. Both Miss de Lussan and a this city have ever stepped within the lob- promising young Russian prima donna bies of that great, brown brick pile on named Myra Heller will appear as "Car-

tisans to writing and printing bitter things, of Verdi's old age, is produced at the has been waged between the lovers of Metropolitan Opera House, as it has been German and the lovers of Italian opera, half promised that it shall be, the title rôle This year this battle may be said to have probably will be reserved for Victor Maurel, been brought to a compromise, for when who created the part at Milan on February



NELLIZE MEDDA. TROM A PROTOGRAMMERA DA PONT, DRUNGLESS,



TAMAGNO FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MONTABONI, E-RENIE

9, 1893, and who introduced it to the Parisians. The other stars of the Metropolitan constellation are Melba, Eames, Scalchi, Pol Plancon, Tamagno, and last, but not least, the brothers De Reszke.

An important step toward the declaration of American independence in music has been the training of an American chorus at the Metropolitan, to take the place of the motley collection which has been brought over from Europe in previous years,-imported not because its component parts could sing exceptionally well, but simply because they knew, in a wooden way, the music of all the operas in the Metropolitan repertory, The training of a new and native chorus was a work of infinite pams, but there is no doubt about its wisdom.

It is said that the management cleared a total of something like nmety thousand dollars from last winter's opera season; and if this financial success is repeated, an everlasting "no" can be said to have been uttered against the occasional plea for subsidized grand opera in this country.

THE GERMAN OPERA

The season of German opera will begin February 25th, and will be watched with more than passing interest. It will be judged more critically, perhaps, than any other of the watter's appeals for public favor from the musical stage, for Walter Damrosch's reputation is staked upon it, and, to an extent, the immediate future of the Wagner cult in New York depends upon it Mr. Damrosch's season will last four weeks in all, and will include only fourteen performances. After these end, the company will make short visits to Philadelphia, Chicago, and Boston, and then hasten home, with scarcely an hour to spare between their closing performance and the time of the sailing of the steamer on which they are to depart.

It was only by consenting to extraordinary concessions that the American conductor was able to get them; and it is doubtful whether Berlin would have consented to release Rosa Sucher at all, had it not been for a feeling of national pride in the effort to establish German opera in America. Mr. Damrosch has no inten-



ROSA SUCHER AS "AUNDRY" IN "PARSIPAL," FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W, HÖFFERT, BERLIN.



NADAME RÉLAIR L'ROSEA PHATOGRA H DA NADAR, E ESS

tion of continuing as an operatic manager after the coming experiment. He asserts that his only aim is to induce the autocrats of grand opera in America to include in the regular Metropolitan Opera House seasons of the future, German opera, sung by German artists, as well as the works of Italian and French composers,

Besides Rosa Sucher, undoubtedly the greatest living singer of Wagner's mightiest female rôle. Mr. Damrosch will have Herr Alvary,-over whom New York waxed so enthusiastic in 1889 that his path from the stage door to his carriage was often lined with impressionable women who begged for attention from him, even going so far as to lift his cloak and kiss it,-Franz Schwarz, and Marie Brema. The last named is the Scotch woman who made a swift flight from obscurity to fame at Bayreuth last summer. It is an interesting tribute to Mr. Damrosch's judgment to note that he engaged Miss Brema before Frau Wagner heard her and brought her into great celebrity.

The operas to be presented are: "Tris- TEFFIORN TERF IS TO VALLED TRIBET tan and Isolde," " Die Walkure," " Götter-

dämmerung." "Die Meistersinger," "Lo-hengrin," "Tannhäuser," and "Siegfried." Mr. Damrosch, whose first ambition was to be a painter, will make the mounting of these operas his especial care. His standing as a Wagner authority is a little uncertain now, but will be well defined by the time his operatic season is half over. The effort will mark a crisis in his life.

MADAME RÈJANE AND HER FRENCH COMPANY.

The most important of all the dramatic engagements of the year will also bring a company of foreigners to America. It is that of Madame Rejane. Madame Rejane is, next to Sara Bernhardt, France's greatest actress, and is probably the best comedienne Paris has produced. She is the wife of M. Porel, who was the manager of the Odéon when he married her. This put her into the position of leading woman at the second in importance of France's state theatres; and when M. Porel left that famous place of amusement, she went with



GRAPH BY THE LONDON STEREOSCOPIC COMPANY, LONDON,

him to the Varieties. M. Porel and his partner, M. Carrée, known in America as a writer of comedies with M. Bisson, are the most important managers in France, and so it is not surprising that for them Victorien Sardou should write the play which is said to be his greatest comedy. That play is "Madame Saus-Gêne" It was written for Madame Rejane, and her success in it was instantaneous and world-echoing. She has played in it in London as well as in Paris, and pleased the English almost as well as she had pleased her own country's people. It is as "Madame

Sans-Gêne" that she will be seen in America.

The news that Madame Réjane is coming to America to act in "Madame Sans-Gêne! must have been a severe blow to Miss Kathryn Kidder, an American actress who, early in November, produced a version of the play in English.

Next to the coming of Mine. Réjane, it is of Beerbohm Tree and his talented wife, who are also coming to America, that the greatest things are expected. These



JOHN TIME THOSE VITA TOTAL APPLIES FOR CONTRACT PANCE.



pected. These offer shinersole, from a photograph by w. a. D. Downer, London,

notable. London comedy players will appear here before long in "A Bunch of Violets," a play by Mr. Sidney Grundy, which has become one of the decade's greatest successes abroad. They will also act in "A Red Lamp," by Tristram Ontram; "Gringoire," and "Captain Swift."

THE NEW PLAYS,

One of Henry Arthur Jones's plays, "The Bauble Shop," is Mr. John Drew's most important medium for this year's work. It is a study of human nature, and "takes up a question." "Taking up questions" is becoming more and more

popular among playwrights. " The Masqueraders" is another question play. It followed "The Bauble Shop " in New York, and is by the same author. It has already won success in England, and will undoubtedly make money, if not artistic reputation, for its author in America. Mr. Grundy has also written "The New Woman," recently produced in New York. That this has the very biggest query of the day in it, its name alone indicates.

wrote the vowels. It is agreed, at any rate, that the best work of each man was devoted to this

play.

France, so far as is known, will contribute, besides "Madame Sans-Gêne," only three important new plays to the American season. One of these is "Gigolette," by Decourcelle and Tarbé. This has not even been rendered into English by an American, It was adapted by George Sims, widely celebrated as a maker of conventional English melodramas. Besides this, "A Woman's Silence," a new Sardon play, has recently been produced by

has been secured by Fanny Davenport. It mann's most recent failure-" Butterflies," produced in Paris by Sara Bernhardt.

FANNY DAVENPORT, JEFFFERSON, AND OTHER ESTABLISHED FAVORITES.

Another English play which is to be an old English comedy. Mr. Joseph Jefbrought out in New York during the sea- ferson, who is America's only really great son, and which will afterwards tour the actor now, does not purpose to do anything country, is "The Fatal Card." It was this year which he has not done before, and written by Haddon Chambers and B. C. Mr. Richard Mansfield has probably given Stephenson. This is looked upon as being us all the new material which he will show a most astonishing melodrama, and is one-during the season in two plays neither of of the greatest "money-makers" that have which has been widely successful. A most been produced in London in a long time, interesting event, because of the impressive Much currosity has been evenced by people scale on which it is to be executed, and who wish to know just how much of the because of the fact that it will, for the play was written by each man. A London first time, bring to notable prominence correspondent says that Chambers recently the work of an exceedingly young, but settled this by remarking that he had exceedingly promising, American playwritten the consonants, while Stephenson wright, named Paul Kester, will be the

> production by Alexander Salvini of "The Moor," "The Moor," which is a drama of the old romantic school, but which is written and will be produced on a scale of elaborateness seidom attempted, succeeds, it will mean that a very great change, and a change for the better, has come over the public taste.

MISS REHAN AND MISS CAYVAN HOV-ERING ON THE STAR TINE,

Mr Augustin Daly, who may generally be depended upon to give Amersca one or two novelties during the course of each sea-

¥.

Mr. Daniel Frohman's Lyceum company son, will, it is said, produce this winter an in New York. Another play by Sardou adaptation from the German of Suderis "The Duchess of Athens," and has been. It was announced early in the season that Mr. Daly's famous leading woman, Miss-Ada Rehan, would leave his company and star this year, but it is now thought that this idea has been abandoned. This would have been as serious a loss to Mr. Daly Indeed, Miss Davenport seems to be as the recent resignation of Miss Georgia about the only American star who has in Cayvan from the Lyceum organization was view any notable new work. Mr. W. H. to Mr. Daniel Frohman. Miss Cayvan, Crane, early in the season, produced an however, says that she has no thought of ambitious revival of "Falstaff," but it was starring. But it would be surprising if the not received with favor, and he reverted to great success of Miss Oiga Nethersole, the not too meritorious reconstruction of (an English actress who came to New



ADA Re AN ERROR A F test villa from X massassi,

York some months ago with "The Transgressor,' and afterwards carried big audiences into ecstasies with "Camille"), did not fill the heads of some of our able American leading women with thoughts of plays and companies of their own. A currous divergence in taste between England and America was illustrated by the reception here of "The Transgressor." In England it was popular and pronounced to be powerful. In America only the superb work of Miss Nethersole has saved it from utter failure, - a fact from which Miss Judith Be rolde may draw consolation in the long illness under which she has been suffering. Early in the autumn she planned to produce "The Transgressor'

herself, and her illness prevented her.



TO BIAND FORD A REST " SEVEN SARONY, NEW YORK

by producing Borrio's "Christ at the Feast of the Purim," This and another play by Hauptmann clude the same objectionable feature that aroused indignation at the time of the production of "Hannele "-the impersonation of Christ upon the stage. Up to the time of "Hannele's" production this had been attempted in a New York theatre but once, and that was when Salmi Morse prepared a version of the "Passion Play," which was promptly suppressed by the police.

Lacking in origmal work by American dramatists as the season will be, it will be still more lacking in original work by American composers and librettists. The only particularly notable matters of this sort to be

offered to the public this winter are "Rob The Rosenfeld brothers, who last year en-Roy," the joint work of De Koven and countered a settled public opinion against Smith, and "Prince Ananias," the new the production of Gerhardt Hauptmann's medium for the farce and melody of our vision play "flannele," will probably arouse most famous native operatic organization a new and greater opposition this season -the "Bostonians,"



MR. MOODY: SOME IMPRESSIONS AND FACTS.

BY HENRY DRUMMOND, LL.D., F.R.S.E., F.G.S.

Author of "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," "The Greatest Thing in the World," "The Ascent of Man," etc.

SECOND PAPER.

N the year 1889 Mr. Moody broke out in forty-eight students were on the roll-book. founded two great schools at Northfield, inaugurated there one of his most successscheme grew out of many years' thought. The general idea was to equip lay workers —men and women—for work among the poor, the outcast, the churchless, and the illiterate. In every centre of population for city missionaries, Bible readers, evangelists, superintendents of Christian and philanthropic institutions, is unlimited. In the foreign field it is equally claimant. Mr. Moody saw that all over the country were those who, with a little special training, various spheres—some whose early oppor-

THE BIBLE INSTITUTE IN CHICAGO.

physically, offered a suitable site, and here, adjoining the Chicago Avenue Church, a preliminary purchase of land was made at a cost of fifty-five thousand dollars. On part of this land, for a similar sum, a threestoried building was put up to accommo- twenty are teachers. It will be allowed date male students, while three houses, that this is a pretty fair record for a twoalready standing on the property, were transformed into a ladies' department. No sooner were the doors opened than some there annually in personal superintendence, ninety men and fifty women began work. So immediate was the response that all the available accommodation was used up, and important enlargements have had to be made since. The mornings at the Institute are largely given up to Bible study and visitation, and the evenings to evangelistic work. In the second year of its

a new place. Not content with having In addition to private study, these conducted over three thousand meetings, large he turned his attention to Chicago, and and small, in the city and neighborhood, paid ten thousand visits to the homes of ful enterprises—the Bible Institute. This the poor, and "called in" at more than a thousand saloons.

> As to the ultimate destination of the workers, the statistics for this same year record the following:

At work in India are three, one man there is a call for such help. The demand and two women; in China, three men and one woman, with four more (sexes equally divided) waiting appointment there: in Africa, two men and two women, with two men and one woman waiting appointment; in Turkey, one man and five women; in South America, one man and one woman; might become effective workers in these in Bulgaria, Persia, Burma, and Japan, one woman to each. Among the North tunities had been neglected; some who American Indians, three women and one were too old or too poor to go to college; man. In the home field, in America, are and others who, half their time, had to thirty-seven men and nine women employed earn their living. To meet such workers in evangelistic work, thirty-one in pastoral and such work the Institute was conceived, work (including many ministers who had come for further study), and twenty-nine in other schools and colleges. Sundayschool missions employ five men; home The heart of Chicago, both morally and missions, two; the Young Men's Christian Association, seven; the Young Women's Christian Association, two. Five men and one woman are "singing evangelists." Several have positions in charitable institutions, others are evangelists, and years' old institute. As Mr. Moody gives it much of his time, spending many months there can be little doubt as to its future.

THE NORTHFIELD TRAINING SCHOOL FOR WOMEN.

Not quite on the same lines, but with and music, the afternoons to private study certain features in common, is still a fourth institution founded by the evangelist at Northfield about the same time. existence no fewer than two hundred and perhaps, one of his most original develop-

churches, he had learned to appreciate the schoolhouses. exceptional value of women in ministering to the poor. He saw, however, that women of the right stamp were not always to be found where they were needed most, and in many cases where they were to be found, and lack of training. He determined, therefore, to start a novel species of training school, which city churches and mission fields could draw upon, not for highly educated missionaries, but for Christian women who had undergone a measure of special instruction, especially in Bible knowledge and domestic economy—the latter being the special feature. The initial obstacle of a building in which to start his institute was was one which, every winter, was an eye-After the busy season in summer, with teachers and the second with schol-School as soon as the last guest was off the premises.

Six instructors were provided, and fiftysix students took up residence at once. Next year the numbers were almost doubled, and the hotel college to-day is in a fair way to become a large and important In addition to systematic institution. Bible study, which forms the backbone of the curriculum, the pupils are taught those branches of domestic economy which are most likely to be useful in their work among the homes of the poor. Much stress is laid upon cooking, especially the preparation of foods for the sick, and a distinct department is also devoted to dressmaking. An objection was raised at the outset that the students, during their term of residence, were isolated from the active Christian work in which their lives were to be spent, and that hence the most important part of their training must be merely theoretical. But this difficulty has energy and enthusiasm of the students it is better to have good music. through the winter, flying columns may be If ever I am to be of the least use to them,

ments—the Northfield Training School for found scouring the country-side in all Women. In his own work at Chicago, directions, visiting the homesteads, and and in his evangelistic rounds among the holding services in hamlets, cottages, and

MR. MOODY UNDENOMINATIONAL AND UNSECTARIAN IN HIS WORKS.

Like all Mr. Moody's institutions, the their work was marred by inexperience winter Training Home is undenominational and unsectarian. It is a peculiarity of Northfield, that every door is open not only to the Church Universal, but to the world. Every State in the Union is represented among the students of his two great colleges, and almost every nation and race. On the college books are, or have been, Africans, Armenians, Turks, Syrians, Austrians, Hungarians, Canadians, Danes, Dutch, English, French, German, Indian, no difficulty to Mr. Moody. Among the Irish, Japanese, Chinese, Norwegians, many great buildings of Northfield there Russians, Scotch, Swedish, Alaskans, and Bulgarians. These include every type of sore to him. It was the Northfield Hotel, Christianity, members of every Christian and it was an eye-sore because it was denomination, and disciples of every Christian creed. Twenty-two denominations, at it was shut up from October till the end least, have shared the hospitality of the of March, and Mr. Moody resolved that he schools. This, for a religious educational would turn its halls into lecture rooms, its institution, is itself a liberal education; and bedrooms into dormitories, stock the first that Mr. Moody should not only have permitted, but encouraged, this cosmopoliars, and start the work of the Training tan and unsectarian character, is a witness at once to his sagacity and to his breadth.

With everything in his special career, in In October, 1890, the first term opened, his habitual environment, and in the traditions of his special work, to make him intolerant, Mr. Moody's sympathies have only broadened with time. Some years ago the Roman Catholics in Northfield determined to build a church. They went round the township collecting subscriptions, and by and by approached Mr. Moody's How did he receive them? The door. narrower evangelical would have shut the door in their faces, or opened it only to give them a lecture on the blasphemies of the Pope or the iniquities of the Scarlet Woman. Mr. Moody gave them one of the handsomest subscriptions on their list. Not content with that, when their little chapel was finished, he presented them with an organ. "Why," he exclaimed, when some one challenged the action, "if they are Roman Catholics, it is better they should be good Roman Catholics than bad. It is surely better to have a Catholic solved itself. Though not contemplated Church than none; and as for the organ, at the founding of the school, the living if they are to have music in their church, have sought their own outlets; and now, all he added, "these are my own townspeople. surely I must help them." What the them to be told that he is probably responwith great piles of stones. Catholics had taken their teams up the mountain, and brought down, as a return present, enough building-stone to form the foundations of his church.

Mr. Moody's relations with the Northfield people and with all the people for miles and miles around are of the same So far from being without honor in his own country, it is there he is honored This fact—and nothing more truly decisive of character can be said—may be verified even by the stranger on the cars. The nearer he approaches Northfield, the more thorough and genuine will be find the appreciation of Mr. Moody; and when he passes under Mr. Moody's own roof, he will find it truest, surest, and most affectionate of all. It is forbidden here to invade the privacy of Mr. Moody's home. Suffice it to say that no more perfect homelife exists in the world, and that one only begins to know the greatness, the tenderness, and the simple beauty of this man's character when one sees him at his own One evidence of this greatness fireside. it is difficult to omit recording. If you were to ask Mr. Moody-which it would never occur to you to do-what, apart from the inspirations of his personal faith, was the secret of his success, of his happiness and usefulness in life, he would assuredly answer, "Mrs. Moody."

THE WIDE REACH OF MR. MOODY'S LABORS,

When one has recorded the rise and progress of the four institutions which have been named, one but stands on the threshold of the history of the tangible memorials of Mr. Moody's career. To realize even partially the intangible results of his life, is not within the compass of man's power; but even the tangible results—the results which have definite visible outcome, which are capable of statistical expression, which can be seen in action in

kindly feeling did for them, it is difficult sible for more actual stone and lime than to say; but what it did for Mr. Moody, is almost any man in the world. There is matter of local history. For, a short time scarcely a great city in England where after, it was rumored that he was going he has not left behind him some visible to build a church, and the site was pointed memorial. His progress through Great out by the villagers—a rocky knoll close Britain and Ireland, now nearly twenty by the present hotel. One day Mr. Moody years ago, is marked to-day by halls, found the summit of this knoll covered churches, institutes, and other buildings The Roman which owe their existence directly to his influence. In the capital of each of these countries—in London, Edinburgh, and Dublin—great buildings stand to-day which, but for him, had had no existence. In the city where these words are written, at least three important institutions, each the centre of much work and of a multitude of workers, Christian philanthropy owes to him. Young Men's Christian Associations all over the land have been housed, and in many cases sumptuously housed, not only largely by his initiative, but by his personal actions in raising funds. Mr. Moody is the most magnificent beggar Great Britain has ever known. He will talk over a millionnaire in less time than it takes other men to apologize for intruding upon his time. His gift for extracting money amounts to genius. hard, the sordid, the miserly, positively melt before him. But his power to deal with refractory ones is not the best of it. His supreme success is with the already liberal, with those who give, or think they give, handsomely already. These he somehow convinces that their givings are nothing at all; and there are multitudes of rich men in the world who would confess that Mr. Moody inaugurated for them, and for their churches and cities, the day of large subscriptions. The process by which he works is, of course, a secret, but one half of it probably depends upon two In the first place, his appeals are wholly for others; for places—I am speaking of England-in which he would never set foot again; for causes in which he had no personal stake. In the second place, he always knew the right moment to strike.

HOW MR. MOODY ORGANIZED A GREAT CHARITY IN TEN MINUTES.

On one occasion, to recall an illustration of the last he had convened a great conference in Liverpool. The theme for disdifferent parts of the world to-day—it cussion was a favorite one—"How to reach would tax a diligent historian to tabulate, the masses." One of the speakers, the The sympathies and activities of men like Rev. Charles Garrett, in a powerful speech, D. I. Moody are supposed by many to be expressed his conviction that the chief wasted on the empty air. It will surprise want of the masses in Liverpool was the to counteract the saloons. When he had cance that one should make out this or finished. Mr. Moody called upon him to the other man to be numbered among the speak for ten minutes more. That ten world's great. But it is of importance to minutes might almost be said to have been national ideals, that standards of worthia crisis in the social history of Liverpool. ness should be truly drawn, and, when Mr. Moody spent it in whispered conversa- those who answer to them in real life aption with gentlemen on the platform. No pear, that they should be held up for the sooner was the speaker done than Mr. world's instruction. Mr. Moody himself Moody sprang to his feet and announced has never asked for justice, and never for that a company had been formed to carry homage. The criticism which sours, and out the objects Mr. Garrett had advocated; the adulation—an adulation at epochs in that various gentlemen, whom he named his life amounting to worship - which (Mr. Alexander Balfour, Mr. Samuel Smith, spoils, have left him alike untouched. M. P., Mr. Lockhart, and others), had each The way he turned aside from applause in taken one thousand shares of five dollars. England struck multitudes with wonder, each, and that the subscription list would To be courted was to him not merely a be open till the end of the meeting. The thing to be discouraged on general princapital was gathered almost before the adjournment, and a company floated under At the close of a great meeting, when the name of the "British Workman Com- crowds, not of the base, but of the worthy, pany, Limited," which has not only worked thronged the platform to press his hand, a small revolution in Liverpool, but—what somehow he had always disappeared. was not contemplated or wished for, except as an index of healthy business—paid a handsome dividend to the shareholders. For twenty years this company has gone on increasing; its ramifications are in every quarter of the city; it has returned love him love to praise him. And I may ten per cent, throughout the whole period, except for one (strike) year, when it returned seven; and, above all, it has been copied by cities and towns innumerable all over Great Britain. To Mr. Garrett, who unconsciously set the ball a-rolling, the made a contemptuous reference to Mr. personal consequences were as curious as they were unexpected. "You must take have sailed in on such occasions, and at charge of this thing," said Mr. Moody to least taught the detractor some facts. On "I am a Weslevan; my three years in Livercircuit." "No," said Mr. Moody, "you him no more than an echo. I determined must stay here." Mr. Garrett assured him that, time being then denied, I would take Moody would not be beaten. He got up written. a petition to the Conference. It was granted-an almost unheard-of thing-and Mr. Garrett remains in his Liverpool church to this day. This last incident proves at least one thing—that Mr. Moody's audacity is at least equalled by his influence.

THE CHARACTER OF MR, MOODY'S GREAT-NESS

institution of cheap houses of refreshment rowed to its close. It is of small significiples; it simply made him miserable. When they followed him to his hotel, its doors were barred. When they wrote him, as they did in thousands, they got no response. This man would not be praised. Yet, partly for this very reason, those who as well confess what has induced me. against keen personal dislike to all that is personal, to write these articles. One day, travelling in America last summer, a high dignitary of the Church in my presence Moody. A score of times in my life I him, "or at least you must keep your eye this occasion, with due humility, I asked on it." "That cannot be," was the reply. the speaker if he had ever met him? He had not; and the reply elicited that the pool have expired; I must pass to another name which he had used so lightly was to it was quite impossible, the Methodist Con-the first opportunity of bringing that echo ference made no exceptions. But Mr. nearer him. It is for him these words were

WHITTIER'S OPINION OF MR. MOODY,

In the Life of Whittier, just published, the patronizing reference to Mr. Moody but too plainly confirms the statement with which the first article opened—that few men were less known to their contemporaries.

"Moody and Sankey," writes the poet, "are busy in Boston. The papers give That I have not told one tithe that is the discourses of Mr. Moody, which seem due to the subject of this sketch, I pain- rather commonplace and poor, but the man fully realize now that my space has nar- is in earnest. . . I hope he will do

James Freeman Clarke or Phillips Brooks, opportunity, I cannot accept his theology, or part of it him God-speed."

but the expression should be withdrawn, ceptionally wide. In his opinion: Whittier was incapable of that. They are stereotyped charities which sweet natures centre apply to anything not absolutely harmful, shall not indorse, for it could only give views and dispositions. offence, the remark of a certain author of would never have been noticed;" but I otherwise have lain dormant, shall indorse, and with hearty good-will, a judgment which he further added. "I and example, has so vindicated the rights, have always held," he said—and he is a privileges, and duties of laymen. man who has met every great contemporary thinker from Carlyle downward— more money for other people's enterprises, "that in sheer brain-size, in the mere raw be, it was men of the quality and the exmen in America have failed to appreciate terize it?

good, and believe that he will reach and him is a circumstance which has only one move some who could not be touched by explanation—that they have never had the

An American estimate, nevertheless, at least, and his methods are not to my meets my eve as I lay down the pen. taste. But if he can make the drunkard, which I gladly plead space for, as it proves the gambler, and the debauchee into de- that in Mr. Moody's own country there are cent men, and make the lot of their weari- not wanting those who discern how much ful wives and children less bitter, I bid he stands for. They are the notes, slightly condensed, of one whose opportunities for I have called these words patronizing, judging of his life and work have been ex-

t. "No other living man has done so broad, large-hearted, even kind. But they much directly in the way of uniting man to are not the right words. They are the God, and in restoring men to their true

2. "No other living man has done so and contain no more impression of the much to unite man with man, to break tremendous intellectual and moral force of down personal grudges and ecclesiastical the man behind than if the reference were to barriers, bringing into united worship and the obscurest Salvation Army zealot. I harmonious cooperation men of diverse

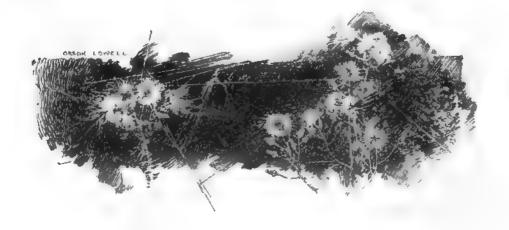
3 "No other living man has set so world-wide repute when he read the words: many other people to work, and developed, "Moody! Why, he could have put half by awakening the sense of responsibility, a dozen Whittiers in his pocket, and they latent talents and powers which would

4. "No other living man, by precept

5. "No other living man has raised

6. "No other evangelist has kept himmaterial of intellect, Moody stands among self so aloof from fads, religious or otherthe first three or four great men I have wise; from isms, from special reforms, ever known". I beheve Great Britain is from running specific doctrines, or attackcredited with having "discovered" Mr ing specific sins; has so concentrated his It may or may not be; but if it life upon the one supreme endeavor.'

If one-fourth of this be true, it is a perience of my friend who made the dis- unique and noble record; if all be true, covery; and that so many distinguished which of us is worthy even to charac-





N old prospectof Mr. Creede's lowing story to the fame and a bank account, and gave every new field:

Creede and I, together with a man by the name of Chester, were prospecting in-San Miguel County, Colorado, in the '80's. We had our camp in a narrow canon by a little mountain stream. It was summer time; the berries were ripe, and bear were as thick as sheep in New Mexico About sunset one evening I called Creede out to a steep hillside near our cabin

The moment the Captain saw the animal he said in a stage whisper, "Bear!" thought he was endeavoring to frighten in earnest.

Without taking his eyes from the animal, he spoke again in the same stage whisper, instructing me to hasten and bring Chester. with a couple of rifles. When I returned I gave the rifle I carried to Creede, who instructed me to climb upon a sharp rock. that stood up like a church spire in the bottom of the canon. From my high place I was to signal the sharp-shooters, keeping them posted as to the movements of the bear.

"You come with me," said Creede to Chester, who stood at his side. It occurred to me now for the first time that there was some danger attached to this sport. I couldn't help wondering what would become of me in case the bear got the best of my two partners. If the bear captured them and got possession of the only two guns in the camp, my position on that rock would become embarrassing, if not actually dangerous.

ing partner back, smiling and beckoning him on as he told the fol- led the way down toward the noisy little writer, after creek which they must cross to get in rifle the discovery of the Amethyst, which lifted range of the bear, "I'm a man of family, the discoverer into prominence, gave him an' don't see why I should run headlong into a fight with a grizzly bear. I suppose if I adventuress who heard of his fortune a was a single man, I would do as you do, but when I think of my poor wife and dear little children, it makes me homesick." Creede kept smiling and beckoning with his forefinger. I laughed at Chester for being so scared. He finally followed, after asking me to look after his family in case he failed to return; just as a man would who was on his way to the Tower

Having reached the summit of the rock. show him a cow which I had discovered on. I was surprised to see the big bear coming down the hill headed for the spot where the hunters stood counselling as to how they should proceed. I tried to shout a warning to them, but the creek made such a noise fallme; but he soon convinced me that he was sing over the rocks that they were unable to hear me.

A moment more and she hove in sight, coming down the slope on a long gallop, Probably no, man living ever had such an entertainment as I was about to witness. In New York ten thousand people would pay a hundred dollars a seat to see it; but there was no time to bill the country-the curtain was up and the show was on. Creede, who was the first to see the animal, shot one swift glance at his companion, raised his ride, a Marlin repeater, and fired. The great beast shook her head, snorted, increased her pace, and bore down upon her assailants. Again and again Creede's rifle rang out upon the evening air, and hearing no report from Chester's gun, he turned, and to his horror, saw his companion, rifle in hand, running for camp. Many a man would have wasted a shot on the deserter, but Creede was too busy with the bear, even if he had been so inclined. Less than forty feet separated the combatants when Creede I turned to look at Chester, who did not turned, and at the next shot I was pleased seem to start when Creede did. Poor fellow, to see the infuriated animal drop and roll he was pale as a ghost, "See here," he upon the ground. In another second she said, addressing Creede, who was looking was up again, and she looked more like a



CREEDR STOOD STILL AS A STATE WILLIONS FOOT RESULT IN A JUST ON OF THE DEAL PEAR

missiles into the body of the bear.

With that unaccountable strength that him comes to man and beast in the last great more awful in appearance than was this ani- the brain, and the bear dropped dead,

ball of blood than an animal. Now she mal. One eve had been forced from the stood up for the final struggle. I saw Creede socket, and stood out like a great ball of take deliberate aim at her breast. He fired, fire. Blood fairly gushed from her open and she fell. I shouted with joy, as I thought mouth, and the coarse, gurgling, strangling she must be dead now, but was surprised to sound that came from the flooded throat see that Creede was still shooting. As was so awful that it fairly chilled the blood rapidly as I clapped my hands his rifle in my vents. For a second she stood still shouted, and he put four more great leaden and glared at her adversary as if she would rest or get a breath before springing upon

Again I saw the hunter take deliberate struggle, the mad monster stood up again. aim. It was his last ball; but he aimed at Nothing on earth or under the earth could be the open mouth, the ball crashed up through

animal and placed his feet upon her, as a statue with one foot resting on the body hunters are wont to do, when another dang of the dead bear. ger confronted him.

of the wounded bear, her mate came bound- known, it would have made no difference.

ing down the slope to her rescue.

confess that I was glad when the curtain rifle was leveled, and it seemed to me it dropped. Creede was tired. Even an ex- would never go, but it did. perienced hunter could hardly be expected broke the bear's neck, and he fell down to go through such a performance without dead at the hunter's feet.

I did not shout now. This was the third experiencing some anxiety. I almost held time I had seen him kill that same bear, and my breath as the second bear bore down I expected her to get up again. Creede him- upon him. Nearer and nearer he came, and self was not quite satisfied, for I saw him Creede had not even raised his rifle to his hastily filling his magazine; and it was well. shoulder. Now the bear was less than The hunter stepped up to the great dead twenty feet away, and Creede stood still as

I was so excited that I shouted to him to Attracted by the shooting and the cries shoot, but he never knew it; and if he had

At last the bear stopped within eight feet The first act had been interesting, but I of him, and bear-like, stood up. Now the The bullet

WHAT IS SAID ABOUT THE "McCLURE'S" LIFE NAPOLEON AND ABOUT THE MAGAZINE ITSELF.

The paid monthly circulation of this magazine has increased forty thousand copies in two months. The press has been no less emphatic in its approval.

WHAT IS SAID OF THE McCLURE'S LIFE OF NAPOLEON.

A LETTER FROM ONE OF OUR READERS.

NOVEMBER 30, 1894.

EDITOR McClure's Magazine,

New York.

DEAR SIR,-I congratulate you on the excellence of your Napoleonic pictures and the charming biography that accompanies them.

You deserve the thanks of every student of the history of that period for having made Mr. Hubbard's superb collection accessible to the readers of your magazine, and you are well worthy of the success that

evidently attends you.

I was also highly pleased with Mr. Mitchell's paper on Mr. Dana in the October number. I venture to say that a series of articles by Mr. Dana on his relations with President Lincoln and the events of his time would be valuable and very readable. I am aware that that particular period has been pretty extensively covered, but few of those who have written about it have had the advantages for observation, and none the discernment and attractive literary style, of Mr. Dana. I am prompted to make this suggestion because I read, only yesterday, an extract from an interview with him referring to an incident that occurred the night of Mr. Lincoln's second election.

Hoping you will favor your readers with such a series, I am, with the sincerest hopes for your continued success,

Respectfully yours,

P. A. PHILBIN, Archbald, Penn.

We are very grateful to Mr. Philbin for his kind letter. The editors of McClure's MAGAZINE have every reason to believe that Mr. Dana's reminiscences of Lincoln will form part of a series of papers on

Lincoln which they are planning for the magazine, and which will consist mainly of the recollections of men now living who knew Lincoln.

THE BEST SHORT LIFE OF NAPOLEON.

The success of Mr. McClure's publication has been enormous. It is a new comer among the magazines, and, of course, lost money for a time. Most good things do, to begin with. But now the presses are kept at work for six weeks (counting time by ordinary working days) to supply the demand for it, and the fortune and fame of its energetic and original pub-lisher are assured. The Napoleon series, of which the second instalment is given in McClure's Christmas number, is, by the way, the best short life of Napoleon we have ever seen, and its illustrations are admirable. - New York Press,

A CONTRIBUTION OF THE GREATEST VALUE,

McClure's Magazine begins in the November number the publication of a series of seventy-five portraits of Napoleon at successive stages in his life. This unique exhibit promises to be a contribution of the greatest value to the exhaustive study of Napoleon's career that is occupying so much attention at this time.— Washington (D. C.) Path finder.

An Admirable Life of Napoleon.

McClure's Magazine for November begins an admirable life of Napoleon, which promises to arouse the deepest interest among readers.—Washington (D. C.) Tribune.

Painstaking and Attractive.

It is familiar [the Napoleon biography] with the latest as well as with older data, and is so painstaking readers. It recognizes the scientific spirit of modern historical criticism, and is finished and attractive in style. - Boston (Mass.) Globe.

NAPOLEON PORTRAITS UNIQUE AND REMARKABLE.

McClure's Magazine has the first part of a great pictorial life of Napoleon. The special feature of this work is the great number of rare portraits of Napoleon, his family, and his generals. In this number we have many portraits taken when he was general-in-chief of the army of Italy, and the collection is unique and remarkable. Another article in this number which will attract attention is the story of Allan Pinkerton's thwarting the assassination of Lincoln.—Augusta (Me.) Age.

BEST PROCURABLE PORTRAITS.

I like McClure's Magazine because it is the most timely publication published but twelve times a year. If there is anything occupying the public mind, there will be something about it in McClure's, and it will be well written, and well illustrated, and boiling over with interesting facts. Just at present, Napoleon is the character of the day. Of course, all of the magazines are telling much about the "war god," as the greatest fighter since his day called the First Consul. But that did not satisfy McClure. When a person is much talked about, the first question asked is, "What did he look like?" That is what MCCLURE is answering. The last number presented a beautiful collection of the best procurable portraits of the "Little Corporal." They are beautiful works of art—and timely.—Harrisburg (Pa.) Telegram.

The Bonaparte portraits in McClure's are one of the most interesting features appearing in magazine literature this year. - Milwaukee (Wis.) Journal.

McClure's Magazine branches out into a most interesting field with its November number in giving the first instalment of a great pictorial life of Napoleon Bonaparte.—Picdmont (W. Va.) Herald.

Its illustrated life of Napoleon is worth double the subscription price asked for it. - Havre de Grace (Md.) Republican.

McClure's for November (New York) has its own excellent condensed life of Napoleon now begun, by Ida M. Tarbell.—Brooklyn (N. Y.) Daily Eagle.

McClure's for November has one feature that is worth the price of the magazine. It is the portraits of Napoleon and Lincoln.—Harrisburg (Pa.) Telegram.

A very notable series of articles and portraits, forming a pictorial life of Napoleon, commences in the current number of McClure's Magazine. interest in the romantic career of the young Corsican soldier who became well nigh the master of Europe is perennial, and this remarkable collection of portraits, beginning with the young lieutenant of twentytwo and going on through every stage of his career up to the time when the death mask was taken at St. Helena, cannot but attract attention.—Cambridge (Mass.) Tribune.

Besides her pleasing style, Miss Tarbell brings to this work a three years' study of French and English

in search that it brings out much that is new to most history of the Napoleonic period. - Minneapolis (Minn.) Tribune.

> Napoleon and Lincoln stand out in many portraits in the November McClure's. Napoleon had great beauty, and it is given here through many eyes. Greuze, Guérin, Le Gros, Cossia, Northcote, Appiani, Craig, with pictures of the bust by Ceracchi, give so many impressions of that conquering face that one is neoved to wonder if it be possible truly to preserve whe exact likeness of any one. Out of all these and the many others there grows up in time a sort of composite impression on the popular mind which stands for Bonaparte, and perhaps that composite is the truest truth.—San Francisco Impress.

WHAT IS SAID ABOUT THE MAGAZINE.

Although among the youngest, if not the youngest, of American magazines, McClure's is one of the most popular, and is constantly increasing its already large number of admirers,—Augusta (Mc.) Journal.

McClure's Magazine for November challenges public admiration, both in its illustrations and in its literary contents. No magazine within the past year has come to the front more rapidly in popular favor. The literary feature of McClure's for the coming year is the publication of a new life of Napoleon, with an exhaustive series of Napoleon portraits and other pictures. — Topcka (Kan.) Democrat.

It is seldom one is given the pleasure of reading a monthly with as much that is from the best authors as is found in McClure's for this month.—Albany (N. Y.) Times-Union.

The rapid success of McClure's is something phenomenal, but it has been won by pluck and perseverance,—Philadelphia (Pa.) Ledger.

One of the brightest magazines which finds its way to our desk is McClure's, It is only a few months old, and yet it has attained to a degree of popularity unparalleled in the history of magazines.— Watertown (Conn.) Journal.

There is a living personal interest in the character of literature furnished by McClure's MAGAZINE that differentiates it from any other of the monthly publications which have grown popular through years of established merit and usefulness.

There is less of miscellany, and more in the nature of biography and personal reminiscence, in McClure's than in any other of the established magazines, and it holds popular attention and interest in proportion. Men love to read about men of flesh and blood, rather than fictitious heroes. We gather more pleasures, and feel a nearer sympathy with the frailties, the failures and successes of some men we know personally, or by reputation, than we do in the imaginary events in the life of an imaginary character. The December number of McClure's furnishes quite a diverse bill of fare in its sketches of Napoleon, of Bret Harte, of Evangelist Moody, and the sensational experience of the Pinkerton detective, James McParland, who was detailed to ferret out the famous Molly Maguires.

The great interest that is kindled among reading people at this time in all that pertains to Napoleon is being met by the Tarbell papers on Napoleon, illustrated with portraits from the collection of Hon. Gardiner G. Hubbard, probably the finest private collection of Napoleon pictures in the world.—From Editorial in the Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle.

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NAPOLEON 1805. ("Napoleon I Gall Imp. Ital Rex.") Designed and engraved by Longhi

McClure's Magazine.

VOL. IV.

FEBRUARY, 1895.

No. 3.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

By IDA M. TARBEIL.

With engravings from the collection of the Hon. Gardiner G. Hubbard, who also furnishes the explanatory notes,

FOURTH PAPER.-NAPOLEON THE KING-MAKER. 1803-1807.

RUPTURE OF THE TREATY OF AMIENS.

N the spring of 1803 the treaty of Amiens, which a year before had ended the long war with England, was broken. Both countries had many reasons for complaint. Napoleon was angry at the failure to evacuate Malta. The perfect freedom allowed the press in England gave the pamphleteers and caricaturists of the country opportunity to criticise and ridicule him. He complained bitterly to the English ambassadors of this free press, an institution in his eyes impractical and idealistic. He complained, too, of the hostile emigre's allowed to collect in Jersey; of the presence in England of such notorious enemies of his as Georges Cadoudal; and of the sympathy and money the Bourbon princes and many nobles of the old regime received in London society. Then, too, he regarded the country as his natural and inevitable enemy. England to Napoleon was only a little island which, like Corsica and Elba, naturally belonged to France, and he considered it part of his business to get possession of her.

with distrust at the extension of Napole- plan briefly was this-to gather a great on's influence on the Continent. Northern army on the north shore of France, and in Italy, Switzerland, Holland, Parma, Elba, some port a flotilla sufficient to transport were under his protectorate. She had it to Great Britain. In order to prevent

lished in Paris, on the condition of the Orient, in which the author declared that with six thousand men the French could reconquer Egypt; and she resented the violent articles in the official press of Paris in answer to those of the free press of England. Her aristocratic spirit, too, was irritated by Napoleon's success. She despised this partenu, this "Corsican scoundrel," as Nelson called him, who had had the hardihood to rise so high by other than the conventional methods for getting on in the world which she sanctioned.

Real and fancied aggressions continued throughout the year of the peace; and when the break finally came, though both nations persisted in declaring that they did not want war, both were in a thoroughly warlike mood.

THE DESCENT ON ENGLAND,

Napoleon's preparations against England form one of the most picturesque military movements in his career. Unable to cope with his enemy at sea, he conceived the audacious notion of invading the island, England, on the other hand, looked and laying siege to London itself. The been deeply offended by a report pub- interference with this expedition, he would



THE EMPEROR MAPCLECK L. BESTOWING THE CROWN OF BUTHESS ON JOSEPHINE. 1805.

From a painting by David.



NAPOLEON THE GREAT ("NAPOLEON LE GRAND") IN CORONATION ROBES. 1805.

Painted and engraved by order of the emperor. Engraved by Desnoyers, after portrait painted by Gérard in 1803.

keep the English fleet occupied in the Mediterranean, or in the Atlantic, until the critical moment. Then, leading it by stratagem in the wrong direction, he would call his own fleet to the Channel to protect his

passage. He counted to be in London, and to have compelled the English to peace, before Nelson could return from the chase he would have led him.

The preparations began at once. The

port chosen for the flotilla was Boulogne; forts for freedom. "Provided that twenty the most dangerous, the batteries literally touched one another. Fifty thousand men were put to work at the stupendous excavations necessary to make the ports large has been proclaimed. enough to receive the flotilla. Large numthe neighborhood: fifty thousand men to Boulogne, under Soult; thirty thousand to Etaples, under Ney; thirty thousand to Ostend, under Davoust; reserves to Arras, Amiens, Saint-Omer.

The work of preparing the flat-bottomed boats, or walnut-shells, as the English called them, which were to carry over the army, went on in all the ports of Holland and France, as well as in interior towns situated on rivers leading to the sea. The troops were taught to row, each soldier being obliged to practise two hours a day, so that the rivers of all the north of France were dotted with land-lubbers handling the oar, the most of them for the first time.

In the summer of 1803, Napoleon went to the north to look after the work. His trip was one long ovation. Le Chemin d'Angleterre was the inscription the people erected to his honor, and town vied with town in showing its joy at the proposed descent on the old-time enemy.

Such was the interest of the people, that a thousand projects were suggested to help on the armament, some of them most In a learned and thoroughly amusing. serious memorial, one genius proposed suspected of knowing something of it. that while the flotilla was preparing, the sailors be employed in catching dolphins, which should be shut up in the ports, tamed, and taught to wear a harness, so as to be driven, in the water, of course, as horses are on land. This novel cavalry was to transport the French to the opposite side of the Channel.

Napoleon not only occupied himself with the preparations at Boulogne and with keeping Nelson busy elsewhere. Нe had his eye on every point of the earth might weaken his enemy. Louisiana he twelve million dollars to carry on his war, and removed a weak spot where England was sure to harass him if hostilities were the days of the Terror. prolonged. He took possession of Hanover.

but the whole coast from Antwerp to the thousand united Irishmen join the French mouth of the Seine bristled with iron and army on its landing," France is to give bronze. Between Calais and Boulogne, at them in return twenty-five thousand men. Cape Gris Nez, where the navigation was forty thousand muskets, with artillery and ammunition, and a promise that the French government will not make peace with England until the independence of Ireland

An attack on India was planned, his bers of troops were brought rapidly into hope being that the princes of India would welcome an invader who would aid them in throwing off the English yoke. strengthen himself in the Orient, he sought by letters and envoys to win the confidence. as well as to inspire the awe, of the rulers of Turkey and Persia.

PLOT AGAINST THE FIRST CONSUL.

While the preparation for the invasion was going on, the feeling against England was intensified by the discovery of a plot against the life of the First Consul. Georges Cadoudal, a fanatical royalist, who had directed the plot of the 3d Nivôse, and who had since been in England, had formed a gigantic conspiracy, having as its object nothing less than the assassination of Napoleon in broad daylight, in the streets of Paris.

He had secured powerful aid to carry of Amiens put on the triumphal arch out his plan. The Bourbon princes supported him, and one of them was to land on the north coast to put himself at the head of the royalist sympathizers as soon as the First Consul was killed. plot was associated Pichegru, who had been connected with the 18th Fructidor. General Moreau, the hero of Hohenlinden, was

It came to light in time, and a general arrest was made of those suspected of being privy to it. The first to be tried and punished was the Duc d'Enghien, who had been seized in Ettenheim, in Baden, a short distance from the French frontier, on the supposition that he had been coming secretly to Paris to be present at the meetings of the conspirators. His trial at Vincennes was short, his execution immediate. There is good reason to believe that Napoleon had no suspicion that the where he might be weak, or where he Duc d'Enghien would be executed so soon as he was, and even to suppose that he sold to the United States. It gave him would have lightened the sentence if the punishment had not been pushed on with an irregularity and inhumanity that recalls

The execution was a severe blow to The Irish were promised aid in their ef- Napoleon's popularity, both at home and



THE BATTLE OF AUSTRALITS, LECENBER 2, 1845.

Engraved by Cadefroy in 1813, after a painting by Gérard made in 1810. Gérard chose for this picture the moment in the battle when the Russian Imperial Guard Sed towards Austernitis. Rapp, his head bare and forehead bleeding, announces the victory to Napoleon. Behind the emperor art grouped the staff officers, and Russian officers taken prisoner. The picture was painted for the ceiling of the ball of the Council of State in the Taileries. It was taken from the palace at the Restoration, and went again to Gérard, who refused to sell it to the Palace of Weilington. It is now in the historical gallery of Versaliles.







From a copyrighted eiching by Jacquet, after Messonier; reproduced by the kind permission of Mr. C. Klackner, owner of the etching. Mehannier constructed his composition from tactical descriptions of the battle. The foreground is occupied by a regiment of cuiramiers, while the emperor and his staff necupy a position in the middle ground. The original picture, which forms part of the collection of the Duc d'Aumele, at Chantilly, is the second upon this subject which Mejanonier painted, the first having been accidentally destroyed by fire aboutly after it was completed.



NAPOLEON, 1805.

Engraved by Morghen, after Gérard, in 1807 Napoleon wrote a letter thanking Morghen for the beauty of this engraving, and subsequently decorated him with the Legion of Honor.

abroad. Fouche's cynical remark was just: themselves that it was their duty to sup-"The death of the Duc d'Enghien is port Napoleon's splendid work of reor-worse than a crime; it is a blunder." Cha-teaubriand, who had accepted a foreign society the effect was distressing. The embassy, resigned at once, and a number members of Napoleon's own household of the old aristocracy, such as Pasquier met him with averted faces and sad counand Molé, who had been saying among tenances, and Josephine wept until he



MERITMS OF MAPOLEON AND PRANCES II, EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA, AFTER THE BATTLE OF AUSTRALITY, DECEMBER, 1865.

Engraved by Delauny, after Grob. Pointing to the nearest watchfire. Napoleon said: "I must receive your majesty in the only palace I have inhabited for two months." The emperor replied: "You make so good use of it that you must find it very pleasant."

called her a child who understood nothing of politics. Abroad there was a revulsion of sympathy, particularly in the cabinets of Russia, Prussia, and Austria.

The trial of Cadoudal and Moreau to followed. The former with several of his accomplices was executed. Moreau was exiled for two years. Pichegru committed suicide in the Temple.

EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH.

This plot showed Napo leon and his friends that a Jacobin or royalist fanatic might any day end the life upon which the scheme of reorganization depended. It is true he had afready been made First Consul for life by a practically unanimous vote, but there was need of strengthening his position and providing a suc-In March, six cession. days after the death of the Duc d'Enghien, the Senate proposed to him that he complete his work and take the throne. In April the Council of State and the Pribunate took up the discussion. The opinion of the majority was voiced by Regnault de Saint Jean d'Angély; "It is a long time since all reasonable men, all true friends of their country, have wished that the First Consul would make himself emperor, and reestablish, in favor of his family, the old principles of hereditary succession. It is the only means of securing permanency to the old fortune, and to the men whom ment has raised to high The Republic, offices. which I loved passionately, while I detested the crimes of the Revolution,



NAPADON, EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH AND KING OF ITALY ("NAPOLÉON, EMPÉREUR DES FRANÇAIS, & LUCHALIE") - 25-6.

Engraved by Arnold, after Dähling. It was at Berlin, at the time of the entry of the French army, that Dähling saw the emperor and made his portrait in colors. Masson says that all the representations of Napoleon from 1806 to 1815 were copied after this design of Dähling.



HE KNAST BEN STATE WITTERS THAT 18-1

Engraved by Cardon after Eldridge, 1261 Pitt born May 28, 1750, was the second son of William Pat, Earl of Chatham Before he was fifteen, sent to Cambrulge, where he made a remarkable record in mathematics and the classics. He studied law in Lincoln's Inn. and at the age of twenty-one became member of Parliament. His first speech, in favor of economical reform, made a great impression. At twenty three he was made a member of the cabinet as Chancellor of the Exchequer. At twenty four he became Premier, with an opposition including Fox, Burke, Sheridan, and North His courage and determination were such, on the East India Company bill, that when Parliament was dissolved, and the country appealed to he was supported as no minister in England had been for generations. He secured the passage of several important bills, and practically did away with the opposition. When the French Revolution came on, he at first endorsed it but was revolted by its atrocities. He tried to avoid war with France, and was only driven into it by public opinion. but his military administration was feeble. The king, George III refusing to second his plans for Irish relief, Put resigned in 1201 after eighteen years of nearly absolute power. When the treaty of Amiens was broken in 1603, he appeared in Parliament again, in favor of war, and the next year was recalled to the premiership. He had great difficulty, however, with his cabinet and Napoleon's train of victories alarmed him. At last he fell sick from his anxiety. Trafalgar aroused him but Austerlitz struck him a blow from which he could not rully, and he died January 25, 1806. He was honored with a public funeral, and his remains were placed in Westminster Abbey



NAPOLEON AT JENA. 1800,

After Horace Vernet. This picture of Napoleon is a fragment of a great canvas representing the battle of Jena, found in the Hall of Battles at Versailles. Vernet was commissioned by Louis Philippe to paint the great battles of France when he first conceived the idea of converting the château into an historical museum. This particular picture is one of a series, including the battles of Friedland, Jena, and Wagram. It appeared in the salos of 1836.

is now in my eyes a mere Utopia. The and to protect her against the fury of fac-First Consul has convinced me that he tions."
wishes to possess supreme power only to render France great, free, and happy, a body to the Tuileries. "You have ex-



NAPOLEON, 1858

Engraved in 1812 by Massard, after Bouillon

throne of the French people.

IMPERIAL HONORS AND ETIQUETTE.

tricated us from the chaos of the past," and Arch Treasurer of the Empire. Of said the spokesman, "you enable us to his old generals, Berthier, Murat, Moncey, enjoy the blessings of the present; guar- Jourdan, Masséna, Augureau, Bernadotte, antee to us the future." On the 18th of Soult, Brune, Lannes, Mortier, Ney, Da-May, 1804, when thirty-five years old, youst, and Bessières were made marshals. Napoleon was first addressed as "sire," and The red button of the Legion of Honor congratulated on his elevation to the was scattered in profusion. The title of citoren, which had been consecrated by the Revolution, was dropped, and hereafter everybody was called monsieur,

Two of Napoleon's brothers, unhappily, Immediately his household took on the had no part in these honors. Jerome, who forms of royalty. His mother was Madame had been serving as heutenant in the navy, Mère; Joseph, Grand-Elector, with the had, in 1803, while in the United States, title of Imperial Highness; Louis, Con-married a Miss Elizabeth Patterson of Balstable, with the same title; his sisters were timore. Napoleon forbade the recording imperial Highnesses. Titles were given to of the marriage, and declared it void. As all officials; the ministers were excellen- Jerome had not as yet given up his wife, cies; Cambacérès and Le Brun, the Second he had no share in the imperial rewards. and Third Consuls, became Arch Chancellor Lucien was likewise omitted, and for a



RNTRANCE OF THE FRENCH INTO BERLIN, OCTOBER 27, 1806.
Engraved by Bovinel, after Swedsch.



ALEXANDER I CE BUSSIA 18c5.

Alexander I, of Russia was born at St. Petersburg in 1777, ascended the throne in 1851, after the murder of his father. His first acts were remarkably liberal. He recalled the banished, opened prisons, abolished the censorship, the torture, the public sale of serfs, founded schools, reformed the code, and did much to put Russia in the line of progress Western Europe was following. He entered into the first coalition against Napoleon in 1805, and suffered a defeat at Austerlitz in December of that year. The next year the battles of Eylan and Friedland drove him to make peace with Napoleon The negotiations of Tilsit where this peace was signed, were the beginning of a warm personal friendship between the two emperors, and Alexander consented to aid Napoleon in his vast scheme for conquering England The fundamental part of this scheme, the continental blockade, at last bore too heavily on the Russians, and Napoleon's occupation of Oldenburg dissatisfied Alexander. The peace was broken in 1812, and Napoleon undertook the invasion of Russia. Alexander refused to come to any terms with his former friend, and in 1813 called Europe to arm itself against France. This coalition was fatal to Napoleon, who was driven to abdicate in 1814; and Alexander, who had pleased the Parisians by his mild treatment of them, was the main instrument in the recall of the Bourbons. At the Congress of Vienna which followed, he succeeded in obtaining assent to his confiscation of Poland. After Waterloo Alexander returned with his troops to Paris, and consented to the rigorous measures taken against the country, but opposed its dismemberment. On leaving Paris he signed the Holy Alliance with Prussia and Austria, which had as its real object opposition to the liberal principles of the Revolution. Alexander fell under new influences afterwards-English and Protestant He closed the French theatres and opened Bible societies; became, under Madame Krüdener's influence, a devout follower of her mysticism, and received a deputation of Quakers, with whom he prayed and wept. Later he became severe and suspicious. He died in 1825.

similar reason. His first wife had died in 1801, and much against Napoleon's wishes he had married a Madame Jouberthon, to whom he was deeply attached; nothing could induce him to renounce his wife and take the Queen of Etruria, as Napoleon wished. The result of his refusal was a violent quarrel between the brothers, and Lucien left France.

This rupture was certainly a grief to Napoleon. Madame de Rémusat draws a pathetic little picture of the effect upon him of the last interview with Lucien:

" It was near midnight when Bonaparte came into the room, he was deeply dejected. and, throwing himself into an arm-chair, he exclaimed in a troubled voice, ' It is all over! I have broken with Lucien, and ordered him from my presence.' Madame
Romanarte began to expostulate. 'You are Bonaparte began to expostulate. 'You are a good woman,' he said, 'to plead for him. Then he rose from his chair, took his wife in his arms, and laid her head softly on his shoulder, and with his hand still resting on the beautiful head, which formed a contrast to the sad, set countenance so near it, he told us that Lucien had resisted all his entreaties, and that he had resorted equally in vain to both threats and persuasion. is hard, though,' he added, ' to find in one's own family such stubborn opposition to interests of such magnitude. Must I, then, isolate myself from every one? Must I rely on myself alone? Well! I will suffice to myself, and you, Josephine-you will be my comfort always,

A fever of etiquette seized on all the inhabitants of the imperial palace of Saint Cloud, The ponderous regulations of Louis XIV, were taken down from the shelves in the library, and from them a code began to be compiled. Madame Campan, who had been First Bedchamber Woman to Marie Antoinette, was summoned to interpret the solemn law, and to describe costumes and customs. Monsieur de Talleyrand, who had been made Grand Chamberlain, was an authority who was consulted on everything.

"We all felt ourselves more or less elevated," says Madame de Rémusat. "Vanity is ingenious in its expectations, and ours were unlimited. Sometimes it was disenchanting, for a moment, to observe the almost ridiculous effect that this agitation produced upon



BATTLE OF EVLAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1807.

Eiched by Vallot, after Gros. Napoleon appears mounted on a light bay horse, and in the dress he wore on the day of the battle. On the right are Soult, Davoust, and Murat; on the left, Berthier, Bessidres, and General Caulannourt. Soon after the battle of Eylan a contest was opened for a picture of Napoleon visiting the battle-field. Gros did not wish to contest, but Denon forced him to it, and his sketch was successful. The order was given him, and the emperor sent him the hat and overcost which he wore during the battle. This picture was in the sales of 1608, and is now in the Louvre.

said with Montaigne, 'Let us avenge ourselves by railing at them.' lests, more or less witty, and puns, more or less ingenious, were lavished on these new-made princes, and somewhat disturbed our brilliant viscensure success is small, and flattery was much more common than criticism."

No one was more severe in matters of etiquette than Napoleon himself. He studied wrote De Champagny, "you must write nine thousand against him then. me a report as to the way in which ministers and ambassadors should be received. Notre Dame, It will be well for you to enlighten pared with the greatest care. me as to what was the practice at Vereveryone must conform to them. I am the etiquette of the occasion. France.

comrades-in-arms, who were accustomed who persisted, occasionally, even after he was "sire," in using the language of easy to perform for him the intimacy. Lannes was even removed for service of coronation. some time from his place near the emperor for an indiscretion of this kind.

THE FÊTE OF BOULOGNE.

In August, 1804, the new emperor visited Boulogne to receive the congratulations of his army and distribute decorations. visit was celebrated by a magnificent fête. Those who know the locality of Boulogne, remember, north of the town, an amphitheatre-like plain, in the centre of which is a hill. In this plain sixty thousand men were camped. On the elevation was erected a throne. Here stood the chair of Dagobert; behind it the armor of Francis I.; and around rose scores of blood-stained, bulletshot flags, the trophies of Italy and Egypt. Beside the emperor was the helmet of Bayard, filled with the decorations to be distributed. Up and down the coast were the French batteries; in the port lay the flotilla; to the right and left stretched the splendid army.

fleet of over a thousand boats came sailing into the harbor to join those already there, while out in the Channel English

certain classes of society. Those who had watched from their vesse's the splendid nothing to do with our brand new dignities armament, which was celebrating its approaching descent on their shores.

CORONATION OF NAPOLEON AND IOSEPHINE.

On December 1st the Senate presented ions: but the number of those who dare to the emperor the result of the vote taken among the people as to whether hereditary succession should be adopted. There were two thousand five hundred and seventynine votes against; three million five hunthe subject with the same attention that he dred and seventy-five thousand for—a vote did the civil code, and in much the same more nearly unanimous than that for the way. "In concert with M. de Ségur," he life consulate, there being something like

The next day Napoleon was crowned at The ceremony was pre-Grand Master of Ceremonies de Ségur, aided by sailles, and what is done at Vienna and St. the painter David, drew up the plan and Petersburg. Once my regulations adopted, trained the court with great severity in He had master, to establish what rules I like in the widest liberty, it even being provided that "if it be indispensable, in order that He had some difficulty with his old the cortege may arrive at Notre Dame with greater facility, to pull down some to addressing him in the familiar second houses," it should be done. By a master singular, and calling him Bonaparte, and stroke of diplomacy Napoleon had persuaded Pope Pius VII. to cross the Alps to perform for him the solemn and ancient

> Of this ceremony we have no better description than that of Madame Junot:

> "Who that saw Notre Dame on that memorable day can ever forget it? I have witnessed in that venerable pile the celebration of sumptuous and solemn festivals; but never did I see anything at all approximating in splendor the spectacle exhibited at Napoleon's coronation. The vaulted roof reëchoed the sacred chanting of the priests, who invoked the blessing of the Almighty on the ceremony about to be celebrated, while they awaited the arrival of the Vicar of Christ, whose throne was prepared near the altar. Along the ancient walls covered with magnificent tapestry were ranged, according to their rank, the different bodies of the state, the deputies from every city; in short, the representatives of all France assembled to implore the benediction of Heaven on the sovereign of the people's choice. The waving plumes which adorned the hats of the senators, counsellors of state and tribunes; the splendid uniforms of the military; the clergy in all their ecclesiastical pomp; and the multitude of young and beautiful women, glittering in jewels, and arrayed in that style of grace and elegance which is only seen in Paris;—altogether presented a picture which has, perhaps, rarely been equalled, and certainly never excelled.

"The Pope arrived first; and at the moment of Just as the ceremonies were finished, a his entering the Cathedral, the anthem Tues Petrus was commenced. His Holiness advanced from the door with an air at once majestic and humble. Ere long, the firing of a cannon announced the departure of the procession from the Tuileries. From an early officers and sailors, with levelled glasses, hour in the morning the weather had been exceeding





" 1947 NATIONAL ANTER PRINCIAND,

Photographed from the original painting by Mensonier; a companion piece to Meissonier's "1814". The original painting is now in the Metropolitan Museum, New York. The emperor, on a rising ground, is surrounded by his staff, amongst whom are his Marshals Bessières, Duroc, and Berthner. On his left and rear Nansouty is waiting with his division for the signal to defile; farther back are seen the "Clid Guard," with their greenader caps and white breeches. Messonier is said to have worked upon this picture for aftern years. He modelled all the horses in war, and every agure was drawn from the life. The painting was sold to Mr. A. T. Stewart of New York for about three hundred thousand france (sixty thousand dollars).

unfavorable. It was cold and rainy, and appearances seemed to indicate that the procession would be anything but agreeable to those who joined it. But, as if by the especial favor of Providence, of which so many instances are observable in the career of Napoleon, the clouds suddenly dispersed, the sky brightened up, and the multitudes who lined the streets from the Tuileries to the Cathedral, enjoyed the sight of the procession without being, as they had anticipated, drenched by a December rain. Napoleon, as he passed along, was greeted by heartfelt expressions of enthusiastic love and attachment.

"On his arrival at Notre Dame, Napoleon ascended the throne, which was erected in front of the grand altar. Josephine took her place beside him, surrounded by the assembled sovereigns of Europe. Napoleon appeared singularly calm. I watched him narrowly, with a view of discovering whether his heart beat more highly beneath the imperial trappings than under the uniform of the guards; but I could observe no difference, and yet I was at the distance of only ten paces from him. The length of the ceremony, however, seemed to weary him; and I saw him several times check a yawn. Nevertheless, he did everything he was required to do, and did it with propriety. When the Pope anointed him with the triple unction on his head and both hands, I fancied, from the direction of his eyes, that he was thinking of wiping off the oil rather than of anything else; and I was so perfectly acquainted with the workings of his countenance, that I have no hesitation in saying that was really the thought that crossed his mind at that moment. During the ceremony of anointing, the Holy Father delivered that impressive prayer which concluded with these words: 'Diffuse, O Lord, by my hands, the treasures of your grace and benediction on your servant Napoleon, whom, in spite of our personal unworthiness, we this day anoint emperor, in your name.' Napoleon listened to this prayer with an air of pious devotion; but just as the Pope was about to take the crown, called the Crown of Charlemagne, from the altar, Napoleon seized it, and placed it on his own head. At that moment he was really handsome, and his countenance was lighted up with an expression of which no words can convey an idea.

"He had removed the wreath of laurel which he wore on entering the church, and which encircles his brow in the fine picture of Gérard. The crown was, perhaps, in itself, less becoming to him; but the expression excited by the act of putting it on, ren-

dered him perfectly handsome.

"When the moment arrived for Josephine to take an active part in the grand drama, she descended from the throne and advanced towards the altar, where the emperor awaited her, followed by her retinue of court ladies, and having her train borne by the Princesses Caroline, Julie, Eliza, and Louis. One of the chief beauties of the Empress Josephine was not merely her fine figure, but the elegant turn of her neck, and the way in which she carried her head; indeed, her deportment altogether was conspicuous for dignity and grace. I have had the honor of being presented to many real princesses, to use the phrase of the Faubourg Saint-Germain, but I never saw one who, to my eyes, presented so perfect a personification of elegance and majesty. Napoleon's countenance I could read the conviction of all I have just said. He looked with an air of complacency at the empress as she advanced towards him; and when she knelt down, when the tears, which she could not repress, fell upon her clasped hands, as they were raised to Heaven, or rather to Napoleon, both then appeared to enjoy one of those fleeting moments of pure felicity which are unique

in a lifetime, and serve to fill up a lustrum of years. The emperor performed, with peculiar grace, every action required of him during the ceremony; but his manner of crowning Josephine was most remarkable: after receiving the small crown, surmounted by the cross, he had first to place it on his own head, and then to transfer it to that of the empress. When the moment arrived for placing the crown on the head of the woman whom popular superstition regarded as his good genius, his manner was almost playful. He took great pains to arrange this little crown, which was placed over Josephine's tiara of diamonds; he put it on, then took it off, and finally put it on again, as if to promise her she should wear it gracefully and lightly."

In May, 1805, Napoleon took the iron crown of Lombardy in Milan. The coronation was followed by a thorough reconstruction of this part of Italy. The new institutions of France replaced the complicated feudal arrangements which had harassed the people. Prince Eugene was made viceroy of Italy.

WAR WITH AUSTRIA.

Austria looked with jealousy on this accession of power, and particularly on this change in the institutions of her neighbor. In assuming control of the Italian and Germanic States, Napoleon gave the people his code and his methods; personal liberty, equality before the law, religious toleration, took the place of the injustice and narrowness which animated all feudal in-These new ideas were quite as hateful to Austria as the disturbance in the balance of power, and more dangerous to her system. Russia and Prussia felt the same suspicion of Napoleon as Austria did. All three powers were constantly incited to action against France by England, who offered unlimited gold if they would but combine with her. In the summer of 1805 Austria joined England and Russia in a coalition against France. Prussia was not yet willing to commit herself.

The great army which for so many months had been gathered around Boulogne for the descent on England, waited anxiously for the arrival of the French fleet to cover its passage. But the fleet did not come; and, though hoping until the last that his plan would still be carried out, Napoleon quietly and swiftly transferred the army of England into the Grand Army, and turned its march against his continental enemies.

Never was his great war rule, "Time is everything," more thoroughly carried out. "Austria will employ fine phrases in order to gain time," he wrote Talleyrand, "and to prevent me accomplishing anything this



MERTING OF FREDERICK WITLIAM III, KING OF PRESSIA, NAPOLEON, AND ALEXANDER L., EMPERAR OF RUSSIA, AT TILSET,
THE PIGURE ON THE LEFT IS FREDERICK WILLIAM, THAT ON THE RIGHT IS ALEXANDER

Engraved by Gügel, after a drawing by Wolff The meeting occurred June 26, 1807 in the pavilion which had been erected for that purpose on the River Nieman. After Friedland the Russians crossed the Nieman, the French camped on the banks opposite them. The first interview on the raft was between the Emperor Alexander and Napoleon alone on June 25th. The two emperors accompanied by their staffs, started from the opposite banks at the same time. Napoleon arrived first passed through the tent and met Alexander. The two embraced heartily in sight of the two armies, who cheered them loudly. A second interview took place the next day, to which the Emperor Alexander brought the King of Prussia. During the time that the sovereigns at Tilsit were negotiating, the two armies kept their positions, and friendly relations grew up between them.

year; . . . and in April I shall find one hundred thousand Russians in Poland, fed by England, twenty thousand English at Malta, and fifteen thousand Russians at Corfu. I should then be in a critical position. My mind is made up." His orders flew from Boulogne to Paris, to the German States, to Italy, to his generals, to his naval commanders. By the 28th of August the whole army had moved. A month later it had crossed the Rhine, and Napoleon was at its head.

The force which he commanded was in every way an extraordinary one. Marmont's enthusiastic description was in no way an exaggeration;

was less redoubtable from the number of its soldiers than from their nature. Almost all of them had carried on war and had won victories. There still existed among them something of the enthusiasm and exaltation of the Revolutionary campaigns, but this enthusiasm was systematized. From the supreme chief down—the chiefs of the army corps, the division commanders, the common officers and soldiers—everybody was hardened to war. The eighteen months in splendid camps had produced a training, an ensemble, which has never existed since to the same degree, and a boundless confidence. This army was probably the best and the most redoubtable that modern times have seen."

The force responded to the imperious genius of its commander with a beautiful precision which amazes and dazzles one who follows its march. So perfectly had all been arranged, so exactly did every corps

[&]quot; This army, the most beautiful that was ever seen,

and officer respond, that nine days after the passage of the Rhine, the army was in Bavaria, several marches in the rear of the enemy. The weather was terrible, but nothing checked them. The emperor himself set the example. Day and night he was on horseback in the midst of his troops; once for a week he did not take off his boots. When they lagged, or the enemy harassed them, he would gather each regiment into a circle, explain to it the position of the enemy, the imminence of a great battle, and his confidence in his troops. These harangues sometimes took place in driving snowstorms, the soldiers standing up to their knees in icy slush. By October 13th, such was the extraordinary march they had made, the emperor was able to issue this address to the army:

"Soldiers, a month ago we were encamped on the shores of the ocean, opposite England, when an impious league forced us to fly to the Rhine. Not a fortnight ago that river was passed; and the AIps, the Neckar, the Danube, and the Lech, the celebrated barriers of Germany, have not for a minute delayed our march

The enemy, deceived by our manoruvres and the rapidity of our movements, is entirely . . But for the army before you, we should be in London to-day, have avenged six centuries of insult, and have liberated the sea.

against the allies of England. .



Engraved by Dickenson, after a portrait painted in 1798 by Lauer Frederick William III born August 3, 1770, was the eldest son of Frederick William II., was trained by his granduncle Frederick the Great, and succeeded to his father's throne in 1707. Public affairs were in a bad condition at that moment, but Frederick, who, although rather slow and stupid, had an honest desire to govern well, called able ministers to his aid. When the treaty of Luneville ended the war with France in ifor he was obliged to give up his territory on the left bank of the Rhine. He remained at peace with Napoleon until frightened by the formation of the Confederation of the Rhine in 1806. The war which followed, ending in the treaty of Tilsit, drove him from Berlin and took away half his kingdom. But he nevertheless continued his efforts to reorganize his state. Frederick joined Napoleon for the Russian campaign but joined the coalition of x813. After Waterloo, he contipued to improve his kingdom, though he never gave it the liberal constitution he had promised, and opposed the liberal ideas which were abroad in his later years. He died June 7, 1840.

" Napoleon."

"Remember to-morrow that you are fighting ninety colors, more than thirty generals, at a cost of but fifteen hundred men, twothirds of them but slightly wounded.

But there was no rest for the army. Four days after this address came the Before the middle of November it had so capitulation of Ulm-a "new Caudine surrounded Vienna that the emperor and Forks," as Marmont called it. It was, as his court had fled to Brunn, seventy or Napoleon said, a victory won by legs, in- eighty miles north of Vienna, to meet the stead of by arms. The great fatigue and Russians, who, under Alexander I., were the forced marches which the army had coming from Berlin. Thither Napoleon undergone had gained them sixty thousand followed them, but the Austrians retreated prisoners, one hundred and twenty guns, eastward, joining the Russians at Olmütz.



TOUISM, QUEEN OF PRUSSIA. 1798.

Engraved by Dickenson, after a portrait painted in 1798 by Lauer Louise, Queen of Prussia, was born March 10, 1776, in Hanover Her father was the Duke Charles of Mecklenburg Strelitz and her mother a princess of Hesse Darmstadt In 1793 she met King Frederick William III at Frankfort He was so enamored of her beauty and her nobility of character that he made her his wife. Oucen Louise's dignity and sweetness under the reverses her kingdom suffered in the war with France, won her the love and respect of her people, and have given her a place among the most lovable and admirable women of history. She died July 19, 1810, and was buried at Charlottenburg, where a beautiful mausoleum by Rauch has been erected. In 1814 her husband instituted the Order of Louise in her honor On March 10, 1876, the Prussians celebrated the one hundredth anniversary of her birth.

some ninety thousand men. They had a of December Napoleon saw clearly what strong reserve, and the Prussian army was the allies intended to do, and had formed about to join them. Napoleon at Brunn his plan. The events of that day confirmed had only some seventy or eighty thousand his ideas. By nine o'clock in the evening men, and was in the heart of the enemy's he was so certain of the plan of the comcountry. Alexander, flattered by his aides, ing battle that he rode the length of his and confident that he was able to defeat line, explaining to his troops the tactics the French, resolved to leave his strong of the allies, and what he himself proposed position at Olmutz and seek battle with to do. Napoleon.

be understood if one draws a rough dia- out a brilliant demonstration from the gram of a right-angled triangle, Brunn being army. The divisions of infantry raised

at the right angle formed by two roads, one running south to Vienna, by which Napoleon had come, and the other running eastward to Olmütz. The hypothenuse of this angle. running from northeast to southwest, is formed by Napoleon's army.

When the allies decided to leave Olmütz their plan was to march southwestward in face of Napoleon's line, and get between him and Vienna, thus cutting off what they supposed was his base of supplies (in this they were mistaken, for Napoleon had, unknown to them. changed his base from Vienna to Bohemia), separating him from his Italian army, and driving him. routed, into Bohemia.

THE BATTLE OF AUSTER-LITZ.

On the 27th of November the allies advanced. and their first encounter with a small French advance guard was successful. It gave them confidence, and they continued their march on the 28th. 29th, and 30th, gradually extending a long line facing westward and parallel with Napoleon's line. The French emperor. while this movement was going on, was rapidly calling up his reserves and

The combined force of the allies was now strengthening his position. By the first day

Napoleon's appearance before the troops, The position the French occupied can his confident assurance of victory, called



N. C. OUDINOT, DUC DE REGGIO, 1811.

Engraved by Foster, after Lefevre Oudinot, Nicolas Charles, was born at Bar le due in 1767, son of a merchant Left commerce for the army, and so distinguished himself that 1791 he was made chief of battalion, and three years later general of brigade. The same year he received five wounds and was taken prisoner remaining captive until 1706. He next served under Moreau, and in 1700 was sent to the army of Helvetia, where he distinguished himself in the battle of Zurich - Oudinot was with Massen's in the siege of Genoa 1500, and in 15 5 was commander of a division of the camp of Bruges. In a os he received the grand cross of the Legion of Honor. In the campaign of 1804 he greatly distinguished himself at the head of ten thousand grenadiers, called the groundiers Oudin it. For his services in the campaign of 1507 13.7 he was made count, and in 1508 governor of Erfurt, where Napoleon presented him to Alexander I as the Bay ind of the army. The baton of marshal and the title of Duke of Regg o were given him after Wagram. Ondmot was wounded early in the Russian. campaign but on hearing of the dispsters returned to his command, and at the terrible passage of the Beresmalie performed proligies of valor. Throughout the campaign of 1813 and the invasion the next year he was active, and only laid down arms after Napoleon's abdication. He joined Louis XVIII and refused to leave him larging the hundred days. In 1823 he served in the Spanish campaign. He was made governor of the Invalides in 1842, a post he held until his death in 1847.

bundles of blazing straw on the ends of long poles, giving him an illumination as imposing as it was novel. It was a happythought, for the day was the anniversary of his coronation,

The emperor remained in bivouac all

the 2d of December he was in the saddle. When the gray fog lifted he saw the encmy's divisions arranged exactly as he had . divined. Three corps faced his right-the southwest part of the hypothenuse. These corps had left a splendid position facing his centre, the heights of Pratzen.

This advance of the enemy had left their centre weak and unprotected, and had separated the body of the army from its right, facing Napoleon's left. The endmy was in exactly the position Napoleon wished for the attack he had planned,

It was eight o'clock in the morning when the emperor galloped up his line, proclaiming to the army that the enemy had exposed himself, and crying out: "Close the campaign with a clap of thunder," The generals rode to their positions, and at once the battle opened. Soult, who commanded the French centre, attacked the allies' centre so unexpectedly that it was driven into retreat. The Emperor Alexander and his headquarters were in this part of the army, and though the young czar did his best to rouse his forces, it was a hopeless task. The Russian centre was defeated and the wings divided. At the same time the allies' left, where the bulk of their army was massed in a marshy country of which they knew little, was engaged and held in check by Davoust, and their right was overcome by Lannes. Murat, and Bernadotte. As soon as the centre and right of the allies had been driven into retreat, Napoleon concentrated his forces on the left, the strongest part of his enemy. In a very short time the allies were driven back into the canals and lakes of the country, and many men and nearly all their artiflery lost. Before night the routed enemy had fallen back to Auster-

Of all Napoleon's battles Austerlitz was the one of which he was the proudest. It was here that he showed best the "divine

The familiar note in which Napoleon announced to his brother Joseph the result of the battle, is a curious contrast to the oratorical bulletins which for some days flowed to Paris. His letter is dated Austerlitz. December 3, 1805 :

"After manocuvring for a few days I fought a decisive hattle yesterday. I defeated the combined armies commanded by the Emperors of Russia and Their force consisted of eighty thousand Russians and thirty thousand Austrians. I have made forty thousand prisoners, taken forty flags, one hundred guns, and all the standards of the Russian night. At four o'clock of the morning of Imperial Guard, . . . Although I have bivolacked



JEROME IS NAPARTE 1808.

"Engraved by I G. Müller, knight, and Frederich Müller, son, engravers to his majesty the King of Würtemberg After a design made at Cassel by Madame Kinson." Jerome Bonaparte, youngest brother of Napoleon, was born in Ajaccio, 1794; died near Paris in 1860. Entered the navy at sixteen, and in 1801 was sent on the expedition to Santo Domingo. On his return went to the United States, where, in 1803, he married Miss Elizabeth Patterson of Baltimore. Napoleon refused to recognize this marriage, and when Jerome brought his wife to Europe in 1805, they were forbidden France. Jerome continued in the navy, and his wife went to England. In 1806 he left naval for military service was recognized as a French prince, and made successor to the throne in event of Napoleon's leaving no male heirs. After Tilist, Jerome was made King of Würtemberg. The campaign of 1813 drove him to Paris. During the Hundred Days he sat in the chamber of peers. After the second restoration of Louis XVIII Jerome lived in various parts of Europe, suffering at one time serious financial embarrassment, until, in 1847, he was allowed to return to Paris. After the Revolution of 1848 he was made governor of the Invalider and marshal. In 1852 he was president of the imperial senate. Later the right of succession was given him and his son.



THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON IN STATE COSTUME (L'EMPEREUR EN GRARD COSTUME "). 1805.

Engraved by Tardieu, after Isabey. Title piece engraved by Malbeste, after Percier. Isabey became intimate with the Bonapartes during the Consulate through Hortense, whose drawing-master he had been. It was then be executed his portraits of Bonaparte at Malmaison, and the Review of the Consular Guard. He enjoyed Napoleon's favor throughout the Empire, and was charged by him to execute a series of thirty-two designs to commemorate his coronation. He was afterwards Marie Louise's drawing-master.



THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE IN STATE COSTUME ("L'IMPREATRICE EN GRAND COSTUME"). 1805.

Regraved by Audouin, after a design by Isabey and Percier.



THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON IN ORDINARY COURT COSTUME ("L'EMPEREUR EN PETIT COSTUME"). alleg.

Regraved by Ribanlt, after a design by Isabey and Percier.



THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE IN ORDINARY COURT COSTUME ("L'IMPERATRICE EN PETIT COSTUME"), 1805.

Engraved by Ribault, after a design by Isabey and Percier.

in the open air for a week, my health is good. This evening I am in bed in the beautiful castle of M. de Kaunitz, and have changed my shirt for the first time in eight days."

The battle of Austerlitz obliged Austria to make peace (the treaty was signed at Presburg on December 27, 1805), compelled Russia to retire disabled from the field, transformed the haughty Prussian ultimatum which had just been presented into humble submission, and changed the rejoicings of England over the magnificent naval victory of Trafalgar (October 21) into despair. It even killed Pitt. It enabled Napoleon, too, to make enormous strides in establishing a kingdom of the West. Naples was given to Joseph, the Batavian Republic was made a kingdom for Louis, and the states between the Lahn, the Rhine, and the Upper Danube were formed into a league, called the Confederation of the Rhine, and Napoleon was made Protector.

WAR WITH PRUSSIA AND RUSSIA.

At the beginning of 1806 Napoleon was again in Paris. He had been absent but three months. Eight months of this year were spent in fruitless negotiations with England and in an irritating correspond-The latter country had towards the Elbe. ence with Prussia. many grievances against Napoleon, the sum of them all being that "French politics had been the scourge of humanity for the last fifteen years," and that an "insatiable ambition was still the ruling passion of France." By the end of September war was declared, and Napoleon, whose preparations had been conducted secretly, it being given out that he was going to Compiègne to hunt, suddenly joined his army.

The first week of October the grand army advanced from southern Germany towards the valley of the Saale. This movement brought them on the flanks of the Prussians, who were scattered along the The unexpected appearance upper Saale. much better organized than the Prussian, The retreating army was in two divisions; the first crossing the Saale to As soon as Napoleon underto cut off the retreat of the second Prus- guards during the Seven Years' War. a height known as the Landgrafenberg. Poland to meet his enemy.

To command this height was to command the Prussian forces. By a series of determined and repeated efforts Napoleon reached the position desired, and by the morning of the 14th of October had his foes in his power. Advancing from the Landgrafenberg in three divisions, he turned the Prussian flanks at the same moment that he attacked their centre. The Prussians never fought better, per-haps, than at Jena. The movements of haps, than at Jena. their cavalry awakened even Napoleon's admiration, but they were surrounded and outnumbered, and the army was speedily broken into pieces and driven into a retreat.

While Napoleon was fighting at Jena, to the right at Auerstadt, Davoust was engaging Brunswick and his seventy thousand men with a force of twenty-seven thousand. In spite of the great difference in numbers the Prussians were unable to make any impression on the French; and Brunswick falling, they began to retreat towards Jena, expecting to join the other division of the army, of whose route they were ignorant. The result was frightful. The two flying armies suddenly encountered each other, and, pursued by the French on either side, were driven in confusion

THE ENTRY INTO BERLIN-JENA, EYLAU, AND FRIEDLAND.

The entry into Berlin was one of the great spectacles of the war. One particularly touching incident of it was the visit paid to Napoleon by the Protestant and Calvinist French clergy. There were at that time twelve thousand French refugees in Berlin. owing to the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. They were received with kindness by Napoleon, who told them they had good right to protection, and that their privileges and worship should be respected.

Jena brought Napoleon something like of the French army, which was larger and one hundred and sixty million francs in money, an enormous number of prisoners, caused the latter to retreat towards the guns, and standards, the glory of the entry of Berlin, a great number of interesting articles for the Napoleon Museum of Paris, Jena, the second falling back towards the among them the column from the field of Rosbach, the sword, the ribbon of the black stood these movements he despatched part eagle, and the general's sash of Friedrich of his force under Davoust and Bernadotte the Great, and the flags carried by his sian division, while he himself hurried on it did not secure him peace. The King to Jena to force battle on the first. The of Prussia threw himself into the arms of Prussians were encamped at the foot of Russia, and Napoleon advanced boldly into

The Poles welcomed the French with They hoped to find in Napoleon the liberator of their country, and they poured forth money and soldiers to reënforce him. "Our entry into Varsovia," wrote Napoleon, "was a triumph, and the sentiments that the Poles of all classes show since our arrival camfot be expressed. Love of counthe battle Napoleon went to Tilsit, which try and the national sentiment are not only entirely conserved in the heart of the and here he met the Emperor of Russia people, but it has been intensified by misfortune. Their first passion, their first desire, is again to become a nation. The rich reëstablishment of the nation, and offering their children, their fortunes, and their influence." Everything was done during the months the French remained in Poland to flatter and aid the army.

carried on in Old Prussia, to the southeast of the Gulf of Dantzic, and its main engagements were, the battle of Eylau on February 8, 1807, the closest drawn and most expensive battle the emperor had so far fought; the siege of Dantzic, which capitulated in May; and the battle of Friedland, versary of Marengo, was won largely by returned. Napoleon's taking advantage of a blunder of his opponent. Russian armies were on the opposite banks of the Alle. Benningsen, the Russian commander, was marching towards Königsberg by the eastern bank. Napoleon was pursuing by the western bank. The French of one or the other, and often talked toforces, however, were scattered; and Benningsen, thinking that he could engage and easily rout a portion of the army by crossarmy across to the western bank. Naposplendid skill. Calling up his reënforcements he attacked the enemy solidly. As soon as the Russian centre was broken, army was driven into the river, and thouwrote to Josephine:

"FRIEDLAND, 15th June, 1807. "MY FRIEND: I write you only a few words, for I am very tired. I have been bivouacking for several days. My children have worthily celebrated the anniversary of Marengo. The battle of Friedland will ple. The whole Russian army routed, eighty guns captured, thirty thousand men taken prisoners or killed, with twenty-five generals; the Russian guard annihilated; it is the worthy sister of Marengo, Aus-

terlitz, and Jena. The bulletin will tell you the rest. My loss is not large. I successfully out-manœuvred the enemy. "NAPOLEON."

PEACE OF TILSIT.

Friedland ended the war. Directly after for the time was made neutral ground, and the King of Prussia, and the map of Europe was made over.

The relations between the royal parties come from their châteaux, praying for the seem to have been for the most part amia-Napoleon became, in fact, very fond "Were he a woman I of Alexander I. think I should make love to him," he wrote Josephine once. Alexander, young and enthusiastic, had a deep admiration for The campaign against the Russians was Napoleon's genius, and the two became rried on in Old Prussia, to the southeast good comrades. The King of Prussia, overcome by his losses, was a sorrowful figure in their company. It was their habit to go out every day at Tilsit on horseback, but the king was awkward, always crowding against Napoleon, beside whom he rode, and making his two companions wait fought on June 14th. This battle, the anni- for him to climb from the saddle when they

> Their dinners together were dull, and the The French and the emperors, very much in the style of two careless, fun-loving youths, bored by a solemn elderly relative, were accustomed after dinner to make excuses to go home early; but later they met at the apartments gether until midnight.

Just before the negotiations were completed, Queen Louise arrived, and tried to ing the river at Friedland, suddenly led his use her influence with Napoleon to obtain at least Magdeburg. Napoleon accused leon utilized this unwise movement with the queen to Las Cases of trying to win him at first by a scene of high tragedy, but when they came to meet at dinner, her policy was quite another. "The Queen of defeat was inevitable, for the retreating Prussia dined with me to-day," wrote Napoleon to the empress on July 7th. sands lost. Many of those who did get had to defend myself against being obliged across were pursued through the streets of to make some further concessions to her Friedland by the French, and slaughtered. husband; . . . " and the next day, "The The battle was hardly over when Napoleon Queen of Prussia is really charming; she is full of coquetterie towards me. But do not be jealous; I am an oilcloth. off which all that runs. It would cost me too dear to play the galant."

The intercessions of the queen really hurried on the treaty. When she learned be just as celebrated and as glorious for my peo-, that it had been signed, and her wishes not granted, she was indignant, wept bitterly, and refused to go to the second dinner to which Napoleon had invited her. withdrew, Napoleon accompanied her. On

the staircase she stopped.

"Can it be," she said, "that after I have had the happiness of seeing so near me the man of the age and of history, I am not to have the liberty and satisfaction of assuring him that he has attached me for life? . . .

"Madame, I am to be pitied," said the emperor gravely. "It is my evil star."

By the treaty of Tilsit the face of the continent was transformed. Prussia lost half her territory. Dantzic was made a free town. Magdeburg went to France. Hesse-Cassel and the Prussian possessions west of the Elbe went to form the kingdom The King of Saxony reof Westphalia. ceived the grand duchy of Warsaw. Finland and the Danubian principalities were to go to Alexander in exchange for certain Ionian islands and the Gulf of Cattaro in Dalmatia.

Of far more importance than this change of boundaries was the secret treaty of Tilsit, wherein the two emperors pledged themselves to each other for nothing less than driving the Bourbons from Spain and the Braganzas from Portugal, and replacing them by Bonapartes; for giving Russia, Turkey in Europe, and as much of Asia as she wanted; for ending the temporal power of the Pope; for placing France in Egypt; for shutting the English from the Mediterranean; and for undertaking several other similar enterprises.

KING OF KINGS.

Napoleon's influence in Europe was now at its zenith. He was literally "king of kings," as he was popularly called, and the Bonaparte family was rapidly displacing the Bourbon. Joseph had been made King of Naples in 1806. Eliza was Princess of Lucques and Piombino. Louis, married to Hortense, had been King of Holland since 1806. Pauline had been the Princess Borghese since 1803; Laroline, the wife of Murat, was Grand Duchess of Cleves and Berg; Jerome was King of Westphalia; Eugene de Beauharnais, Viceroy of Italy, was married to a princess of Bavaria.

The members of Napoleon's family were elevated only on condition that they rule strictly in accordance with his plans. The interior affairs of their kingdoms were in reality centralized in his hands as perfectly as those of France. He watched the private and public conduct of his kings and

Alexander was obliged to go himself to nobles, and criticised them with absolute decide her. After the dinner, when she frankness and extraordinary common sense. The ground on which he protected them is well explained in the following letter, written in January, 1806, to Count Miot de Melito:

> "You are going to rejoin my brother. You will tell him that I have made him King of Naples; that he will continue to be Grand Elector, and that nothing will be changed as regards his relations with France. But impress upon him that the least hesitation, the slightest wavering, will ruin him entirely. I have another person in my mind who will replace him should he refuse. . . . At present all feelings of affection yield to state reasons. I recognize only those who serve me as relations. My fortune is not attached to the name of Bonaparte, but to that of Napoleon. It is with my fingers and with my pen that I make children. To-day I can love only those whom I esteem. Joseph must forget all our ties of childhood. Let him make himself esteemed. Let him acquire glory. Let him have a leg broken in battle. Then I shall esteem him. Let him give up his old ideas. Let him not dread fatigue. Look at me; the campaight I have just terminated, the movement, the excitement, have made me stout. I believe that if all the kings of Europe were to coalesce against me, I should have a ridiculous paunch.'

Joseph, bent on being a great king, boasted now and then to Napoleon of his position in Naples. His brother never failed to silence him with the truth, if it was blunt and hard to digest.

"When you talk about the fifty thousand enemies of the queen you make me laugh. . . . exaggerate the degree of hatred which the queen has left behind at Naples: you do not know mankind. There are not twenty persons who hate her as you suppose, and there are not twenty persons who would not surrender to one of her smiles. The strongest feeling of hatred on the part of a nation is that inspired by another nation. Your fifty thousand men are the enemies of the French.

With Jerome, Napoleon had been particularly incensed because of his marriage with Miss Patterson. In 1804 he wrote of that affair:

. Jerome is wrong to think that he will be able to count upon any weakness on my part, for, not having the rights of a father, I cannot entertain for him the feeling of a father; a father allows himself to be blinded, and it pleases him to be blinded because he identifies his son with himself. But what am I to Jerome? Sole instrument of my destiny, I owe nothing to my brothers. They have made an abundant harvest out of what I have accomplished in the way of glory; but, for all that, they must not abandon the field and deprive me of the aid I have a right to expect from them. They will cease to be anything for me, directly they take a road opposed to mine. If I exact so much from my brothers who have already rendered many services, if I have abandoned the one who, in mature age (Lucien), refused to follow my advice, what must not Jerome, who is still young, and who is known only for his neglect of duty, expect? If he does nothing for me, I shall see in this the decree of destiny, which has decided that I shall do nothing for him. . . ."

Jerome yielded later to his brother's wishes, and in 1807 was rewarded with the new kingdom of Westphalia. Napoleon kept close watch of him, however, and his letters are full of admirable counsels. The following is particularly valuable, showing, as it does, that Napoleon believed a government would be popular and enduring only in proportion to the liberty and prosperity it allowed the citizens.

"What the German peoples desire with impatience [he told Jerome], is that persons who are not of noble birth, and who have talents, shall have an equal right to your consideration and to public employment (with those who are of noble birth); that every sort of servitude and of intermediate obligations between the sovereign and the lowest class of the people should be entirely abolished. The benefits of the Code Napoleon, the publicity of legal procedure, the establishment of the jury system, will be the distinctive characteristics of your monarchy.

. . I count more on the effect of these benefits for the extension and strengthening of your kingdom, than upon the result of the greatest victories. Your people ought to enjoy a liberty, an equality, a well-being, unknown to the German peoples. What people would wish to return to the arbitrary government of Prussia, when it has tasted the benefits of a wise and liberal administration? The peoples of Germany, France, Italy, Spain, desire equality, and demand that liberal ideas should prevail. . . . Be a constitutional king."

Louis in Holland was never a king to Napoleon's mind. He especially disliked his quarrels with his wife. The two young people had been married for state reasons, and were very unhappy. In 1807 Napoleon wrote Louis, apropos of his domestic relations, a letter which is a good example of scores of others he sent to one and another of his kings and princes about their private affairs.

"You govern that country too much like a Capuchin. The goodness of a king should be full of majesty. . . . A king orders, and asks nothing from any one. . . . When people say of a king that he is good, his reign is a failure. . . . Your quarrels with the queen are known to the public. You should exhibit at home that paternal and effeminate character you show in your manner of governing. .

. . . Vou treat a young wife as you would command a regiment. Distrust the people by whom you are surrounded; they are nobles. You have the best and most virtuous of wives, and you render her miserable. Allow her to dance as much as she likes; it is in keeping with her age. I have a wife who is forty years of age; from the field of battle I write to her to go to balls, and you wish a young woman of twenty to live in a cloister, or, like a nurse, always washing her children. . . . Render the mother of your children happy. You have only one way of doing so, by showing her esteem and confidence. Un-

fortunately you have a wife who is too virtuous: if you had a coquette, she would lead you by the nose. But you have a proud wife, who is offended and grieved at the mere idea that you can have a bad opinion of her. You should have had a wife like some of those whom I know in Paris. She would have played you false, and you would have been at her feet. "Napoleon."

With his sisters he was quite as positive. While Josephine adapted herself with grace and tact to her great position, the Bonaparte sisters, especially Pauline, were constantly irritating somebody by their vanity and jealousy. The following letter to Pauline shows how little Napoleon spared them when their performances came to his ears:

"MADAME AND DEAR SISTER: I have learned with pain that you have not the good sense to conform to the manners and customs of the city of Rome; that you show contempt for the inhabitants, and that your eyes are unceasingly turned towards Paris. Although occupied with vast affairs, I nevertheless desire to make known my wishes, and I hope that you will conform to them.

"Love your husband and his family, be amiable, accustom yourself to the usages of Rome, and put this in your head: that if you follow bad advice you will no longer be able to count upon me. You may be sure that you will find no support in Paris, and that I shall never receive you there without your husband. If you quarrel with him, it will be your fault, and France will be closed to you. You will sacrifice your happiness and my esteem.

" Bonaparte."

This supervision of policy, relations, and conduct extended to his generals. The case of General Berthier is one to the point. Chief of Napoleon's staff in Italy, he had fallen in love at Milan with a Madame Visconti, and had never been able to conquer his passion. In Egypt Napoleon called him "chief of the lovers' faction," that part of the army which, because of their desire to see wives or sweethearts, were constantly revolting against the campaign, and threatening to desert.

In 1804 Berthier had been made marshal, and in 1806 Napoleon wished to give him the princedom of Neufchatel; but it was only on condition that he give up Madame Visconti, and marry.

"I exact only one condition, which is that you get married. Vour passion has lasted long enough. It has become ridiculous; and I have the right to hope that the man whom I have called my companion in arms, who will be placed alongside of me by posterity, will no longer abandon himself to a weakness without example. . . . You know that no one likes you better than I do, but you know also that the first condition of my friendship is that it must be made subordinate to my esteem."

Berthier fled to Josephine for help, weeping like a child; but she could do

nothing, and he married the woman chosen it to his librarian, who was expected to give Three months after the ceremony, the husband of Madame Visconti died, and Berthier, broken-hearted, wrote translators, whose business was not onl to the Prince Borghese:

"You know how often the emperor pressed me to obtain a divorce for Madame de Visconti. But a divorce was always repugnant to the feelings in which I was educated, and therefore I waited. To-day Madame de Visconti is free, and I might have been the happiest of men. But the emperor forced me into a marriage which hinders me from uniting myself to the only woman I ever loved. Ah, my dear prince, all that the emperor has done and may yet do for me, will be no compensation for the eternal misfortune to which he has condemned me,

THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH IN 1807.

Never was Napoleon more powerful than at the end of the period we have been tracing so rapidly, never had he so looked for attending to everything. The number the emperor. An observer who watched of despatches he sent out was incredible him through the Te Deum sung at Notre In the first three months of 1807, while h Dame in his honor, on his return from was in Poland, he wrote over seventee Tilsit, says: "His features, always calm hundred letters and despatches. and serious, recalled the cameos which represent the Roman emperors. He was kingdoms, the direction of his new-mad small; still his whole person, in this imposing ceremony, was in harmony with occupied him. While at Boulogne, tor the part he was playing. A sword glitter- mented by the failure of the English inva ing with precious stones was at his side, sion and the war against Austria, he ordere and the glittering diamond called the 'Re- that horse races should be established "i gent' formed its pommel. Its brilliancy those parts of the empire the most remark did not let us forget that this sword was able for the horses they breed; prizes sha the sharpest and the most victorious that be awarded to the fleetest horses." Th the world had seen since those of Alexan- very day after the battle of Friedland, h der and Cæsar.'

Certainly he never worked more prodi-The campaigns of 1805-1807 were, in spite of their rapid movement, indeed, because of it,-terribly fatiguing ordered canals, planned there for th for him; that they were possible at all was. Bourse and the Odeon Theatre. This car due mainly to the fact that they had been of details went, as Pasquier says, to th made on paper so many times in his study. "point of minuteness, or, to speak plainly ing from his study was filled with enormous—did produce a deep impression upon France maps of all the countries of the world. That he could establish himself five hur This room was presided over by a com- dred leagues from Paris, in the heart of petent cartographer. Frequently these winter, in a country encircled by his enc maps were brought to the study and mies, and yet be in daily communicatio spread upon the floor. Napoleon would with his capital, could direct even its least get down upon them on all fours, and creep important affairs as if he were presen about, compass and red pencil in hand, com- caused a superstitious feeling to rise i paring and measuring distances, and study- France, and in all Europe, that the empero ing the configuration of the land. If he of the French people was not only omnipo was in doubt about anything, he referred tent, but omnipresent.

him the fullest details.

Attached to his cabinet were skilfu to translate diplomatic correspondence, bu to gather from foreign sources full infor mation about the armies of his enemies Méneval declares that the emperor knew the condition of foreign armies as well a he did his own.

The amount of information he had abou other lands was largely due to his abilit to ask questions. When he sent to a agent for a report, he rattled at him a vol ley of questions, always to the point; and the agent knew that it would never do to let one go unanswered.

While carrying on the Germań cam paign of 1805-1807, Napoleon showed, a never before, his extraordinary capacit

It was not simply war, the making o kings; minor affairs of the greatest variet was sending orders to Paris about the forr and site of a statue to the memory of th Bishop of Vannes. He criticised from Poland the quarrels of Parisian actresses When he was Consul the only room open- to that of charlatanism;" but it certain



THE WAX CAST OF THE FACE OF NAPOLEON.

THE STRANGE HISTORY OF A PRECIOUS RELIC.

By BARON DE ST. Pôl.

full face and in profile, of the real wax cast (fifteen thousand dollars) for it. of the face and head of Napoleon I. It was engraved April 14, 1855, from a photo- I think it was November, the wax cast was

which was destroyed.

possess more dramatic interest than the very unsavory record, suddenly appeared wax cast in question. The average histor- in London with the wax cast, and exhibical student knows that Dr. Arnott, who ited it at 454 Oxford Street, attracting was representing Sir Hudson Lowe at the great crowds of people. Of course the final scene, and who assisted Dr. Henry French government at once had the case and Dr. Antommarchi at the dissection of investigated, and the exhibited mask havthe body, which took place early on the ing been found to be the stolen relic, the following morning, remained in the room captain was arrested. For want of proof with the dead body of the emperor during of his complicity in the theft, Winneberger the night of the 5th of May; but what is was released, and, furthermore, a sum of not generally known is that Dr. Arnott, four thousand pounds (twenty thousand during two or three hours of the night, dollars) was paid to him for the return of when left absolutely alone, made a cast, a the precious relic, which he had cleverly solid wax cast, of the face of the emperor, managed to conceal one hour before his which he sedulously concealed from every- arrest, very likely in collusion with the body, even from Sir Hudson Lowe; and English detectives. that the following morning the other doctors, and the faithful friends of the em- the writer's personal knowledge of peror, Count Bertrand, Count Montholou, and Marchand (the valet de chambre of Napoleon), perceiving that the face had been somewhat tampered with, a very hot had hastened to London to take possession discussion ensued before the taking of the of it, and it remained his property until his plaster cast, Dr. Antommarchi accusing death, when it reverted, by his will, to his the English surgeon of treachery. And nephew, the Emperor Napoleon III., who the accusation was more than merited, had paid from his own exchequer the ranbecause, upon his return to Europe, Dr. som of four thousand pounds extorted by Arnott hastened to Würtemberg, and of- Winneberger. Prince Jerome prized this fered the wax cast for sale to the king, relic of his brother above all his other famfather-in-law of King Jerome, the younger ily souvenirs. It was still in his possession

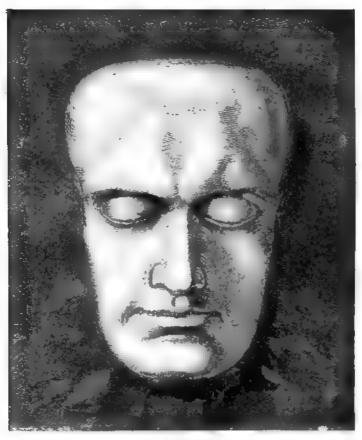
'HIS document, practically inedit, is a so perfect, so beautiful, that he had no rare and beautiful reproduction, in difficulty in securing three thousand pounds

At the end of 1827, I forget the month, graph taken the previous day by Bland & stolen from the palace of the king, and Sons, Fleet Street, London, the negative of disappeared from public view until April, 1855, when a Captain Winneberger, a cash-But few of the memorials of Napoleon iered officer of the Bavarian army, with a

THE CAST.

The cast was turned over to Jerome, who brother of Napoleon; and the work was when I saw it for the first time, and I re-





WAX CASE OF THE FACE OF NATOLEON I FULL FACE,

years, with what emotion I opened, with seat of honor on the occasion of my suc-

and only slightly faded.

lowed by the prince to look again upon beaten cheeks of those sturdy men, relics the marvellous likeness of the great em- themselves of another age-a real age of peror. The last time was shortly before iron. Prince Jerome was also silently the prince's death; and a few veterans, weeping. How extraordinary must have remnants of hundreds of battle-fields, who been the man who could instil such unhad served with distinction under his bounded devotion and reverence into vast brother, were that day his guests at a multitudes, and conquer so completely the

member vividly, after a lapse of thirty-five function, where I occupied near him a my own hands, the queer-looking box con- cessful examination for the degree of taining the cast.

Bachelor of Arts. The brave General "It is a beautiful likeness of my brother," Pajol, a veteran of high repute, who had said the prince, who was at that moment served under the emperor in different calooking himself very solemn; "and it was pacities since Austerlitz, and fought with a great grief, a real blow to me, when the greatest gallantry during the one hunsome unknown criminal carried it away died days' campaign, was there; and, from Stuttgart. But now, since we have though usually a very calm and unemoregained possession of it, there is no prob- tional man, he exhibited that day, as did ability that we will lose it again." And several of his comrades, the greatest feelleaning over the cast, he pointed out to me mg and passion when the box was opened. the presence of five short hairs imbedded in exclaiming in a voice nearly drowned in the wax on the left side, about three inches sobs: "Oh, yes! yes! it is like him! him! from the temple; they were as fine as silk, -our beloved and generous chief!" And looking around me at that moment, I saw On two subsequent occasions I was al- tears, big tears, rolling down the weather-



WAX CASE OF THE FACE OF NAPOLBON 1 -IN PROFILE

nation!

the Tuileries. It was contained in a rose-people, the rule was rigidly enforced. wood box, known amongst us -the few device. The key was in my keeping.

garden of the palace. But having also the again,

hearts of the noblest and bravest of a key of the cabinet at my disposal, I was at liberty to look at the cast at any time. I A little later, for a few years-from seldom indulged my curiosity, however, January, 1867, to January, 1870-I was the for the cast looked too "real" to make it custodian of this interesting relic, and I a very pleasant pastime. I had strict orders had it in my own hands many times during never to exhibit it to the merely curious, the three years I passed under the roof of and, as I had a perfect horror of such

The way cast was burned, I suppose, privileged persons who had the entire with the Palace of the Tuileries, in 1871, confidence of the Emperor Napoleon III, or it may have been stolen again during -as the "casket," This was fined made the senseless and barbarian revelries of with metal, and was provided on the top the Commune, by some "Communard," with double glasses, which were very thick who hid it away, and who was perhaps and fitted very tight. The cover was shot himself when the army of Versailles secured with a safety lock of ingenious stormed Paris, and the secret buried with him under the turf of the camp of Satory. The cast itself reposed upon a bed of Several times, during the dark days of white satin bordered with violet velvet exile upon British soil, the poor and unstrewed with the imperial bees, and the fortunate emperor mentioned to me the "casket" was under lock and key in a wax cast of his uncle, and twice told me cabinet which was located on the left side, that he looked at it for the last time the of the huge desk of the emperor, between day before he left Paris for the camp of two deep windows overlooking the private. Chalons, never to return to the Tuileries

THE TRUMBULL PORTRAIT OF NAPOLEON.

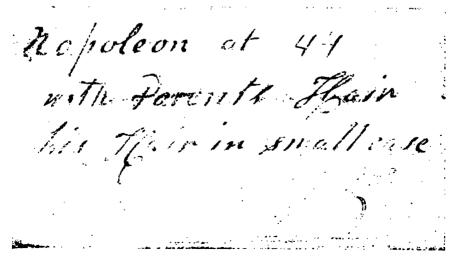
page, and now published for the first time, is undoubtedly in the inscription, and is from an original drawn, presumably from is of a sort which anybody might fall life or memory, in 1808. In the original, into. which is part of the "Trumbull Gallery Professor Ed. Frossard, of Brooklyn, N. Y., the face is entirely in bold pen-and-ink work, with uniform and background finished in sepia. Under the bust is a locket containing a burning heart in a wreath of forget-me-nots, surrounded by a border of hair-work. Set in the frame beneath this is a smaller locket containing a bit of unwoven hair. On the back of the frame, which is of ebonized wood, eighteen by fifteen inches, is pasted a copy of the "New York Mirror," of August 16, 1823, containing anecdotes of Napoleon. In the upper left corner is pasted a piece of paper bearing the inscription in ink, written in Trumbull's own hand: "Napoleon at 44 with Parents Hair-his Hair in small case —J. T.; " from which it should seem that the hair in the woven border of the larger locket was that of one or the other, or both, of Napoleon's parents, and that the Napoleon's own.

The statement of the inscription, "Napoleon at 44," does not agree with the

HE portrait of Napoleon, by John date on the picture, 1808, since Napoleon Trumbull, printed on the opposite was not forty-four until 1813. The error

In making the portrait of Napoleon, it is of Revolutionary Sketches," owned by not unlikely that Trumbull drew a face studied from life, though the production may have been, probably was, from memory. On several occasions he spent some time in Paris, where he enjoyed the friendship of the best people in official and artistic circles. On one occasion he dined with Talleyrand, and talked with Lucien Bonaparte, who sat beside him at table, "on the subject of his brother's wonderful success." When the Revolution was at its height, and all strangers were under suspicion, he was helped to a passport and safe conduct out of Paris by his intimate friend David, the same David whose portraits of Napoleon, painted from life, are so interesting a part of the remarkable collection now publishing in this magazine. It is not at all unlikely, therefore, that Trumbull had opportunities to study the living features of Napoleon; and, such opportunities occurring, he was not the unwoven hair in the smaller locket was man to neglect them. But, however produced, the portrait is certainly one of peculiar interest and value.

The original portrait is but lately dis-



FACSIMILE OF NOTE ON THE BACK OF TRUMBULL'S PORTRAIT OF NAPOLEON,



BEARS IN OUR DEMONITE Signed 1 J. T. (868.11

covered, and its history is a little obscure; Trumball was before all else a portrait but there is no reason to doubt its authentics painter, and the especially delighted in ity. Besides the testimony of the inscrip-tion in Trumbull's own hand, and the judg-ment of experts to whom the drawing has brought him into contact. Nor was it only been submitted, that it is unquestionably the public men of his own country that Trumbull's work, there is further testimony attracted him. In the Trumbull collection to its genumeness in what is certainly preserved at Vale College is a portrait of known of Trumbull's life and methods, the Duke of Wellington by him,

THE ROMANCE OF DULLTOWN.

BY JAMES W. TEMPLE.

I.

staples shipped from its depot, and the merchandise sold by its several "stores" to the country people located near it. It has the regulation supply of shops, offices, and warehouses; its churches, its schools, its fine residences and humble cottages It numbers among its population its rich man, its well-todo tradesmen, its day-laborers, its loafers. It has its preachers, its doctors, its teachers; it has its local politicians, its office-seekers, its cranks, its weather prophets, its orators for Fourth-of-July demands and other great occasions. It has its little local squabbles, its professional jealousies, its commercial rivalries. It has its milliners, its dress-makers, its fashionable coteries and their humble imitators. It has its elections, on which days society is stirred to its profoundest depths by the struggles of Smith, Brown, and Jones to become constable, justice, assessor, or collector. It also takes a live part in greater affairs, and sends ventions with commendable punctuality.

the intelligent reader cannot locate the vil- interest, to several farmers who owned exlage or town in the writer's mind, he must ceptionally good farms in his vicinity, but be dull indeed. He can have no more data were poor calculators; and when the times from me. It is quite possible, however, of settlement came, and the debtors failed that different persons will locate it differ- to pay, further obliged them by extending ently as I go on with an analysis of some of the time, on their executing certain mortthe peculiarities of its prominent citizens.

spect for wealth, let us commence with the provements when the times got bad, as rich man of the town.

and much shrewdness, he decided that ers; so that, let crops succeed or fail, he

breaking prairie and raising stock was a slow way to wealth; so he established a ULLTOWN, as any tyro in geography country store, where he could enjoy a mocan tell, is a village of a few hundred nopoly of the trade, and whatever perinhabitants, situated on the line of the X centage he chose to ask on his sales, which X. L. Railroad, in the County of Blank, simplified merchandising very much in and State of Incognito. To describe it as those early days. He also invested some a real-estate agent would do, it is the cen-spare money in buying tax titles, having tre of a fine agricultural region, and a trad- the good mick thereby to become the owner ing point of no mean order, judged by the of several pieces of land forfeited by their



LUL, TOWN'S RICH MAN

its three or four delegates to county con- former owners, under pressure of the times, to the inevitable tax laws. He also gave If, all these pointers having been given, credit, and even made small loans, at big gages to secure the same, which mort-First, that we may show a proper re- gages generally swallowed farms and imthey usually did in those days. These This important personage, who has now farms, thus falling into his hands, he either retired from active commercial pursuits, sold again, partly on time, with mortgage and is in the enjoyment of a dignified old to secure the balance, or rented to tenants, age, came to the County of Blank in its taking, to secure the rent, chattel mortearly settlement. Having a little money gages on the crops and teams of his rentor tenant was better to him than their sleek. success. So, in a few years he quit merchandising, and set up as banker-loaned tive in the village life of Dulltown-that money, shaved notes, bought and sold class of self-constituted censors of public farms—and is now retired from active busi- morals, whose duty and pleasure it seems ness, unless collecting rents and cutting to be to watch over the affairs of other coupons be called such, and is reaping the people, much gratified to find a screw rewards of a well-spent life in the defer-loose, or a flaw somewhere, in the runningence and dependence of hosts of his old gears of the social machine. Indeed, so neighbors, though some are ill-natured zealous do they become that they grow enough to associate his name with that of prophetic, predicting exils they can't see; one Shylock of Shakespearian memory; and, like the shrewd dentist in his work, if but there are envious men everywhere, as they find no cavities, try to make them. also there are men who will call a spade a. They have capital noses for faults-they spade.

on describing other residents of Dulltown, they "suspicioned it long ago;" if misfor-

if I did not fear to bore the reader. I should like to describe its one lawyer, whose principal forte it was to stir up litigation in the neighborhood. I should like to sketch the two justices of the peace, dignified as owls, and as ignorant of law, but with fairly good judgment to get at the equity. of cases, unless befogged by the lawyers. I should like to describe the preachers, who, faling their several appointments, came every two years, full of energy and purpose to do much good, but who found themselves confronted at the start by quarrelsome cliques within their own churches, and petty jealousies, bickerings, and scandals without, which neutralized their best efforts at reform : while social life had its castes, its "sets," and its ostracisms, which no merit in the individual, nor interest in the cause, could combat. I could describe, also, that ubiquitous personage, the "fast" young man, who punctually put in an appearance every evening at the corner restaurant, or ogled young ladies on their way to church; who, in spite of the care of the authorities, found means to keep his flask filled-and emptied -every day, and became eloquent and melodious frequently, as well as erratic in his locomotion on Saturday evenings; also that class of hangers-on of the village who seemed to have no visible means of support-those unsolved conundrums of every community, who "toil not, neither do they

was safe; and, in fact, a failure of buyer spin," but yet contrive to keep fat and

I could describe another class-most acassign discreditable causes for actions, It would give me great pleasure to go good or bad; if frailty claim a victim,



DILLTOWN'S LAWYER.

life's cream.'

But all these pointers will help the reader little to locate Dulltown. There are several villages we know of, possessed of like citizens; and the reader will feel like calling the writer to time, and bidding him

not, incredulous reader! It is not alone the unexpected. but the improbable, that happens. Was it that a tanner of Galena, or a sheriff of Buffalo, a rail-splitter of Illinois, or a canal-boat boy of Ohio, would fill the world's highest places? Was any "good" expected to "come out of Nazareth "? So a romance is possible anywhere, even in Dull-

the shape of "village sociables," or other ern cities, they say, levelling and democratic assemblages, where "the rich and the poor meet to- to school. John, her oldest hopeful, was gether," and "the Lord is the father of sturdy, rollicking, ragged "chunk of a them all," as the Bible says, to illustrate boy " of twelve,-ragged, but clean and the levelling function of such meetings; well groomed; and, somehow, his rags and you have material for a romance, even didn't "sit heavy on his soul," to the inculin the Dulltowns of the world,

tune overtake a neighbor, they had looked beth's witches would be a good introducfor it from his foolish management. To tion: "Double, double, toil and trouble." be first to unearth a slander, and to varie- But it needs no mystic rhyme. "Trouble" gate it with fanciful decorations, is, as will "double" fast enough of its own motion Scott says, the "very skimming of their in such cases as this. But we will artfully adjourn our story here to the next chapter.

H.

THE Widow Brown moved into Dullquit generalities and "drive on with his town one cold day in November of I forget what year. But no matter. "Time is Well, Dulltown had its romance. Start not the essence of my contract." It is

more essential to sav that the Widow Brown was, as a neighbor said," poor 'as p'ison," (This neighbor was of the class before mentioned, who deemed it their special duty to know just how poor their new neighbor was.) But poor she was, there's no denying; else she had not taken such a poor house on a back street of Dulltown. and immedi-



A JUSTILE OF THE CRACE

town. For the ingredients of romance are ately given out that she wanted work to everywhere, if properly mixed. What are keep her family, consisting of herself and they? Youth, love, ambition, hope, suc- three children. She proved to be a good cess. Given a poor but gallant youth for needle-woman, and soon obtained work a lover; a lovely, romantic maiden, with enough to keep the wolf from the door regulation blue or hazel or dark eyes; -which is easier to do in the West, even a hard, worldly father; opportunity, in where wolves are plenty, than in big East-

Then, she sent her two biggest children cating of undue humility, for before the So we will prepare to mix our ingre- first school-day was over he had "licked" dients. Perhaps the incantation of Mac- the son of the principal merchant in the

place for making some "profane and face- the boy's behalf lay a thorough education, tions remarks," as Nasby would say, on the She knew that this, of all earthly attaincut and quality of his (Johnny Brown's) ments, is the greatest leveller of human distrousers and jacket. The fact that the mertinctions, the greatest help for poverty to chant's boy was a year his senior, and the rise to rank and affluence; and she, a poor Johnny "loved, feared, and respected" by woman, had the audacity to hope (within his mates—a condition some philosopher her own bosom) for such a career for her

Iohnny's ragged jacket didn't ostracise him in the school; and on the playground a certain indefinable quality of leadership asserted itself, but in so pleasant and jolly a way that very few felt called upon to make head

against it.

Then, Johnny Brown had a peculiar and original way of mastering his schoolbooks that was rather remarkable in Dulltown, For it had been customary there, as elsewhere, for pupils to depend on their teachers to "punch 'em up," as the directors expressed it; and they had got so used to the punchingup process, and had considered it so goodnatured on their part towards their teachers to learn at all, even with all the encouragement those unfortunates could give them. that they looked on Johnny's voluntary learning of a lesson as little less than "flat

burglary;" and some of the boldest took the "professor's" garden, chopped wood

bully of the school, at once made young needle-woman, and, on occasion, a washpronounces the most desirable one possi- Johnny as would have surprised, and, in-ble in this vale of tears. At all events, deed, ill pleased, some of her patrons to

whom he brought home budgets of work done by his hard-working

mother.



But we will skip five vears in our narrative. only stopping to observe that our hero, Johnny Brown, had in that growing period shot up from a sturdy, curly-headed urchin of twelve, to a rather tail, awkward voungster of seventeen, as selfreliant, but much more bashful, than on the day he entered school at Dulltown. It was his good luck that the school was presided over during those years by a really capable teacher, who accepted John's unusual capacity as a relief from the pond of mediocrity in which he was condemned to paddle. and had extended the range of his studies much beyond the usual limits of a district school. To compensate for this out-ofhours instruction. Johnny had hoed out

occasion to remonstrate with him for truck- for him winters, and generally paid back ling so much to "old Whackem," the mas- in such currency as he had in hand for ter. But Johnny had his own notions on the loan of books, mostly mathematical, this, as on most matters. Besides, he had and of practical value to a young man a little mother at home whom he cared who had it in view to "make his brains more to please than all the people of Dull- help his hands." For John was what is town combined; and this unreasonable lit- called a "bandy lad" with tools; and what tle body had, despite her poverty, pre- he lost in the opinion of the Dulltown folk sumed to entertain hopes and ambitions on the score of being a crank about "book for her curly-headed boy that would have larnor," he partly redeemed by his skill in shocked the placid brains of her neighbors making a bob-sled, or repairing his mothalmost into mental activity had they known er's fences and sheds. And now, on the of them. And at the base of her plans in last day of school, if we will listen to a



versation with a schoolmate nearly as old as himself, but certainly a thousand times prettier. She is the youngest daughter of the aforesaid rich man of the village, and we will call her Mary Van Gould, hath a moneyed sound to it, and will pass as well as another.

"Well, John," she is saying, "I suppose to-day ends your school-days among us," -this with a half-suppressed sigh, and a rather suspicious downcasting of a pair of shall tell nothing.

guess I'll have to quit studying and go to nothing was farther from his hopes and work. I should have done so a year ago, wishes. He was a poor boy, with his place

ing and trigonometry: and I was weak enough, besides, to hate to leave the school for more reasons than one," he sheepishly added. If he had been a little boldereved, he might have seen a little flush and pleased smile on Mary's face as she suddenly turned away to pick up a book she didn't want a bit. But just then he, too, was blushing, and as anxious to hide his confusion as the lady; so no harm came of it.

But, as usual, the lady

little talk as he is recovered herself first. "And what's your packing up his programme next, John?" she asked, with books to leave the an attempted indifference in her tone that old schoolhouse wasn't a very brilliant success; for a suspiforever, we may clous moisture in her eyes made her turn gather something round again to hunt for another book. of the true "in- (Oh, fie! what would Mrs. Grundy of Dullwardness" of the town, or what would the stately father, the boy and future gold-spectacled, dignified ex-banker and man, from his con- present millionaire, have thought, to have seen that tear?)

> But nobody saw it; and, as I said before, no harm was done. And John went on blunderingly to tell that he hoped to obtain employment in a machine-shop in a neighboring city. He had thought of going to college; but lack of means, and a desire to help the folks at home a little, had determined him to seek paying work, with such chance of promotion as he might deserve. "I have taxed my mother's slender purse too long," he said; though everybody knew he had helped her every way he could, and only continued in school so long at her urgent prayer; "and now," said he, "I feel like trying my fate, and seeing whether there's anything in me that pluck and push will work out.

"Oh, John, I'm sure there is!" the girl which is not a bit like her real name, but answered eagerly, and then blushed at her own forward defence, continued, "you may be sure that-that you have friends here who will praywho will heartily wish you all success, and believe in you to the end."

Now, if John had been a little more tell-tale eyes which the owner is determined forward, and pressed things skilfully, he might, in that girl's impressible mood, "Yes, Miss Van Gould," John replies, "I have got something more explicit; but but mother wanted me to finish up survey- in the world to make. He had nothing to



STILL IN HAND, HE GOT BETWEEN HER AND A VICIOUS STEER,

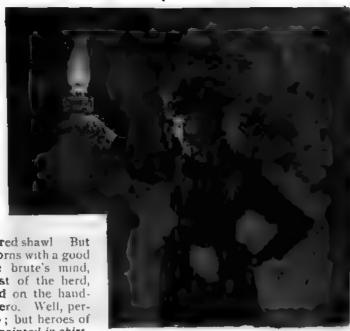
offer. The pretty girl before him, generous and kindly as she was, was as far separated from him as the antipodes. He had helped her in her lessons, schoolboy fashion; he had on one occasion stood between her and considerable danger, when a herd of Texas steers were charging through the street where she was walking to school-a thing he thought little of, as, stick in hand, he got between her and a vicious steer that developed hos-

tile intentions towards her red shawl But when a sound lick on the horns with a good shillelah had changed the brute's mind. and sent him after the rest of the herd. Mary, pale as death, looked on the handsome youngster as a real hero. Well, perhaps he was, as heroes go; but heroes of romance are not generally painted in shirtsleeves, with a torn straw hat on their heads,

tween her and danger, and then of tall, cheek and brow. bashful youths, with unmistakable sproutand prove himself a man.

III.

way while the seasons and the almanac and wife who have no common interests



THE CENSOR OF PUBLIC MORALS.

and in patched trousers. No, she must have have marked every citizen of that placid been mistaken. Yet the silly girl couldn't village three years older. No, not all. get it out of her mind (and heart), that he There are certain persons whose age does was a hero; and schoolgirls take to heroes not always tally with the almanac or the as ducks to water, as all the world knows family record; that is, the age they give Well, John and Mary parted there, with to a curious public. These individuals, a hand-shake and a good-by, as hundreds unmarried ladies generally, sometimes fail of Johns and Marys have and will; and to note the earth's revolutions round the Mary went home to her father's elegant sun; but "the whirligg of Time brings in mansion to dream of heroes and stout boys his revenges," and he has a subtle enwith sticks in their hands, standing be- graver, who fails not to mark his work on

But to our heroine, Mary Van Gould, ing mustachios and handsome eyes, albeit Time was nothing but kind. Since she they but furtively glance from under a had been a schoolgirl he had much imrather fluffy hat. And John went out into proved her form, filled her cheeks, and the big world, with a brave heart, to try painted them the most approved color; had given her eves more beauty and expression, though of a more sad and thoughtful kind; and her mind had overcome the depressing influence of Dulltown society. She was the companion and joy of her TIME flies. Gentle reader, this is not an father, who lacked companionship sadly original remark. In fact, its authorship is since his wife had sickened and died-a lost in the mists of antiquity; though there prey to the universal stagnation, some has not been an age in which the essential said. It is a sad sight when man and wife fact it records has not been repeated in are not society for each other. This pair varied shape, all either reasserting or had never been. He had married her for moralizing upon the fugacious character her wealth, but he got no companionship; for, though a good woman, her mind was So we will suppose the old high-flyer weak and uncultivated. His library was to have made the circuit of three years, nothing to her, nor his conversation, being Dulltown has held the even tenor of its often beyond her range, God help the man to bind them together, yet are doomed to pass their lives thrown upon themselves for

society!

But Mary took the place his wife was unfitted for, and became his pride, his joy, his all, as she grew older. Need it be said he grew anxious about her marrying and leaving him alone some day? And yet he was comforted by noting that, while or so dollars between them. she was pleasant and kind to all, no "bright, particular star" seemed to rise over her horizon; no one more than another of the vouth of Dulltown received favor at her hands. And the old millionaire wondered at this not a little. She was young, healthy, fair, and his destined heiress. And yet she was entering her nineteenth year with a heart as indifferent as when a schoolgirl to those attractions which mean so much to young girls generally.

he had sharp eyes where his interests were touched. For one day Johnny Brown came home from New York to visit his mother and the scenes of his youth. He had gone away a stalwart lad; he came back a handsome, manly youth of past twenty, with the marks of toil and success plainly to be read on his person and in his air. Those hands had been intimate with hammer and wrench, bar and lever. His eve had the mechanical cast soon acquired by the worker in metals; his arms, the muscle of the athlete. He was a fine specimen of an intelligent American machinist; and no mother could have taken back to her arms a manlier or a more welcome wanderer from the home of his youth.

Well, John staved at home a few weeks, visiting his friends, and welcomed by all, both as a relief from the monotony of Dulltown, and from the really friendly feeling with which every community welcomes back those who go out into the world and play a manly part therein. And there was no more appreciative or closely observant acquaintance than the ex-banker, Mr. Van Gould. His judgment of men was shrewd and unerring. He took pains to engage John in conversation—to question him on matters of business, of observation, of principle, of opinion. In fact, in his quiet way, he had thoroughly "sized up" our hero before the latter mistrusted that it was he, instead of his news, Mr. Van Gould was weighing. And after John had gone ever suspected that the shrewd old man had inventoried him and laid him away labelled for future reference.

But of this hereafter. John and Mary met, of course, during those precious few And, as it is not in our plan to weeks. give details of love-making, which you can get from any well-constructed modern novel, I will only say that before they parted they were sworn lovers, and this despite the fact that there was a million

But they mutually agreed that it would be better not to let their engagement be known. They dreaded the opposition of her father; they knew the barrier fate had placed between them, and knew, also, that many years must elapse before young Brown could hope, with the best luck, to win means enough to demand the millionaire's daughter, with any prospect of success.

So it was a sad parting, but courageous, But one day his eyes were opened, for on both sides. Yet, "hope deferred maketh the heart sick." It was not many months before the keen eyes of the father noted a careworn look on his daughter's pretty face, and the fact that this look became more marked after the advent of the mails. He took the precaution to step to the post-office himself for the family mail, which his daughter had generally brought, and he noticed that when letters bearing a New York postmark were received by her, they were succeeded by a nervous depression she took much pains to hide.

So he proceeds to take his measures with a diabolical cunning worthy of a Malvolio. He first makes an errand to the Widow Brown's cottage. He contracts for the making of some articles of clothing, and, as he is about leaving, asks: "Ah, by the way, do you hear anything from your son John lately, madam?" He is surprised to see the widow burst into tears. and to hear her tell that a fire in his employer's factory had destroyed the plant, and all his own investment as a part owner of the stock therein, leaving John broken up, as well as thrown out of employment. And the good lady was surprised to see a hard smile pass over the millionaire's stern face, a smile of gratified malice, she was sure; and she could be sworn she heard a laugh as he stumbled down-stairs, and a remark that "it served them right, trying to deceive her old gray-haired father!"

And here the "Romance of Dulltown" back to his duties in New York, to take up properly commences, and we will warrant again his life's work, nobody in Dulltown it to be the "first and only" romance of the kind ever recorded, so far as our researches in the much-trodden fields of fiction reveal. For, what does that inhuman



The A Mode heaven's High one of PERMANDENCE CONCESSION TO HAVE TO HAVE

parent do? He seizes her next letter, and prihaps disappointment in the end. I cannot, as breaks the seal, reads the direction, and, I shame to say it, the contents, which were as follows:

NEW YORK, July 4, 18-

DEAREST MARY:

Since I wrote you last week, my affairs have taken a still more decided turn for the worse. I had hope at that date as I told you, that my partners might save enough out of the wreck to enable us to rebuild and go on with our work, but since then, by the defection of one and the indebtedness of another, our enterprise is dead beyond hope

Dear Mary. I write this in more pain than you can imagine. It is not the loss itself that crushes me, but the utter hopelessness of starting again with a reasonable chance of succeeding in a good many years. I will not deceive you. I am ruined financially, beyoud hope of recovery until after long years of toil, fight my way in the world. And when you so kindly

an honorable man, ask you to wait for me. When I had a bright prospect ahead of me, with the promise you gave me to cheer and uphobl me, no man ever worked harder or more hopefully. Now I see no prospect of succeeding, and, dear as you are to me, bound up in every hope, ambition, or dream of happiness I have had on earth for years. I cannot hold you to a promise to which your heart, more than your best judgment, prompted you. Dear Mary, I give that promise back. It would be wronging you. wronging your father, may, it would be wronging myself, to hold you on for years, hoping against hope, till the best part of your life had been lost to you, and the roses had faded from your cheeks and the joy from your life.

Mary, God only knows the pain with which I give you up! Your image has been before me ever since I left the school where we parted on the last day of the term, when I was to go forth, a green boy, to

gave me your "God speed" I went out to my task as bravely as ever went belted knight to win honor or his lady's favor. I knew, even then, what you were to me; but I trust I had honor enough not to try to commit you, who were so much above me in station, to any words which might seem to bind you, although even then I hoped you might not be indifferent to me. But when I seemed to be in a sure way to rise in the world; when I came back to Dulltown and found you so much lovetter than I had ever dreamed of, and, better still, as true and good as you were fair, I felt that such good fortune was beyond my deserts that it could not be that a poor widow's son was the chosen lover of such a one as my Mary! It was too good to hope or believe, and I fear it was better than I deserved, for the fates have but given me a view of the Promised Land, to hide it again in

clouds where no ray of light can penetrate

Dear Mary, you are free. Forget me and be happy. Or remember me as one who, while he would gladly die to secure your happiness, cannot deceive you with vain hopes into wasting your youth

waiting for

Your ruined and hopeless bankrupt, JOHN BROWN.

This he reads with many a "hem!" and has to wipe his glasses two or three times, because either his indignation or some other feeling is getting away with him, fully, that his much abused daughter may not suspect that it has been tampered with, he sits down and in cold blood writes to

DULLTOWN, BLANK COUNTY, STATE OF -JOHN BROWN, Esq :

Dear Sir Having found out-no matter how. but not from my unnatural daughter-that you and she have conspired to rob me of the one treasure I value in this world; but also that you, a co conspirator as aforesaid, have acted what the world might call an honorable part therein; now this is to inform you that, as long as you two are so silly as to like each other, and as I find you to be a bright and honorable young fellow, you have my full consent to marry whenever you choose, with an old man's blessing to boot. But I make it one of the conditions precedent, that if you will go into your dirty manufacturing business, it shall be in this county, where I can live near you, and still attend to my business.

N. B. My daughter shall receive a check for one hundred thousand dollars on the day of her marriage, which I hope will be soon, for I want to see the roses bloom in those pretty cheeks again before Christmas.

P. S. You thought you were very clever, didn't you? Why, bless your silly hearts, I knew all about it ages ago! So, come home, Johnny, and I'll have the fatted calf hung up by the heels, ready for the prodigal's return.

Your future father-in-law. THOMAS VAN GOULD.

And thus ended the "Romance of Dull-Then, closing the letter and sealing it care-town "-or, rather, there it began in reality: for a jollier and a more perfectly happy family than the Van Gould-Brown connection would be hard to find in this world of the lover of that daughter a letter, of bank failures, mail robberies, and general which the following is a copy: "cussedness." "Long may they, wave!"



THE WITKIN BURST INTO TEAKS.

THE ROCK ISLAND EXPRESS ROBBERY.

STORIES FROM THE ARCHIVES OF THE PINKERTON DETECTIVE AGENCY.

By Cleveland Moffett.

I.

thousand dollars in fifty and one hundred scratched in a curious way, while under the

dollar bills, in the keeping of Kellogg Nichols, an oldtime messenger of the United States Express Company, This sum had been sent by a Chicago bank to be delivered at the principal bank of Davenport, Iowa. In addition to the usual passenger coaches, the train drew two express cars: the first, for express only, just behind the engine; and following this, one for express and baggage. These cars had end doors, which offer the best opportunity to train robbers. Messenger Nichols was in

the first car, and was duly at his work when lows for pluck and courage. the train stopped at Joliet, a town about dead."

there was a pistol wound in the right shoulder. Apparently he had been over-N March 12, 1886, the through ex- come only after a hard fight. His face was press on the Rock Island road left set with fierce determination. His fists were Chicago at 10.45 P. M., with twenty-two clenched, and the hands and fingers cut and

nails were found what proved to be bits of human flesh. The pistol wound was from a weapon of thirty-two caliber. It evidently was not the cause of the man's death, but the blows of some blunt weapon, dealt probably after the shot was fired. All who knew Messenger Nichols were surprised at the desperate resistance he seemed to have made, for he was a small, light man, not more than five feet five in height, nor weighing over one hundred and thirty pounds, and of no great credit among his fel-



WILLIAM PINKERTON,

The express car was immediately detached forty miles west of Chicago. But at the from the train and left at Morris, guarded next stop, which was made at Morris, Harry by all the train crew except Schwartz, who Schwarts, a brakeman, came running from was sent on with the train to Davenport. Nichola's car, crying: "The messenger is After the first cursory inspection no one was allowed to enter the car where Nichols lay; The messenger's lifeless body was found and nothing was known precisely as to lying on the floor of the car. The head had the extent of the robbery. The safe door been crushed by some heavy weapon, and had been found open, and the floor of safe.

A WIDE SEARCH THAT REVEALED NOTHING BUT A MASK.

An urgent telegram was at once sent to the Pinkertons at Chicago, and Mr. William Pinkerton, with a force of detectives, arrived at Morris on a special train a few hours later. Search parties were at once sent out in all directions along the country roads, and up and down the tracks. Hundreds of people joined in the search, for the news of the murder spread rapidly through the whole region, and not a square yard of territory for miles between Morris and Minooka Station was left unexplored. It happened that the ground was covered with snow, but the keenest scrutiny failed to reveal any significant footprints, and the search parties returned after many hours, having made only a single discovery. This was a mask found in a cattle-guard near Minooka-a mask made of black cloth, with white strings fastened at either side, one of which had been torn out of the cloth as if in a struggle.

WILLIAM PINKERTON EXAMINES THE CAR.

Meantime, Mr. Pinkerton himself entered the car and made a careful investigation. His first discovery was a heavy poker, bearing stains of blood and bits of matted hair. It was hanging in its usual place, behind the stove. The significance of this last fact was great in Mr. Pinkerton's opinion; from it he concluded that the crime had been committed by a railroad man, his reasoning being that the poker could have been restored to its usual place after such a use only mechanically, and from force of habit, and that an assailant who was not a railroad man would have left it on the floor or thrown it away.

Coming to the safe Mr. Pinkerton found that the twenty-two thousand dollars was missing, and that other papers had been hastily searched over, but left behind as valueless. Among these was a bundle of cancelled drafts that had been roughly torn open and then thrown aside. Mr. Pinkerton scarcely noticed at the moment, but had occasion to remember subsequently, that a small piece of one of these drafts was missing, as if a corner had been torn off.

All the train hands were immediately Watt, the man in charge of the second car.

the car littered with the contents of the way-bills and receipts he had been startled by the crash of broken glass in the ventilator overhead, and that at the same moment, a heavily built man, wearing a black mask, had entered the car and said: "If you move, the man up there will bore you." Looking up, Watt said further, he saw a hand thrust through the broken glass and holding a revolver. Thus intimidated he made no attempt to give an alarm, and the masked man presently left him under guard of the pistol overhead, which covered him until shortly before the train reached Morris, when it was withdrawn. He was able to locate the place where the crime must have been committed, as he remembered that the engine was whistling for Minooka Station when the stranger entered the car. This left about thirty minutes for the murder, robbery, and escape.

> Returning to Chicago, Mr. Pinkerton investigated the character of the man Watt, and found that he had a clean record, was regarded as a trusty and efficient man, and had three brothers who had been railroad men for years and had always given perfect satisfaction. Watt's good reputation and straightforward manner were strong points in his favor, and yet there was something questionable in his story of the mysterious hand. For one thing, no footprints were found in the snow on the top of the car.

BRAKEMAN SCHWARTZ AND HIS STORY.

Brakeman Schwartz, the only man on the train who had not yet been questioned, "deadheaded" his way, in railway parlance, back from Davenport the following night on Conductor Danforth's train, and reported to Mr. Pinkerton the next morning. He was a tall, fine-looking young fellow, about twenty-seven, with thin lips and a face that showed determination. He was rather dapper in dress, and kept on his gloves during the conversation. Mr. Pinkerton received him pleasantly, and, after they had been smoking and chatting for an hour or so, he suggested to Schwartz that he would be more comfortable with his gloves off. Schwartz accordingly removed his gloves, and revealed red marks on the backs of his hands, such as might have been made by finger nails digging into them.

hurt your hands, " How did you Schwartz?" asked Mr. Pinkerton.

"Oh, I did that handling baggage night questioned, but none of their stories were in before last," explained Schwartz, and then any way significant, except that of Newton he related incidentally that as he was on his way back to Chicago, the conductor of the I'e said that while busy counting over his train, Conductor Danforth, had discovered summoned the conductor, who said that the and the Pinkertons, in the interest of the valise was an old one, of no value; and, United States Express Company, a third, having no contents, he had thrown it out on in the valise was a piece of paper that atwith red lines.

Examining this piece of paper carefully, Mr. Pinkerton saw that it had been torn from a money draft, and at once thought of the package in the express messenger's Now, it is a remarkable fact that no human power can tear two pieces of paper in exactly the same way; the ragged fibres will only fit perfectly when the two original parts are brought together. There remained no doubt, when this test was made in the road, went in person to the penitentiary to present case, that the piece of paper found take Plunkett's statement, which was in efon Conductor Danforth's east-bound train had been torn from the draft in the express car robbed the night before on a west-bound The edges fitted, the red lines corresponded, and unquestionably some one had brought that piece of paper from the In other words, one train to the other. some one connected with the crime of the that had been worked out a year or so beprevious night had ridden back to Chicago fore, when he had been "grafting" with a twenty-four hours later with Conductor Dan-

Mr. Pinkerton at once ordered a search made for the missing valise, and also an inquiry regarding the passengers who had ridden on Conductor Danforth's train between Davenport and Chicago, on the night following the murder. The valise was found thrown it, and, in the course of the next few days, the detectives had located or accounted for all passengers on Conductor Danforth's train, with the exception of one man who had ridden on a free pass. The conductor could only recall this man's features vaguely; and, while some of the passengers remembered him well enough, there was no clew to his name or identity. As it appeared that no other of the passengers could have been connected with the crime, efforts were redoubled to discover the holder of this pass.

II.

THE PLUNKETT THEORY.

Railroad officials, with their detectives, con- ates. With Frank Murray, one of the best

a valise left by somebody in one of the toilet ducted one; a Chicago newspaper, the rooms. Later in the day, Mr. Pinkerton "Daily News," with its detectives, another;

Mr. Pinkerton, as we have seen, concluded an ash pile. The only thing he had found that the crime had been committed by railway men. The railway officials were natutracted his attention, because it was marked rally disinclined to believe ill of their employees, and an incident occurred about this time which turned the investigation in an entirely new direction, and made them the more disposed to discredit Mr. Pinkerton's theory. This was the receipt of a letter from a convict in the Michigan City penitentiary, named Plunkett, who wrote the Rock Island Railroad officials, saying that he could furnish them with important information.

Mr. St. John, the general manager of the fect that he knew the men who had committed the robbery and killed Nichols, and was willing to sell this information in exchange for a full pardon, which the railroad people could secure by using their influence. This they promised to do, if his story proved true, and Plunkett then told them of a plot "mob" of pickpockets at county fairs. There were with him at that time "Butch" McCoy, James Connors (known as "Yellowhammer"), and a man named "Jeff," whose These three surname he did not know. men, Plunkett said, had planned an express robbery on the Rock Island road, to be executed in precisely the same way, and at on the ash heap where the conductor had precisely the same point on the road, as in the case in question.

AN EMINENT EDITOR TURNS DETECTIVE.

The story was plausible and won Mr. St. John's belief. It won the belief, also, of Mr. Melville E. Stone, of the "Daily News"; and forthwith, the railway detectives, working with the newspaper detectives, were instructed to go ahead on new lines, regardless of trouble or expense. Their first endeavor was to capture "Butch" McCoy, the leader of the gang. was a pickpocket, burglar, and all-around thief, whose operations kept him travelling all over the United States.

The police in various cities having been communicated with to no purpose, Mr. So great was the public interest in the Stone finally decided to do a thing the like crime and the mystery surrounding it, that of which no newspaper proprietor, perhaps, three separate, well-organized investigations ever undertook before, that is, start out on of it were undertaken. The Rock Island a personal search for McCoy and his associ-

detectives in Chicago, and other detectives, he went to Galesburg, where the gang was said to have a sort of headquarters. party found there none of the men they were after, but they learned that "Thatch" Grady, a notorious criminal with whom "Butch" McCoy was known to be in relations, was in Omaha. So they hurried to Omaha, but only to find that Grady had gone to St. Louis. Then to St. Louis went Mr. Stone and his detectives, het on the scent, and spent sevlow.

A VAIN SEARCH AS FAR AS NEW ORLEANS.

The method of locating a criminal in a great city is as interesting as it is little understood. The first step is to secure from the local police information as to the favorite haunts of criminals of the class under pursuit, paying special regard in the preaffairs; for thieves, even more than honest the whole Plunkett story was exploded. men, are swayed in their lives by the tender passion, and are often brought to justice through the agency of women. With so much of such information in their possession as they could gather, Mr. Stone and his detectives spent their time in likely resorts, picking up acquaintance with frequenters; adroitly upon the man they were looking It is a mistake to suppose that in work like this detectives disguise themselves. False beards and mustaches, goggles and heard of except in the pages of badly incharacters and general style of the persons Unfortunately this was not much.

finally brought up in New Orleans. They country. had spent five or six weeks of time and a They were much discouraged when a tele-valise was there! How came it there? In gram from Mr. Pinkerton told them that the course of their examination, two of the

"Butch" McCoy was back in Galesburg, where they had first sought him. Proceeding thither with all despatch, they traced McCoy into a saloon, and there three of them, John Smith representing the Rock Island Railroad, John McGinn for the Pinkerton agency, and Frank Murray working for Mr. Stone, with drawn revolvers captured him in spite of a desperate dash he made to escape.

McCov's capture was the occasion of eral days in that city searching high and much felicitation among the people interested in the matter. Mr. St. John and Mr. Stone were confident that now the whole mystery of the express robbery would be resolved and the murderers convicted. McCoy showed on trial that he had left New Orleans to come north only the night before the murder, and had spent the whole of that night on the Illinois Central Railroad. also appeared that McCov's associate. Connors, was in jail at the time of the robbery, liminary inquiries to the possibility of love and that the man "Jeff" was dead. Thus

III.

SHADOWING SCHWARTZ.

Some time before this, the man who had and, whenever possible, turning the talk ridden on the free pass, and given the detectives so much trouble, had been accidentally found by Jack Mullins, a brakeman on Conductor Danforth's train. He proved to be an advertising solicitor, employed by lightning changes of clothing, are never no other than Mr. Melville E. Stone, who would have given a thousand dollars to formed story-writers. In his experience of know what his agent knew; for the adverover twenty-five years Mr. Murray never tising man had seen the conductor bring out wore such a disguise, nor knew of any the valise containing the all-important fragreputable detective who did. In this experent of the draft. But he had not realized dition the detectives simply assumed the the value of the news in his possession, and Mr. Pinkerton took good care to keep him they were thrown with, passing for men of from that knowledge. One hint of the sporting tastes from the East; and, having truth to the "Daily News" people, and the satisfied the people they met that they meant whole story would have been blazoned no harm, they had no difficulty in obtaining forth in its columns, and the murderer would such news of McCoy and the others as there have taken warning. Not until he had seen the man safely on a train out from After going from one city to another on Chicago did Mr. Pinkerton breathe easily; various clews, hearing of one member of the and it was not until months later that Mr. gang here and another there, and in each Stone learned how near he came to getting instance losing their man, the detectives a splendid "scoop" on the whole city and

The identification of the pass-holder relarge amount of money, only to find them- moved the last possibility that the valise selves absolutely without a clew as to the had been taken into the train by any of Conwhereabouts of the men they were pursuing. ductor Danforth's passengers. And yet the

Brakeman Jack Mullins stated that the railroad. he had been in the same room twice that he went in first. were positive that the person who entered Pinkerton sent for Schwartz.

SCHWARTZ AFFECTS TO PLAY DETECTIVE.

After talking with the brakeman in a semi-confidential way for some time, the detective began to question him about Watt, his fellow-trainman. Schwartz said he was a good fellow, and, in general, spoke hesitate a little, and then said:

"Can I trust you, Schwartz?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, the fact is, I am a little suspicious of Watt. You see, his story about that hand overhead does not exactly hang together. I don't want to do him any wrong, but he must be looked after. Now, my idea is to have you go about with him as much as you can, see if he meets any strangers or spends much money, and let me know whatever happens. Will you do it?"

Schwartz readily consented on the assurance that the railroad people would give of Schwartz's application, used his influence him leave of absence. The next day he to have it granted. When the young man reported that Watt had met a man who started east, he did not travel alone. His wore a slouch hat, had unkempt red hair, every movement was watched and reported, and in general looked like a border ruffian. He had overheard the two talking together in a saloon on Cottage Grove Avenue, where the stranger had discussed the murder of other Eastern cities. Nichols in great detail, showing a remarkable familiarity with the whole affair. Schwartz had a sort of Jesse James theory (which he seemed anxious to have acthat this fellow was connected with them.

this, but was less edified than Schwartz imagined, since two of his most trusted "shad-

passengers had testified to having seen Finally, without a word to arouse his suspi-Schwartz enter the toilet-room during the cion, he was allowed to resume his work on

The "shadows" put upon Schwartz after night, that the second time he had noticed this, reported a suspicious intimacy between the valise, but that it was not there when him and Watt, and a detective of great Other witnesses in the car tact, Frank Jones, was detailed to get into their confidence, if possible. He was given the room last before the time when Mullins a "run" as brakeman between Des Moines saw the valise was Schwartz. Thus the and Davenport, and it was arranged that chain of proof was tightening, and Mr. he should come in from the west and lay over at Davenport on the same days that Schwartz and Watt laid over there, coming in from the east. Jones played his part cleverly, and was soon on intimate terms with Schwartz and Watt, taking his meals at their boarding-house and sleeping in a room adjoining theirs. They finally came to like him so well that they suggested his trying to get a transfer to their "run," behighly of him. Mr. Pinkerton seemed to tween Davenport and Chicago. This was successfully arranged, and then the three men were together constantly, Jones even going to board at Schwartz's house in Chicago. About this time Schwartz began to talk of giving up railroad work, and going to live in Kansas or the Far West. It was arranged that Jones should join him and Mrs. Schwartz on a Western trip. Meantime, Schwartz applied to the company for leave of absence, on the plea that he wished to arrange some family matters in Philadelphia.

Mr. Pinkerton, being informed by Jones nor was he left unguarded for a moment, day or night, during an absence of several weeks, in New York, Philadelphia, and

THE ART OF "SHADOWING."

To one unfamiliar with the resources and cepted), that the crime had been commit-organization of a great detective system, ted by a gang of Western desperadoes, and it is incomprehensible how continuous "shadowing," day after day and week after Mr. Pinkerton listened with interest to all week, through thousands of miles of journeyings, can be accomplished. The matter is made none the simpler when you know ows," who had been following Schwartz, had that there must be a change of "shadows" given him reports of the latter's movements, every day. However adroit the detective, making it plain that the red-haired des- his continued presence in a locality would perado was a myth, and that no such meet- soon arouse suspicion. The daily change ing as Schwartz described had taken place. of "shadows" is easy when the man under Nevertheless, professing to be well pleased watch remains in one place; for then it is with Schwartz's efforts, Mr. Pinkerton sent only necessary to send a new "shadow" him out to track the fabulous desperado. from the central office early each morning Schwartz continued to render false reports. to replace the one who "put the man to

bed" the night before. But it is very dif- thus lessening the chance of discovery, while, ferent when the subject is constantly travel- of course, it is scarcely possible for several ling about on boats or railways, and per- "shadows" to be thrown off the trail at haps sleeping in a different town each night, once. An adroit criminal might outwit one Without the network of agencies, including large and small bureaus, that the Pink- four. A "shadow" on coming into a new ertons have gradually established all over town with a subject, reveals himself to the the United States, the "shadowing" of a "shadow" who is to relieve him, by some man in rapid flight would be impossible, prearranged signal, like a handkerchief As it is, nothing is easier. Schwartz, for held in the left hand. instance, spent several days in Buffalo, "shadow" took it too, securing a section in the same sleeping car with him, and taking his meals at the same time Schwartz took his, either in the dining-car or at stations. No sooner had the train left the station than the Pinkerton representative in Buffalo reported by cipher despatch to the bureau in Philadelphia, whither Schwartz was going. The exact form of the despatch, which well illustrates a system in constant use in the Pinkerton bureaus, was as follows:

R. J. LINDEN, 441 CHESTNUT STREET, Рип аберина, Ра.

Anxious shoes sucker Brown marbles man other dropping eight arrives put grand fifty marbles articles along or derby coat ship very tan seer wearing these have and is ribbon ink dust central Tuesday for dust to rice hat and and paper vest yellow ink get must jewelry morning depot on.

D. Robertson.

In despatches of this sort important information regarding criminals is constantly flashing over the wires, with no danger of any "leak."

Thus, from one city to another, and through every part of the country, any criminal may be "shadowed" to-day as Schwartz was "shadowed" eight years every twenty-four hours, and the man's every word and action be carefully noted down and reported without his having the faintest suspicion that he is under observation. The task of "shadowing" a person who is traversing city streets is intrusted to is) of seeing without being seen. This is, indeed, one of the most difficult tasks a defew who excel in it are given little else to do. Where a criminal like Schwartz, upon whose final capture much depends, is being followed, two, three, or even four "shadows" are employed simultaneously, one keeping in advance, one in the rear, and two on

"shadow," but he could scarcely outwit

The result of the "shadowing" in where his actions were reported hour by Schwartz's case was conclusive. No sooner hour, until he bought his ticket for Phila- was the brakeman out of Chicago than he As he took the train a fresh began spending money far in excess of his income. He bought fine furniture, expensive clothing, articles of jewelry, presents for his wife, and laid in an elaborate supply of rifles, shot-guns, revolvers, and all sorts of ammunition, including a quantity of cartridges. The "shadows" found that in almost every case he paid for his purchases with fifty or one hundred dollar bills. far as possible these bills were secured by the detectives from the persons to whom they had been paid, immediately after Schwartz's departure. It will be remembered that the money taken in the robbery consisted of fifty and one hundred dollar

IV.

SCHWARTZ UNDER ARREST.

In addition to this it was found by the investigations of detectives at Philadelphia that Schwartz was the son of a wealthy, retired butcher there, a most respectable man, and that he had a wife and child in Philadelphia, whom he had entirely deserted. This gave an opportunity to take ago, one set of detectives relieving another him into custody, and still conceal from him that he was suspected of committing a worse crime. The Philadelphia wife and child were taken on to Chicago, and Schwartz was placed under arrest, charged with bigamy.

Mr. Pinkerton went to the jail at once, men especially skilled in the art (for art it and wishing to keep Schwartz's confidence as far as possible, assured him that this arrest was not his work at all, but that of tective is called upon to perform, and the detectives Smith and Murray, who were, as Schwartz knew, working in the interests of the railroad people, and of the Chicago "Daily News." Mr. Pinkerton told Schwartz that he still believed, as he had done all along, that Watt was the guilty man, and promised to do whatever he could to beeither side. The advantage of this is that friend Schwartz. The latter did not appear one relieves the other by change of position, to be very much alarmed, and said that a Philadelphia lawyer was coming on to de- Mr Pinkerton that her husband had found fend him. The lawyer did come a few days a package containing five thousand dollars later, when a bond for two thousand dol- of the stolen money under one of the seats lars was furnished for Schwartz's reappear- on Conductor Danforth's train, on the night ance, and he was set at liberty. Matters of his return to Chicago. He had kept this had gone so far, however, that it was not money and used it for his own purposes, considered safe to leave Schwartz out of jail, and he was immediately rearrested, on the charge of murder.

Whether because of long preparation for this ordeal, or because he was a man of strong character, Schwartz received this much as he could, Mr. Pinkerton now acblow without the slightest show of emotion, and went back into the jail as coolly as he had come out. He merely requested that he might have an interview with his wife as soon as possible.

MRS. SCHWARTZ COMES INTO THE CASE.

Mr. Pinkerton had evidence enough against Schwartz to furnish a strong presumption of guilt, but it was all circumstantial, and, besides, it did not involve Newton Watt, whose complicity was more than suspected. From the first Mr. Pinkerton had been carefully conciliatory of the later Mrs. Schwartz. At just the right moment, and by adroit management, he got her under his direction, and by taking a train with her to Morris, and then on the next morning succeeded in preventing her from getting the advice of her husband's lawyer, who was meantime making the same double journey on pursuing trains with the design of cautioning her against speaking to Mr. Pinkerton. She had come to regard Mr. Pinkerton more as a protector than as an enemy, and he, during the hours they were together, used every device to draw from her some damaging admission. He told her that the eviin its character, was not, in his opinion, sufficient to establish his guilt. He told her of the bills found in Schwartz's possession, of the torn piece of the draft taken from the valise, of the marks on his hands and the lies he had told. All this, he said, proved that Schwartz had some connection with the robbery, but not that he had committed the murder, or done more than assist Watt, whom Mr. Pinkerton professed to regard as the chief criminal. The only hope of saving her husband now, he impressed upon her, was for her to make a plain statement this in her husband's interest.

After listening to all that he said, and trying in many ways to evade the main question, Mrs. Schwartz at last admitted to

but had been guilty of no other offence in the matter. Mrs. Schwartz stuck resolutely to this statement, and would admit nothing further.

Believing that he had drawn from her as companied Mrs. Schwartz to the jail, where she was to see her husband. The first words she said on entering the room where he was, were, "Harry, I have told Mr. Pinkerton the whole truth. I thought that was the best way, for he is your friend. I told him about your finding the five thousand dollars under the seat of the car, and that that was all you had to do with the business."

SCHWARTZ AND HIS WIFE TELL THE WHOLE STORY TO HIDDEN AUDITORS.

Schwartz gave his wife a terrible glance as she said this, and for the first time his emotions nearly betrayed him. However, he braced himself and only admitted in a general way that there was some truth in what his wife had said. He refused positaking another train back to Chicago, he tively to go into details, seemed very nervous, and almost immediately asked to be left alone with his wife. Mr. Pinkerton had been expecting this, and was prepared for He realized the shock that would be caused in Schwartz's mind by his wife's unexpected confession, and counted on this to lead to further admissions. It was, therefore, of the highest importance that credible witnesses should overhear all that transpired in the interview between Schwartz dence against her husband, although serious and his wife. With this end in view, the room where the interview was to take place had been arranged so that a number of witnesses could see and hear without their presence being suspected, and the sheriff of the county, a leading merchant, and a leading banker of the town were waiting there in readiness.

> As soon as the door had closed and the husband and wife were left alone, Schwartz exclaimed:

"You fool, you have put a rope around Watt's and my neck!"

"Why, Harry, I had to tell him someof the truth, and trust that he would use thing, he knew so much. You can trust him.

> " You ought to know better than to trust anybody.'

The man walked back and forth, a prey

to the most violent emotions, his wife trying down the car, and had finally forced them fiercely. Suddenly he burst out:

one you cut the mask out of?"

"Oh, that's all right; it's in the wood-

shed, under the whole wood pile."

They continued to talk for over an hour, referring to the murder and robbery repeatedly, and furnishing evidence enough to both Schwartz and Watt.

nothing. had accumulated, was sufficient to secure drawer. conscientious scruples of one juryman, who a crumpled-up bill. did not believe in capital punishment. regarded as a model prisoner, his case being peculiar in this—that since he has been in the penitentiary, nearly eight years now, he has never received a letter, paper, world.

MRS, SCHWARTZ'S CONFESSION.

Chicago wife died of consumption. On her death bed she made a full confession to of some standing, and belonging to an hon-Superintendent Robertson, of the Pinkerton ored profession. Her body was wasted force. She said that her husband's mind with disease, and she knew that her end had been inflamed by the constant reading was near. of sensational literature of the dime novel and her eyes were bright with hatred as she order; and that under this evil influence he declared that not one dollar of that money had planned the robbery, believing that it was ever returned to her, or ever used would be easy to intimidate a weak little in paying the costs of her husband's trial. man like Nichols, and escape with the Nor was one dollar of it ever returned to money without harming him. however, had fought like a tiger up and cials, who were the real owners.

vainly to quiet him. At each affectionate to kill him. In the fight he had torn off touch he would brush her off roughly with a the mask that Mrs. Schwartz had made out curse, and go on pacing back and forth of one of her husband's old coats. It was Watt who fired the pistol, while Schwartz "What did you do with that coat, the used the poker. Schwartz had given Watt five thousand dollars of the stolen money. and had kept the rest himself. He had carried the money away in an old satchel bought for the purpose. A most unusual place of concealment had been chosen, and one where the money had escaped disestablish beyond any question the guilt of covery, although on several occasions, in searching the house, the detectives had lit-Meantime. Watt had been arrested in erally held it in their hands. Schwartz had Chicago, also charged with murder, and in taken a quantity of the cartridges he bought several examinations had showed signs of for his shot-gun, and emptying them, had breaking down and confessing, but in each put in each shell one of the fifty or one instance had recovered himself and said hundred dollar bills, upon which he had The evidence of Schwartz him- then loaded in the powder and the shot in self, however, in the interview at the jail, the usual way, so that the shells presented taken with the mass of other evidence that the ordinary appearance as they lay in the The detectives had even picked the conviction of both men, who were con- out some of the shot and powder in two or demned, at the trial, to life imprisonment three of the shells; but, finding them so in the Joliet penitentiary. They would like other cartridges, had never thought of undoubtedly have been hanged, but for the probing clear to the bottom of the shell for

Thus about thirteen thousand dollars lay Watt has since died, and Schwartz is now for weeks in these ordinary looking cartridges, and was finally removed in the following way: While Schwartz was in jail, a well-known lawyer of Philadelphia came to Mrs. Schwartz one day with an order from or any communication from the outside her husband to deliver the money over to She understood this was to defray the expenses of the trial, and to pay the other lawyers. Superintendent Robertson remembers well the dying woman's emotion, About a year after the trial, Schwartz's as she made this solemn declaration, one calculated to compromise seriously a man There was a flush on her face, Nichols, the railroad company, or to the bank offi-

LINCOLN AS COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.*

By Alexander K. McClure.

Editor of the Philadelphia "Times."

THE supreme law makes the President and recognized by the country and the to the Rio Grande, and thus precipitated the disturbance. Mexican War without either the authority enlarge the army to make an aggressive campaign on the City of Mexico, General Scott was summoned by the President to propose a plan of campaign that he should were provided, and General Scott was permitted to prosecute the campaign from Vera Cruz to the Mexican capital, without interference by orders from Washington.

INCAPACITY OF THE EARLIER COMMANDERS IN THE CIVIL WAR.

the commander-in-chief of the mili- world as the Great Captain of the age. tary and naval forces of the nation. This Although a son of Virginia, he was thoris a necessity in all well-regulated govern- oughly loyal to the government, and all ments, as the sovereign or highest civil turned to him as the bulwark of safety for ruler must have supreme command of the our threatened country. He was believed forces of the country for the public de- to be the most accomplished general then fence. During the Revolutionary War living, and President Lincoln, the cabinet, the universal confidence that General and the country had absolute faith in his Washington inspired made him practically ability to discharge the duties of comthe supreme director of our military opera- mander-in-chief, even in the extreme and tions. The supreme civil authority then appalling necessities of civil war, with was the Colonial Congress, and no one of consummate skill and success. It was not that body could assume this high prerog- until active, practical operations had to be ative. During the war of 1812 with Eng- commenced for the protection of the land, I find no instance in which President capital and for the defence of the govern-Madison exercised any authority in the ment, that those closest to General Scott direction of campaigns as commander-in-chief of the army. There was no formal petency for the new duties forced upon commander-in-chief. Major-General Dear-him. He had entirely outlived his usefulborn, the ranking major-general, was ness. He had never commanded over assigned as acting commander-in-chief, twelve thousand men in all his lustrous although retained in active command in the record, and the magnitude of our Civil northern district. The President was conferred with very freely as to military move- of age enfectled him mentally and physiments, but he did not assume the respon- cally, made him wholly unequal to the task. sibility of issuing orders for military President Lincoln, always unobtrusive movements in the field. The Mexican War when he could be so consistently with his presents a somewhat different phase of his- sense of duty, deferred to General Scott tory. President Polk assumed the responsi- and his military associates. He had no bility as commander-in-chief by ordering plan of campaign; he sought only to General Taylor to march from the Nueces attain peace with the least bloodshed and

The first star that shed its lustre on the or knowledge of Congress; and later in Union arms was that of General McClelthe war, when it became necessary to lan, the young Napoleon of the West, whose victories in Western Virginia made his name a household word. He was the first to propose a comprehensive plan for aggressive movements against the rebelcommand in person. He did so, and after lion, and coming from one of the youngest its approval by the President, the troops soldiers of the army, it is not surprising that General Scott, with his sensitiveness as to advice from those of less experience. rejected it, and presented a comprehensive plan of his own, then known as the "Anaconda" method of crushing the rebellion. In this dispute Lincoln took no part, and probably gave little attention to it. He then clung to the hope that no such gen-When civil war confronted us in 1861, eral military movements might be neces-General Scott was the hero of two wars, sary to attain peace. His belief was that

held by most of the prominent men of ate commanders is indeed painful. The the cabinet, that a successful battle and Confederate officers who started out as peace. He had no occasion, therefore, to war, as a rule were its chieftains at the exercise his authority as commander-in-close. The Johnstons, Cooper, Lee, Beauchief, beyond conferring with General regard, Jackson, Longstreet, Hill, Kirby Scott and the Secretary of War. Had he Smith, Ewell, Early, Bragg, Hood, Fitz saving that the first battle of Bull Run would have been differently fought, and distinction. On the other side, not one of defeat of the insurgents. The care with which he watched the diffusion of military tains of the Union, was known to military interest he ever manifested in the concen- by one Lincoln's commanders fell by the he understood the war then as he soon he was compelled to assume in the assignforces of the enemy. teen thousand six hundred and seventy-six followed failure in his great work of overeffective men and twenty-four guns, when throwing the rebellion, marched into Richmond. It is possible, months' men would soon expire. ment would have ended the war, but it was details to experienced military men. not to be. Slavery, the author of the war, would have survived such a peace, and the great conflict of thirty years ago would have been handed down to another generation.

LINCOLN FORCED TO BECOME A REAL COM-MANDER-IN-CHIEF.

Lincoln was quickened to the exercise

the capture of Richmond would bring military leaders in the beginning of the understood the issue then as he understood. Hugh Lee, Stuart, and others, either fell in it a year or more later, I hazard little in the flame of battle, leading high commands, or emerged from the war with the highest with almost a reasonable certainty of the the men who came out of the war with the grateful plaudits of the country as chiefforces, and the keen sagacity and tireless fame when Sumter was fired upon. One tration of our military forces in every wayside, and he was constantly perplexed campaign, forbid the assumption that, had with the sense of the fearful responsibility learned to understand it, there could have ment of commanders to the different arbeen a division of the Union forces in the mies. This necessity naturally called for Bull Run campaign to fight the united the employment of his supreme powers, General McDowell and compelled him to exercise the soundfought the battle of Bull Run with seven- est discretion time and again, as failure Lincoln had he should have had some fifteen thou- learned the painful lesson of Scott's insand additional from General Patterson's ability to perform the duties expected of command, and from fifteen thousand to him by the country, and on the 29th twenty thousand of the Pennsylvania Re- of June, 1861, he called the first council of serve Corps, then fully organized and ready war, which embraced his cabinet, Scott, for the field. I feel quite sure that had and other military men. It was there that Lincoln then assumed the authority as McDowell's plan for the advance on Macommander-in-chief that he ever after nassas was decided upon. Lincoln did not maintained until Grant became lieutenant- advise, but assented to it, and Scott gave general, McDowell would have commanded a reluctant assent only when he learned fully fifty thousand men at Bull Run, and that it was a public necessity for the army would have overwhelmed the enemy and to advance, as the term of the three indeed quite probable, that such an achieve- history of that battle is known in all its

It is not surprising that a man of Lincoln's sagacity and trained practical methods should consider his responsibility as commander-in-chief after the defeat of Bull Run. He felt that he had no one to whom he could turn for counsel that he could implicitly accept, and he was equal to the occasion. On the night after the battle of Bull Run, Lincoln sought no sleep, but after gathering all the information of his full authority as commander-in- that he could as to the situation, he dechief by the multiplied misfortunes of his voted the hours of early morning to formu-He accepted as commanders lating a plan of military operations, and it the men in the army most conspicuous in is marvellous how closely that programme military service, and it was one of the sad- was followed in the long and bloody years dest lessons of the war that not one of the through which the war was fought to its concommanders then prominent before the summation. This was Lincoln's first discountry and most trusted, became chief- tinct assumption of the duties of commandtain as the conflict progressed. The con- er-in-chief. He wrote out in pencil, with trast between the Union and the Confeder- his own hand, memoranda directing that a



LINCOLN IN 1864.

blockade should be made effective as soon as possible; that the volunteer forces at Fortress Monroe be constantly drilled and disciplined; that Baltimore be held with a strong thened and made secure in their position; that the forces of West Virginia condisciplined; that Baltimore be held with a strong true to act under orders from McClellan;

that General Frémont push forward his mander-in-chief of the army and navy line from Harper's Ferry to Strausburg, of 1862. and a joint movement from Cairo on Memphis, and from Cincinnati on East Tennessee, should be promptly organized. This necessity that called him to exercise his duties as commander-in-chief, and it will be observed that his plan of campaign military necessities which arose thereafter.

The mental and physical feebleness of Scott, together with the infirmities of temper which age and disease had logically wrought, made it a necessity to have a new commander for the army. McClellan was then the only one who came with achievement to enforce his title to the general command, and he was called to Washington as commander of the Army of the Potomac. Volunteers were offered in abundance, and the one man of any country best fitted for the organization of a great army, was fortunately there to surrender of Lee at Appomattox. There was early friction between Scott and Mc-Clellan, and all the kind offices of Lincoln failed to soothe the old veteran or to make the young commander submissive to the whims of his superior. It became a supreme necessity to have Scott retired, and it was finally accomplished after much effort, but fortunately it has no detailed record in the annals of the country. The true story of Scott's retirement from the command of the army could have been written but by three men, viz.: Lincoln, Cameron, and Assistant Secretary Thomas A. Scott. They have all joined the veteran soldier in the ranks of the great majority beyond, and none will ever write the chapter on the change of the military commanders-in-chief in 1861.

LINCOLN'S DIFFERENCES WITH McCLELLAN.

work in the West, and especially in Missouri; until the 8th of March, 1864, when he that the Army of the Potomac be reorgan- handed to General Grant his commission ized as rapidly as possible on Arlington as lieutenant-general; and he was very Heights; and that new volunteers be often in conflict with his department combrought forward speedily into camps for manders as to their operations or failure instruction. This paper bears date July to prosecute them. His first serious trial 23, 1861; and on the 27th of July he arose with General McClellan in the fall added to it that when the foregoing shall of 1861, and that conflict was never enhave been substantially attended to, Ma-tirely closed until McClellan was finally nassas Junction and Strausburg should be relieved from the command of his army seized and permanently held, with an open after the battle of Antietam in the fall The late fall months of 1861 were peculiarly favorable for military operations, and the administration and the entire country became impatient to have was Mr. Lincoln's first acceptance of the the army advance. Just when Lincoln expected a movement toward Manassas. Mc-Clellan became seriously ill, and continued so for several weeks; and after his refully comprehended the situation and the covery, obstacles seemed to multiply each day, until the aggressive movement was universally demanded. On the 1st of December, 1861, Lincoln requested of Mc-Clellan a plan of campaign, in which he asked how soon the army could be moved, and how many men would be required to make the advance direct to Richmond. To this McClellan replied that he could move from the 15th to the 25th, and suggested that he had another plan of campaign soon to present to the President. During McClellan's illness Lincoln assumed the responsibility of summoning Generals McDowell and Franklin in conorganize the army that was ever undaunted ference with him as to the movements of by defeat, and that in the end received the the army, and on the 27th of January, without consulting with any of the commanders, or even the cabinet, he issued "General War Order No. 1," directing that on the 22d of February there should be a general movement of the land and naval forces against the insurgents, of the army at Fortress Monroe, the Army of the Potomac, the Army of Western Virginia, the army in Kentucky, the army and flotilla at Cairo, and the naval forces from the Gulf of Mexico. That was followed four days later by a special order from the President to General McClellan, directing that all the disposable forces of the Army of the Potomac, after providing for the defence of Washington, be moved immediately upon Manassas Junction; that all details be in the discretion of McClellan, and the movement was to begin on the 22d of February. This was a direct order to McClellan; but believing, as he did, that From the time that Lincoln called it was not a wise one, he urged his objec-McClellan to Washington, he tenaciously tions earnestly upon the President. It was exercised his high prerogatives as com- to these objections that Lincoln wrote a



LINCOLN AND MICLELLAN IN MICLEALAN'S TO ADD AFTERS. FROM A SHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY

somewhat celebrated letter to McClellan, sought to be convinced as to whether in which he so tersely, but suggestively, he was right or wrong, and all who knew discussed the difference between the Pen- him would bear testimony to the fact insula campaign, then preferred by Mc-Clellan, and the movement upon Manassas. Clellan, and the movement upon Manassas. Lincoln did not arbitrarily command; he to be questioned by sincere, intelligent

McClellan:

Does not your plan involve a greatly larger expenditure of time and money than mine?

Wherein is a victory more certain by your plan than mine?

Wherein is a victory more valuable by your plan than mine?

In fact, would it not be less valuable in this, that it would break no great line of the enemy's connections, while mine would?

In case of disaster, would not a retreat be more difficult by your plan than mine?

LINCOLN'S THOROUGH KNOWLEDGE OF ARMY MATTERS.

I cite these inquiries of Lincoln, not to show that he was either right or wrong in his judgment, but to convey a just appreciation of his careful study of the military situation at that early period of the war; his intelligent knowledge of the proposed results of campaigns, and his entire willingness to gain the best information to revise his judgment, if in error. McClellan was so tenacious as to the correctness of his much deliberation, reluctantly yielded his convictions, and from the day that he did so he certainly sought, in every way that was much perplexed by another grave dispute with McClellan. Lincoln believed with responsible commanders, while Mcof organization, for reasons that need not Clellan to divide the Army of the Potomac into four army corps, to be commanded by McDowell, Sumner, Heintzelmann, and Keyes, with a reserve force for the defence of Washington, under command of Wadsof the Potomac should be made without ration from circumstance. secure.

These are his incisive inquiries to the friends of Lincoln and of McClellan; but this is not the place to discuss the merits of the controversy. It necessarily withheld from direct cooperation with . McClellan a considerable portion of the army that could have been utilized in the effort to capture Richmond, if it had been deemed safe to uncover Washington. McClellan advanced upon Manassas, only to find it abandoned by the enemy. council of war was held at McClellan's quarters, Fairfax Court House, on the 13th of March, at which it was decided to proceed against Richmond by the The only diversity of senti-Peninsula. ment at that council was as to whether twenty-five thousand or forty thousand men should be detached for the defence at Washington; Keyes, Heintzelmann, and McDowell favoring the smaller number, and Sumner the larger number. I should here note a circumstance that I think is not generally understood. On the 11th of March, when McClellan was advancing with his army on Manassas, Lincoln issued an order practically removing him from the Peninsula campaign, that Lincoln, after office of commander-in-chief, by limiting his command only to the Army of the Potomac operating with him against Richmond. This order has been variously dishe could consistently with his views as to cussed from the different standpoints held the safety of the capital, to aid McClellan by the friends of Lincoln and McClellan, in his movement. About this time Lincoln and with the merits of the controversy I do not propose to deal. I want to say, however, that those who assume that Linthat it would be wise to organize the coln limited McClellan's command because Army of the Potomac into army corps, of any personal prejudice against him, are in error. He appointed no successor as Clellan was unwilling to accept that method—commander-in-chief, but obviously left the place open for him who should win it. here be discussed. The order of the Presi- It is evident that his difficulties with Mcdent for the movement of the armies on Clellan about advancing upon Richmond. the 22d of February was not obeyed, and and about the organization of his army, on the 8th of March Lincoln assumed the had somewhat impaired Lincoln's confiresponsibility of issuing an order to Mc-dence in McClellan as commander-inchief; but I speak advisedly when I say that he sincerely hoped that McClellan would succeed in his Richmond campaign by the capture of the Confederate capital, and thus prove his right to be restored as worth. A fifth corps was also ordered to commander-in-chief. I know that Lincoln be formed, with Banks as commander, cherished that hope, and meant that the On the same day he issued "President's captor of Richmond should be made General Order No. 3," directing that no the commander-in-chief of the army. Nor change of base of operations of the Army is this statement without strong corrobo-The position leaving for the defence of Washington a of commander-in-chief was not filled by sufficient force to make the capital entirely. Lincoln until precisely four months after McClellan had been relieved from it; This order went to the very marrow of namely, on the 11th of August, 1862, and what is yet an unsettled dispute between just four days after McClellan's letter to



GENERAL MALIFILIAN. FROM A HOTOGRAPH BY BRADY,

istration.

A FATEFUL LETTER OF MCCLELLAN'S.

That was a fateful letter for McClellan. It did not resolve Lincoln against the fur-

the President, written at Harrison's Land- restoration of McClellan to command afing, severely criticising not only the mili- ter Pope's defeat soon thereafter; but it so tary but the political policy of the admin- thoroughly defined partisan lines between McClellan and the supporters of the administration, that when Lincoln called Mc-Clellan to the command of the defences of Washington, he had to do it against the united voice of his cabinet, and against the protests of almost, if not quite, a united party in Congress and in the country. ther support of McClellan, nor do I believe However earnestly Lincoln may have dethat it seriously prejudiced McClellan in sired to support McClellan thereafter, he Lincoln's estimation, as was shown by his was greatly weakened in his ability to do

exposing Washington to what he deemed duties of commander-in-chief. Washington. You have done your best to sacrifice this army." That McClellan, like Lincoln, did everything with the most patriotic purposes, and with intended loyalty the dispute began, and is likely to continue throughout all the pages of future history.

Four days after the Harrison Landing letter was delivered to the President, Halleck was appointed commander-in-chief. The office remained vacant precisely four was a doubt that Halleck would be called organizer. To use his own language on and it is not surprising that the chasm

His letters to McClellan during the the occasion, as quoted by Mr. Hay in his Peninsular campaign are an interesting diary: "There is no one in the army who All of them are singularly gener- can command these fortifications, and lick ous, and never offensive, and exhibit the these troops of ours into shape, half as well sincerest desire of the President to render as he [McClellan] can." In this severe McClellan every support possible, without trial Lincoln was not forgetful of his reasonable peril of capture. Only a week 3d of September, the day after assigning before this political letter was written, McClellan to the command of the defences McClellan had addressed Stanton a long of Washington, he issued an order to letter, in which he said: "If I save this General-in-Chief Halleck, directing him to army now, I tell you plainly that I owe proceed with all possible despatch to organno thanks to you or to any other persons in ize an army for active operations, to take the field against the enemy. The Antietam campaign logically followed as Lee advanced into Maryland, and McClellan, without any special assignment, took the to every duty, I do not doubt; but the field against Lee, resulting in the battle of issue remains now, nearly a generation after. Antietam, and the retreat of Lee back to Virginia.

THE LAST DAYS OF McCLELLAN'S COMMAND.

On the 28th of June Lincoln addressed a months, during which time there never letter to Seward, in which he outlined the policy of the war in all the different deto the position unless McClellan should be partments. This was after the failure of Soon after Lincoln returned the Peninsula campaign. It proved how from his visit to McClellan on the Penin- thoroughly Lincoln kept in view his comsula, at which time McClellan's letter was prehensive strategy for the prosecution of delivered in person to Lincoln, Halleck the war. After the battle of Antietam urged the removal of McClellan from com- there was continued dispute between Linmand; but Lincoln overruled him, and in- coln and McClellan, arising from what stead of ordering the Army of the Penin- Lincoln believed to be tardiness on the sula back to the support of Pope, McClellan part of the commander of the army to was ordered to come with his forces. How pursue the enemy. The Emancipation McClellan ceased to have a command Proclamation speedily followed McClelwhen his army was brought within the lan's victory at Antietam, and that rather jurisdiction of General Pope, I need not intensified the opposing political views of stop to relate. Pope was defeated and the friends of Lincoln and McClellan. In routed and driven back into the en- a private letter written by McClellan on trenchments of Washington. In this emer- September 25th, and given in his own book gency Lincoln braved the unanimous hos- (page 615), McClellan said: "The Presitility of his cabinet and of his political dent's late proclamation, the continuation friends by calling upon McClellan in per- of Stanton and Halleck in office, rendered son in Washington, and asking him to take it almost impossible for me to retain my command of the defences of the capital, commission and self-respect at the same which practically gave him command of time;" and McClellan did not soften the the entire army while it was defending asperities of the occasion by an address to Washington. It was not a difficult matter his army, issued on the 7th of October, to defend the capital with the complete system of entrenchments constructed by tary service toward the civil authorities. McClellan. There were a score of generals He said: "The remedy for political errors, in the army who could have done that, but if any are committed, is to be found only what the army needed most of all was in the action of the people at the polls. reorganization. It was broken, dispirited, I give these quotations to show under almost hopeless, and Lincoln knew that no what grievances, whether real or assumed, man approached McClellan as a military McClellan suffered during this controversy;



GENERAL GRANT, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY IN 1863.

shadow of resentment in anything that he ordered to report at Trenton for further temperately, but very thoroughly, dis-appointment as his successor was anthe country that the army was to occupy, for the Presidency,

between the President and his general but with all the accepted rules of modern gradually widened because of the con- warfare. This controversy culminated in stantly increasing intensity of party preju- McClellan's removal from his command on dice against McClellan. During all this the 5th of November, 1862, and that dated dispute Lincoln never exhibited even a the end of his military career. He was said or did, so far as we have any record, orders, where he remained until the day of and on the 13th of October he wrote an the Presidential election in 1864, when he elaborate letter to McClellan, in which he resigned his commission, and Sheridan's cussed all the strategic lines of McClellan's nonneed in one of Stanton's characteristic prospective advance into Virginia, showing bulletins on the following day, along with the most complete familiarity not only with the news of McClellan's disastrous defeat

LINCOLN'S SHARP REBUKE TO HOOKER.

I have given much time in this paper to Lincoln's relations with McClellan, because they present, in the strongest light, Lincoln's positive exercise of the high prerogatives of commander-in-chief of the army. Whether he did it wisely or unwisely in his protracted controversy with McClellan, cannot be here discussed. but the case of McClellan stands out most conspicuously as showing how completely Lincoln accepted and discharged the duties of the office of commander-in-chief. most disastrous battle in which the Army of the Potomac was engaged soon followed movements of the war in the beginning. McClellan's retirement, when Burnside was and one of the most strangely disastrous repulsed at Fredericksburg. At no stage results at the close. On the day after of the war was the Army of the Potomac Hooker's retreat back across the Rapidan in such a demoralized condition as during the President wrote him a letter, in which the period from the defeat of Fredericks- there is not a trace of complaint against burg until Hooker was called to the com- the commander, but clearly conveying Burnside's corps commanders were un- He asked Hooker whether he had any plans faithful to him, and where was he to get a for another early movement, concluding commander? Sedgwick, Meade, and Reynolds each in inform me, so that I, incompetent as I turned to Hooker as the only man whose of some plan for the army." When Lee enthusiasm might inspire the demoralized began his movement northward toward army into effectiveness as an aggressive Gettysburg, Hooker proposed to attack distressed at the condition then existing is fully developed, to which Lincoln promptly letter until I have won a great victory."

which he pointedly declared the true policy of making the army of Lee the objective point, instead of the Confederate capital, and from that theory he never departed. In this memorandum he said: "Our prime object is the enemy's army in front of us, and not with or about Richmond at all, unless it be incidental to the main object."

HOOKER'S SERIES OF MISFORTUNES.

I need not give in detail the result of The Hooker's campaign to Chancellorsville. It was one of the most brilliant strategic Lincoln believed that some of Lincoln's profound sorrow at the result. It is an open secret that with these words: "If you have not, please turn declined it, and the President finally may be, can try and assist in the formation military power. That Lincoln was much Lee's rear as soon as the movement was evident from many sources, but he makes replied, disapproving of the plan of attackit specially evident in a characteristic letter ing the enemy at Fredericksburg, which addressed by him to Hooker on the 26th was Lee's rear, because the enemy would of January, 1863, telling him of his assign- be in intrenchments, and, to use Lincoln's ment to the command of the Army of the language, "so man for man worst you at Potomac. In this letter he says to Hooker: that point, while his main force would, in "I think that during General Burnside's some way, be getting an advantage of you command of the army, you have taken northward." He added: "In one word, I counsel of your ambition and thwarted him would not take any risk of being entangled as much as you could, in which you did upon the river like an ox jumped half a great wrong to the country and to a over a fence and liable to be torn by dogs most meritorious and honorable brother front and rear without a fair chance to officer. I have heard, in such a way as to gore one way or kick the other." Hooker's believe it, of your recently saving that next suggestion was to let Lee move northboth the army and the government needed ward, and make a swift march upon Richa dictator. Of course it was not for this, mond; but this was also rejected by Linbut in spite of it, that I have given you coln because, as he says, Richmond when the command. Only those generals who invested could not be taken in twenty gain success can set up as dictators. What days, and he added: "I think Lee's army I now ask of you is military success, and I and not Richmond is your sure objective will risk the dictatorship." Hooker ac-point." This was on the 10th of June, cepted this pointed admonition like a true 1863. On the 14th of June he again telesoldier. His answer was: "He talks to graphed Hooker urging him to succor Winme like a father. I shall not answer this chester, which was then threatened by the advance of Lee's army, in which he made On the 11th of April Lincoln again left a the following quaint suggestion: "If the record of his views as to the proper move- head of Lee's army is at Martinsburg, and ments of the Army of the Potomac, in the tail of it on the plank road between



GENERAL SHERMAN IN 1865. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY,

Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, the necessary to success. On the 27th of June animal must be very slim somewhere. Could Hooker was relieved from command at you not break him?" On the 16th of June his own request, and Meade was charged he addressed a private letter to Hooker in with the responsibility of fighting the which he spoke to him with the kind decisive battle of the war at Gettysburg. frankness so characteristic of him, gently The defeat of Lee at Gettysburg decided portraying his faults and kindly pointing the issue of the war. Many bloody batthe way for him to act in harmony with the were fought thereafter, but from the Halleck, and all others whose aid was 4th of July, 1863, the cause of the Confederacy was a lost cause, and the man who down to the bottom of my boots for what won that battle should have been the he did at Gettysburg, but I think if I had chieftain of the war.

LINCOLN'S ATTITUDE TOWARD MEADE.

I may here properly introduce two despatches received by Lincoln from the battle-fields of Antietam and Gettysburg, which, I personally know, did much to make Lincoln distrust the capacity of both McClellan and Meade to appreciate the great purpose of the war. When Lee had retreated across the Potomac from Antietam on the 19th of September, 1862, Mc-Clellan telegraphed: "Our victory was The enemy is driven back into Virginia. Maryland and Pennsylvania are now safe." Meade's congratulation to the army on the field of Gettysburg, July 4, campaign of 1862. It is known that the yet accomplished, and the commanding general looks to the army for greater efforts to drive from our soil every vestige of the presence of the invader." The fact that both these commanders seemed to assume that their great work was to drive learned from Lincoln. Indeed, so much the enemy from Northern soil, impressed Lincoln profoundly. In Mr. Hay's diary Lincoln is quoted as saying, upon the renever get that idea out of their heads? The whole country is our soil." His theory of the war was that the enemy could be fought much more advantageously on Northern soil than in the South, as it enabled concentration of Northern forces, and diffused Southern forces in maintaining lines of supply; and before either of these battles were fought he had publicly declared his theory that Lee's army was the heart of the rebellion, and that Richmond and other important military centres would be valueless while Lee's army was unbroken. It is known that Lincoln was at first strongly inclined to censure Meade for not fighting another battle at Williamsport, I saw the President soon after that battle, and was amazed at his thorough familiarity with every highway and mountain pass which the armies had open to them. As it was near my own home I knew how accurate his information was, and he questioned me minutely as to distances and opportunities of the two armies in the race to Williamsport. When I asked him the direct question whether

been General Meade I would have fought another battle." He was extremely careful to avoid injustice to any of his commanders, and after fully considering the whole subject, he excused rather than justified Meade for not delivering battle to Lee at Williamsport. Had Meade done so and succeeded, he would have been the great general of the war; but there are few generals who would have fought that battle with the forces of both sides nearly equal and Lee entrenched. Had he fought it and failed, he would have been severely censured; but failing to fight, he lost his one opportunity to be the lieutenant-general of the war.

I need not refer in detail to the Pope 1863, closes as follows: "Our task is not appointment of Pope and the creation of his department were entirely Lincoln's own acts. Without the knowledge of his cabinet he slipped off quietly to West Point to confer with General Scott, but what transpired between them no one ever were Lincoln and the country perplexed about military commanders in 1862-63 that Senator Wade conceived the idea of making ceipt of this despatch: "Will our generals himself lieutenant-general and commander of the armies, and had many supporters. In this he followed the precedent of Senator Benton during the Mexican War, who then made an earnest effort to be appointed generalissimo to supersede both Scott and Taylor in the direction of military operations in Mexico.

LINCOLN PERSONALLY ORDERS A CAM-PAIGN IN TENNESSEE.

The campaign for the relief of East Tennessee was one of Lincoln's early conceptions, and in September, 1862, he went to the War Department personally and left a memorandum order for a campaign into that State. Many reasons combined to prevent early obedience to his orders, but from that time there was not a movement made in the West that Lincoln did not carefully examine and revise to hasten the relief of Tennessee; and his letter to Halleck, February 16, 1862, when Fort Donelson was about to be captured, outlined a policy of campaign to reach the heart of Tennessee. While he thus carefully revised he was not satisfied with what Meade had every strategic movement, he always scruaccomplished, he answered in these words: pulously avoided giving instructions which "Now don't misunderstand me about Gen-might embarrass a general fighting in a eral Meade. I am profoundly grateful distant field. After the defeat and victory ahead, and all success attend you.'

The failure of the iron-clads at Charles-bility whenever it was possible." ton in 1863 was one of the sore disappoint-General Banks was assigned to the depart- commander-in-chief of the army. From

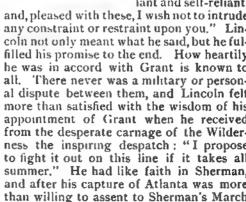
ment of the Gulf in 1862, with a command of twenty thousand men, Lincoln's letter to him, dated November 22d, pointedly illustrates his complete familiarity with the purposes of the campaign, and his admonitions to General Banks present a singular mixture of censure and charitable judgment. When we turn to his letter to General Grant, written July 13, 1863, after the surrender of Vicksburg, we will recall how carefully Lincoln observed all strategic movements, and also how he judged them. He was glad to confess error when the truth required it, and in his letter of thanks to Grant

he told him that he believed that Grant and, pleased with these, I wish not to intrude should have moved differently, but added: any constraint or restraint upon you." Lin-"I now wish to make the personal ac- coin not only meant what he said, but he fulknowledgment that you were right and I filled his promise to the end. How heartily was wrong." Early in the year 1864 Lin- he was in accord with Grant is known to coln directed the movement into Florida, all. There never was a military or personwhich resulted in the disastrous battle at al dispute between them, and Lincoln felt Olustee, but he intended it as a political more than satisfied with the wisdom of his rather than as a military expedition. He appointment of Grant when he received in like manner directed combined military from the desperate carnage of the Wilderand political movements in Arkansas, Ten- ness the inspiring despatch: "I propose nessee, Maryland, and Missouri. While Hal- to fight it out on this line if it takes all leck was nominally commander-in-chief of summer." He had like faith in Sherman, the army, he had gradually ceased to be and after his capture of Atlanta was more anything more than the chief of staff, than willing to assent to Sherman's March

at Shiloh he called Halleck to the field Lincoln is quoted in Mr. Hay's diary as to shield General Grant from the grossly saying that, although Halleck had stipuunjust opposition that was surging against lated when he accepted the position, that it him, and in a letter to Halleck he said; should be with the full powers and respon-"I have no instructions to give you; go sibilities of the office, after the defeat of Pope, Halleck had "shrunk from responsi-

This brings us to the 8th of March, 1864, ments of the war, and Lincoln's instructions, when Lincoln and Grant met for the first sent soon after jointly to General Hunter time, and Lincoln personally delivered to and Admiral Dupont, are explicit as to Granthis commission as lieutenant-general. what they shall attempt to do. When Immediately thereafter he was assigned as

that day Lincoln practically abdicated his powers as commander - in chief, so far as they related to army movements. He had found a commander in whom he had implicit faith, and one who was fully in accord with his theory that the overthrow of Lee's army would be the overthrow of the Rebellion, and Lincoln did not conceal his purpose to impose the entire responsibility on Grant. In a letter written to Grant April 30, 1864, just before Grant's movement in the Wilderness campaign, Lincoln said: " The particulars of your plan I neither know nor seek to know. You are vigilant and self-reliant,





ALEXANDER & MOLITRE

to the Sea, because he trusted the man surrender of his army, simply executed us went farther than to acquiesce."

original agreement with Johnston for the unity and peace.

who was to lead the army in that heroic Mr. Lincoln's directions or suggestions as In his letter of congratula- he understood them. The assassination of tions to Sherman at Savannah, December Lincoln suddenly brought a changed con-26, 1864, he told how anxious and fearful dition upon the country, and with it dehe was when Sherman left Atlanta, but veloped the intensest passions of civil war, added: "Remembering that 'nothing but of these Sherman was ignorant, and risked nothing gained,' I did not interfere, he obeyed the orders of the commander-Now the undertaking being a success, the in-chief in accepting terms of surrender honor is all yours, for I believe none of that became at once impracticable after Lincoln had fallen by the assassin's bullet. Soon after Sherman's march into North Thus ends the story of Abraham Lincoln Carolina, Lincoln met Grant and Sherman as commander-in-chief in the most bloody at City Point, where the whole aspect of and heroic war of modern times. I have the war was fully discussed, and where he simply presented facts, leaving for others gave his last suggestions as commander- the task of criticism; but this one fact in-chief. They did not relate to the move- will ever stand out conspicuously in the ment of armies but to the question of peace. history of our civil war, that Lincoln was The generous terms given by Grant to Lee the actual commander-in-chief, from the at Appomattox were the reflex of Lincoln's first defeat at Manassas in July, 1861, until suggestions at City Point, although doubt-less in hearty accord with the great war-West brought him welcome relief from that rior's convictions; and Sherman, in his high prerogative and gave the Republic

A DOCTOR OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

By IAN MACLAREN.

[We are enabled through the courtesy of Dodd, Mead & Company to publish herewith a short story by a new writer of great power. This story is from the book entitled "Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush," by Ian Maclaren, and it is not too much to say that Ian Maclaren is the author of whom the year 1894 will be especially proud. He is the latest of that magnificent group of writers beginning with Stevenson, and including "Q," Kipling, Doyle, Barrie, Weyman, Crockett, Hope, and others.—Editor.]

I.

A GENERAL PRACTITIONER.

wholesome food and fresh air, and yet had reduced the Psalmist's farthest limit to an low "weet." average life-rate. Our men made no dif-

then Drumtochty stood two minutes longer through sheer native dourness till each man had a cascade from the tail of his coat, and hazarded the suggestion, half-RUMTOCHTY was accustomed to way to Kildrummie, that it had been "a break every law of health, except bit scrowie;" a "scrowie" being as far short of a "shoor" as a "shoor" fell be-

This sustained defiance of the elements ference in their clothes for summer or provoked occasional judgments in the winter, Drumsheugh and one or two of the shape of a "hoast" (cough), and the head larger farmers condescending to a topcoat of the house was then exhorted by his on Sabbath, as a penalty of their position, women folk to "change his feet" if he and without regard to temperature. They had happened to walk through a burn on wore their blacks at a funeral, refusing to his way home, and was pestered generally cover them with anything, out of respect with sanitary precautions. It is right to to the deceased, and standing longest in add that the gudeman treated such adthe kirkyard when the north wind was vice with contempt, regarding it as suit-blowing across a hundred miles of snow. able for the effeminacy of towns, but not If the rain was pouring at the Junction, seriously intended for Drumtochty. Sandy

winter, till he was persuaded to retire from that he was waiting for medical advice. active duty at eighty-five, and he spent ten criticising his successor. The ordinary minds, was to do a full share of work till seventy, and then to look after "orra" "slip awa" within sight of ninety. Persons with that admirable clearness which enabove ninety were understood to be acquit- deared him to Drumtochty. ting themselves with credit, and assumed drawn from the end of last century.

laboured explanations at the "beerial."

an' it's no easy accoontin' for't.

"The gudewife was sayin' he wes never cal character. the same sin' a weet night he lost himsel on the muir and slept below a bush; but time. that's neither here nor there A'm think- dinna show yir face in the fields till a' see in' he sappit his constitution that twa ye. A'll gie ve a cry on Monday-sic an years he wes grieve (steward) about Eng- auld fule-but there's no ane o' them tae land. That wes thirty years syne, but mind anither in the hale pairish." ye're never the same aifter thae foreign climates."

Drumtochty listened patiently to Hillocks' apologia, but was not satisfied.

"It's clean havers about the muir. Losh keep's (Lord keep us), we've a' sleepit oot and never been a hair the wanr, an easy undress with his head in a plaid,

"A'admit that England micht hae dune hed been nippit in the Sooth."

impression of his character

there's nae doot he wes a wee flighty,'

of his face was blazing red. His subject across the big moor with its peat holes and

Stewart "napped" stones on the road in of discourse was the prospects of the turhis shirt sleeves, wet or fair, summer and nip "breer," but he casually explained

"The gudewife is keepin' up a dingyears more in regretting his hastiness and dong frae mornin' till nicht aboot ma face, and a'm fair deaved (deafened), so a'm course of life, with fine air and contented watchin' for MacLure tae get a bottle as he comes wast (west); yon's him noo."

The doctor made his diagnosis from (odd) jobs well into the eighties, and to horseback on sight, and stated the result

"Confoond ye, Hillocks, what are ye airs of authority, brushing as de the opin- ploiterin' aboot here for in the weet wi' a ions of seventy as immature, and confirm- face like a boiled beet? Div ye no ken ing their conclusions with illustrations that ye've a titch o' the rose (erysipelas), and ocht tae be in the hoose? Gae hame When Hillocks' brother so far forgot wi' ye afore a' leave the bit, and send a himself as to "slip awa" at sixty, that haffin (half-grown; a child) for some mediworthy man was scandalized, and offered cine. Ye donnerd idiot, are ye ettlin (intending) tae follow Drums afore yir time?" "It's an awfu' business ony wy ye look And the medical attendant of Drumtochty at it, an' a sair trial tae us a'. A' never continued his invective till Hillocks started, heard tell o'sic a thing in oor family afore, and still pursued his retreating figure with medical directions of a simple and practi-

"A'm watchin', an' peety ye if ye pit aff Keep yir bed the mornin', and

Hillocks' wife informed the kirkyaird that the doctor "gied the gudeman an awfu' clearm'," and that Hillocks "wes keepin' the hoose," which meant that the patient had tea breakfast, and at that time was wandering about the farm buildings in

It was impossible for a doctor to earn the 10b; it's no cannie stravagin' (stroll- even the most modest competence from a ing) you wy frae place tae place, but people of such scandalous health, and so Drums never complained tae me as if he MacLure had annexed neighbouring parishes. His house-little more than a cot-The parish had, in fact, lost confidence tage-stood on the roadside among the in Drums after his wayward experiment pines towards the head of our Glen, and with a potato-digging machine, which from this base of operations he dominated turned out a lamentable failure, and his the wild gien that broke the wall of the premature departure confirmed our vague Grampians above Drumtochty-where the snowdrifts were twelve feet deep in winter, "He's awa noo," Drumsheugh summed and the only way of passage at times was up, after opinion had time to form; "an' the channel of the river-and the moorland there were waur fouk than Drums, but district westwards till he came to the Dunleth sphere of influence, where there were When illness had the audacity to attack four doctors and a hydropathic. Druma Drumtochty man, it was described as a tochty in its length, which was eight miles, "whup," and was treated by the men with and its breadth, which was four, lay in his a fine negligence. Hillocks was sitting in hand; besides a glen behind, unknown to the post office one afternoon when I the world, which in the night time he visited looked in for my letters, and the right side at the risk of life, for the way thereto was

treacherous bogs. And he held the land eastwards towards Muirtown so far as Geordie. The Drumtochty post travelled every day, and could carry word that the doctor was wanted. He did his best for the need of every man, woman, and child in this wild, straggling district, year in, year out, in the snow and in the heat, in the dark and in the light, without rest, and without holiday for forty years.

One horse could not do the work of this bed ready. man, but we liked best to see him on his old white mare, who died the week after tution 'ill dae the rest,' and he carried the her master, and the passing of the two did our hearts good. It was not that he rode beautifully, for he broke every canon of art, flying with his arms, stooping till he seemed to be speaking into Jess's ears, and rising in the saddle beyond all necessity. But he could ride faster, stay longer in the saddle, and had a firmer grip with his knees, than any one I ever met, and it was all for mercy's sake. When the reapers in a cloud of dust, or the family at the foot of Glen Urtach, gathered round the fire on a winter's night, heard the rattle of a horse's hoofs on the road, or the shepherds, out after the sheep, traced a black speck moving across the snow to the upper glen, they knew it was the doctor, and, without being conscious of it, wished him God speed.

Before and behind his saddle were strapped the instruments and medicines the doctor might want, for he never knew what was before him. There were no specialists in Drumtochty, so this man had to do everything as best he could, and as quickly. He was chest doctor and doctor for every other organ as well; he was accoucheur and surgeon; he was oculist and aurist; he was dentist and chloroformist, besides being chemist and druggist. It was often told how he was far up Glen Urtach when the feeders of the threshing mill caught young Burnbrae, and how he only stopped to change horses at his house, and galloped all the way to Burnbrae, and flung himself off his horse and amputated the arm, and saved the lad's life.

"You wud hae thocht that every meenut was an hour," said Jamie Soutar, who had been at the threshing, "an' a'll never forget the puir lad lying as white as deith on the floor o' the loft, wi' his head on a sheaf, an' Burnbrae haudin' the bandage ticht an' prayin' a' the while, and the mither greetin' in the corner.

"'Will he never come?' she cries, an' a' road a mile awa in the frosty air.

"'The Lord be praised!' said Burnbrae, and a' slippit doon the ladder as the doctor came skelpin' intae the close, the foam fleein' frae his horse's mooth.

"'Whar is he?' wes a' that passed his lips, an' in five meenuts he hed him on the feedin' board, and wes at his wark-sic wark, neeburs—but he did it weel. An' ae thing a' thocht rael thochtfu' o' him: he first sent aff the laddie's mither tae get a

"'Noo that's feenished, and his constilad doon the ladder in his airms like a bairn, and laid him in his bed, and waits aside him till he wes sleepin', and then says he: 'Burnbrae, yir a gey lad never tae say "Collie, will ye lick?" for a' hevna tasted meat for saxteen hoors.'

"It was michty tae see him come intae the vaird that day, neeburs; the verra look o' him wes victory.'

Jamie's cynicism slipped off in the enharvest time saw a figure whirling past in thusiasm of this reminiscence, and he expressed the feeling of Drumtochty. one sent for MacLure save in great straits. and the sight of him put courage in sinking hearts. But this was not by the grace of his appearance, or the advantage of a good bedside manner. A tall, gaunt, loosely made man, without an ounce of superfluous flesh on his body, his face burned a dark brick colour by constant exposure to the weather, red hair and beard turning grey, honest blue eyes that looked you ever in the face, huge hands with wrist bones like the shank of a ham, and a voice that hurled his salutations across two fields. he suggested the moor rather than the drawing-room. But what a clever hand it was in an operation, as delicate as a woman's; and what a kindly voice it was in the humble room where the shepherd's wife was weeping by her man's bedside. He was "ill pitten thegither" to begin with, but many of his physical defects were the penalties of his work, and endeared him to the Glen. That ugly scar that cut into his right eyebrow and gave him such a sinister expression, was got one night Jess slipped on the ice and laid him insensible eight miles from home. His limp marked the big snowstorm in the fifties, when his horse missed the road in Glen Urtach, and they rolled together in a drift. MacLure escaped with a broken leg and the fracture of three ribs, but he never walked like other men again. He could not swing himself into the saddle without making two heard the soond o' the horse's feet on the attempts and holding Jess's mane. Neither can you "warstle" through the peat bogs

men get the Victoria Cross in other fields. for its diseases or its doctors. MacLure got nothing but the secret affechad ever done one-tenth as much for it as this ungainly, twisted, battered figure, and I have seen a Drumtochty face soften at the sight of MacLure limping to his horse.

Mr. Hopps earned the ill-will of the Glen forever by criticising the doctor's dress, but indeed it would have filled any townsman with amazement. Black he wore once a year, on Sacrament Sunday, and; if possible, at a funeral; topcoat or water-proof His jacket and waistcoat were rough homespun of Glen Urtach wool, which threw off the wet like a duck's back, and below he was clad in shepherd's tartan trousers, which disappeared into unpolished riding boots. His shirt was grey flannel, and he was uncertain about a collar, but certain as to a tie which he never had, his beard doing instead, and his hat was soft felt of four colors and seven different shapes. His point of distinction in dress was the trousers, and they were the subject of unending speculation.

"Some threep (declare) that he's worn thae eedentical pair the last twenty year, an' a' mind masel (myself) his gettin' a tear ahint, when he was crossin' oor palin',

and the mend's still veesible.

"Ithers declare 'at he's got a wab o' claith, and hes a new pair made in Muirtown aince in the twa year maybe, and keeps them in the garden till the new look wears aff.

"For ma ain pairt," Soutar used to declare, "a' canna mak up my mind, but there's ae thing sure, the Glen wud not like tae see him without them: it wud be a shock tae confidence. There's no muckle o' the check left, but ye can aye tell it, and when ye see thae breeks comin' in ye ken that if human pooer can save yir bairn's life it 'ill be dune.'

The confidence of the Glen-and tributary states—was unbounded, and rested partly on long experience of the doctor's resources, and partly on his hereditary connection.

"His father was here afore him," Mrs. Macfadyen used to explain; "atween them they've hed the countyside for weel on tae than attend tae every bairn that hes a a century; if MacLure disna understand oor constitution, wha dis, a' wud like tae roosed. ask?"

and snow drifts for forty winters without came a parish which was quite self-cona touch of rheumatism. But they were tained between the woods and the hills, honorable scars, and for such risks of life and not dependent on the lowlands either

"He's a skilly man, Doctor MacLure," tion of the Glen, which knew that none continued my friend Mrs. Macfadyen, whose judgment on sermons or anything else was seldom at fault; "an' a kindhearted, though o' coorse he hes his faults like us a', an' he disna tribble the Kirk often.

> "He aye can tell what's wrang wi' a body, an' maistly he can put ye richt, an' there's nae new-fangled wys wi' him: a blister for the ootside an' Epsom salts for the inside dis his wark, an' they say there's no an herb on the hills he disna ken.

> "If we're tae dee, we're tae dee; an' if we're tae live, we're tae live," concluded Elspeth, with sound Calvinistic logic; "but a'll say this for the doctor, that whether vir tae live or dee, he can ave keep up a shairp meisture on the skin.

> "But he's no verra ceevil gin ye bring him when there's naethin' wrang, Mrs. Macfadyen's face reflected another of Mr. Hopps' misadventures of which Hil-

locks held the copyright.

"Hopps' laddie ate grosarts (gooseberries) till they hed to sit up a' nicht wi' him, and naethin' wud do but they maun hae the doctor, an' he writes 'immediately' on a slip o' paper.

"Weel, MacLure had been awa a' nicht wi' a shepherd's wife Dunleith wy, and he comes here without drawin' bridle, mud

up tae the een.

"'What's a dae here, Hillocks?' he cries; 'it's no an accident, is't?' and when he got aff his horse he cud hardly stand wi' stiffness and tire.

"'It's nane o' us, doctor; it's Hopps' laddie; he's been eatin' ower mony berries.

"If he didna turn on me like a tiger.

"' Div ye mean tae say-

"'Weesht, weesht,' an' I tried tae quiet him, for Hopps wes comin' oot.

"'Well, doctor,' begins he, as brisk as a magpie, 'you're here at last; there's no hurry with you Scotchmen. My boy has been sick all night, and I've never had one wink of sleep. You might have come a little quicker, that's all I've got to say.

"'We've mair tae dae in Drumtochty sair stomach,' and a' saw MacLure wes

"'I'm astonished to hear you speak. For Drumtochty had its own constitu- Our doctor at home always says to Mrs. tion and a special throat disease, as be- 'Opps, "Look on me as a family friend, Mrs. 'Opps, and send for me though it be was the new farmer of Milton, who was so

only a headache."

"'He'd be mair sparin' o' his offers if he hed four an' twenty mile tae look aifter. There's naething wrang wi' yir laddie but greed. Gie him a gude dose o' castor oil and stop his meat for a day, an' he 'ill be a' richt the morn.

"'He 'ill not take castor oil, doctor. We have given up those barbarous medi-

"'Whatna kind o' medicines hae ye noo in the Sooth?'

"'Well, you see, Dr. MacLure, we're homœopathists, and I've my little chest here,' and oot Hopps comes wi' his boxv.

"'Let's see't,' an' MacLure sits doon and taks oot the bit bottles, and he reads

the names wi' a lauch every time.

"'Belladonna; did ye ever hear the Aconite; it cowes a'. Nux Vom-What next? Weel, ma mannie,' he says tae Hopps, 'it's a fine ploy, and ye 'ill better gang on wi' the Nux till it's dune, and gie him ony ither o'the sweeties he fancies.

"' Noo, Hillocks, a' maun be aff tae see Drumsheugh's grieve (steward), for he's doon wi' the fever, an' it's tae be a teuch fecht (hard fight). A' hinna time tae wait for dinner; gie me some cheese an' cake in ma haund, and Jess'ill tak a pail o' meal an' water.

"'Fee; a'm no wantin' yir fees, man; wi' a' that boxy ye dinna need a doctor; na, na, gie yir siller tae some puir body, Maister Hopps,' an' he was doon the road as hard

as he cud lick."

His fees were pretty much what the folk chose to give him, and he collected them

once a year at Kildrummie fair.

the wife and bairn? Ye 'ill need three notes for that nicht ye stayed in the hoose an' a' the veesits."

"Havers," MacLure would answer, "prices are low, a'm hearing; gie's thirty

shillings."

"No, a'll no, or the wife 'ill tak ma ears off," and it was settled for two pounds.

Lord Kilspindie gave him a free house and fields, and one way or other, Drumsheugh told me, the doctor might get in about one hundred and fifty pounds a year, out of which he had to pay his old friend in Edinburgh with much judgment.

There was only one man who ever com-

good that he was above both churches, and held a meeting in his barn. (It was Milton the Glen supposed at first to be a Mormon, but I can't go into that now.) He offered MacLure a pound less than he asked, and two tracts, whereupon Mac-Lure expressed his opinion of Milton, both from a theological and social standpoint, with such vigour and frankness that an attentive audience of Drumtochty men could hardly contain themselves.

Jamie Soutar was selling his pig at the time, and missed the meeting, but he hastened to condole with Milton, who was complaining everywhere of the doctor's

language.

"Ye did richt tae resist him; it 'ill maybe roose the Glen tae mak a stand; he fair

hauds them in bondage.

"Thirty shillings for twal veesits, and him no mair than seeven mile awa, an' a'm telt there werena mair than four at nicht.

"Ye 'ill hae the sympathy o' the Glen, for a' body kens yir as free wi' yir siller as

yir tracts.

"Wes't 'Beware o' gude warks' ye offered him? Man, ye chose it weel, for he's been colleckin' sae money thae forty years, a'm feared for him.

"A've often thocht oor doctor's little better than the Gude Samaritan, an' the Pharisees didna think muckle o' his chance aither in this warld or that which is tae come."

II.

THROUGH THE FLOOD.

Dr. MacLure did not lead a solemn pro-"Weel, doctor, what am a' awin' ye for cession from the sick bed to the diningroom, and give his opinion from the hearthrug with an air of wisdom bordering on the supernatural, because neither the Drumtochty houses nor his manners were on that large scale. He was accustomed to deliver himself in the yard, and to conclude his directions with one foot in the stirrup; but when he left the room where the life of Annie Mitchell was ebbing slowly away, our doctor said not one word, and at the sight of his face her husband's heart was troubled.

He was a dull man, Tammas, who could housekeeper's wages and a boy's, and keep not read the meaning of a sign, and labored two horses, besides the cost of instruments under a perpetual disability of speech; and books, which he bought through a but love was eyes to him that day, and a

"Is't as bad as yir lookin', doctor? tell's plained of the doctor's charges, and that the truth; wull Annie no come through?"

and Tammas looked MacLure straight in the face, who never flinched his duty or hert, Tammas," she said, "as if Annie an' said smooth things.

a chance, but a' daurna; a' doot yir gaein'

tae lose her, Tammas."

caresses that pass between men.

"An' a'il dae mine," and Tammas gave Edinboro' and I wes in Drumtochty," MacLure's hand a grip that would have crushed the bones of a weakling. Drum- gude words and true, an' ye hev the richt tochty felt in such moments the brotherli- tae say them; but a' canna dae without ness of this rough-looking man, and loved seein' Annie comin' tae meet me in the him.

looked round with sorrow in her beauti- no can tell her that a luve her when there's ful eyes, for she had seen many tragedies, nae Annie in the hoose. and in this silent sympathy the stricken

man drank his cup, drop by drop.

She's younger than me by ten years, and tae think that ye hed keepit deith frae never wes ill. . . . We've been mairit anither hame. Can ye no think o' sometwal year laist Martinmas, but it's juist thin tae help Annie, and gie her back tae like a year the day. . . . A' wes never her man and bairnies?" and Tammas (neatest), kindliest lass in the Glen. . . . weird light. A' never cud mak oot hoo she ever lookit word, no ane in twal year. . . . We escape for himsel'." were mair nor man and wife, we were sweethearts a' the time. . . . Oh, ma dae the best a' can for yir wife. Man, a' dae withoot ye, Annie?"

with their fellow creature, and at length o' the Glen ma family. Div ye think a'

and now stood by his side.

"Dinna mourn tae the brakin' o' yir you hed never luved. Neither death nor "A' wud gie onything tae say Annie hes time can pairt them that luve; there's naethin' in a' the warld sae strong as luve. If Annie gaes frae the sicht o' yir een she MacLure was in the saddle, and as he 'ill come the nearer tae yir hert. She gave his judgment, he laid his hand on wants tae see ye, and tae hear ye say that Tammas's shoulder with one of the rare ye'ill never forget her nicht nor day till ye meet in the land where there's nae pairtin'. "It's a sair business, but ye 'ill play the Oh, a' ken what a'm sayin', for it's five man and no vex Annie; she 'ill dae her year noo sin George gied awa, an' he's best, a'll warrant."

mair wi' me noo than when he wes in mair wi' me noo than when he wes in

"Thank ye kindly, Marget; that are gloamin' an' gaein' in an' oot the hoose, Tammas hid his face in Jess's mane, who an' hearin' her ca' me by ma name, an' a'll

"Can naethin' be dune, doctor? Ye savit Flora Cammil, and young Burnbrae, "A' wesna prepared for this, for a' aye an' you shepherd's wife Dunleith wy, an' thocht she wud live the langest. . . . we were a' sae prood o' ye, an' pleased worthy o' her, the bonniest, snoddest searched the doctor's face in the cold,

"There's nae pooer in heaven or airth at me, 'at hesna hed ae word tae say aboot like luve," Marget said to me afterwards; her till it's ower late. . . . She didna "it maks the weak strong and the dumb cuist (cast) up tae me that a' wesna worthy tae speak. Oor herts were as water afore o' her, no her, but aye she said, 'Yir ma Tammas's words, an' a' saw the doctor ain gudeman, and nane cud be kinder tae shake in his saddle. A' never kent till . . An' a' wes minded tae be that meenut hoo he hed a share in a'body's kind, but a see noo mony little trokes a grief, an carried the heaviest wecht o a micht hae dune for her, and noo the time the Glen. A' peetied him wi' Tammas is bye. . . . Naebody kens hoo patient lookin' at him sae wistfully, as if he hed she wes wi' me, and aye made the best o' the keys o' life an' deith in his hands. me, an' never pit me tae shame afore the But he wes honest, and wudna hold oot a fouk. . . . An' we never hed ae cross false houp tae deceive a sore hert or win

"Ye needna plead wi' me, Tammas, to bonnie lass, what 'ill the bairnies an' me kent her lang afore ye ever luved her; a' brocht her intae the warld, and a' saw her The winter night was falling fast, the through the fever when she wes a bit lassnow lay deep upon the ground, and the sikie; a' closed her mither's een, and it merciless north wind moaned through the wes me hed tae tell her she wes an orphan, close as Tammas wrestled with his sorrow an nae man wes better pleased when she dry-eyed, for tears were denied Drum- got a gude husband, and a' helpit her wi' tochty men. Neither the doctor nor Jess her fower bairns. A've naither wife nor moved hand or foot, but their hearts were bairns o' ma own, an' a' coont a' the fouk the doctor made a sign to Marget Howe, wudna save Annie if I cud? If there wes who had come out in search of Tammas, a man in Muirtown at cud dae mair for her, a'd have him this verra nicht, but a' the doctors in Perthshire are helpless for this tribble.

"Tammas, ma puir fallow, if it could avail, a' tell ve a' wud lay doon this auld worn-oot ruckle o' a body o' mine juist tae see ye baith sittin' at the fireside, an' the bairns round ye, couthy an' canty again; but it's no tae be, Tammas, it's no

"When a' lookit at the doctor's face," Marget said, "a' thocht him the winsomest man ta' ever saw. He wes transfigured that nicht, for a'm judging there's nae

transfiguration like luve.

"It's God's wull an' maun be borne, but it's a sair wull for me, an' a'm no ungratefu' tae you, doctor, for a' ye've dune and what ve said the nicht," and Tammas went back to sit with Annie for the last

Jess picked her way through the deep snow to the main road, with a skill that came of long experience, and the doctor held converse with her according to his wont.

"Eh, Jess, wumman, you wes the hardest wark a' hae tae face, an' a' wud raither hae ta'en ma chance o' anither row in a Glen Urtach drift than tell Tammas Mitchel his wife wes deein'.

"A' said she cudna be cured, and it wes true, for there's juist ae man in the land fit for't, and they micht as weel try tae get the mune oot o' heaven. Sae a' said naethin' tae vex Tammas's hert, for it's heavy eneuch without regrets.

"But it's hard, Jess, that money wull buy life after a', an' if Annie wes a duchess her man wudna lose her; but bein' only a puir cottar's wife, she man dee afore the week's

"Gin we hed him the morn there's little doot she wud be saved, for he hesna lost mair than five per cent. o' his cases, and they 'ill be puir toon's craturs, no strappin' women like Annie.

"It's oot o' the question, Jess, sae hurry up, lass, for we've hed a heavy day. But it wud be the grandest thing that was ever dune in the Glen in oor time if it could be

managed by hook or crook,"

"We 'ill gang and see Drumsheugh, Jess; he's anither man sin' Geordie Hoo's deith, and he wes aye kinder than fouk kent;" and the doctor passed at a gallop through the village, whose lights shone across the white frost-bound road.

"Come in by, doctor; a' heard ye on the chell's; hoo's the gudewife? a' doot she's at the other.

sober."

"Annie's deein', Drumsheugh, an' Tammas is like tae brak his hert."

"That's no lichtsome, doctor, no lichtsome ava (at all), for a' dinna ken ony man in Drumtochty sae bund up in his wife as Tammas, and there's no a bonnier wumman o' her age crosses oor kirk door than Annie, nor a cleverer at her wark. Man. ye 'ill need tae pit yir brains in steep. she clean beyond ve?"

"Beyond me and every ither in the land but ane, and it wud cost a hundred guineas

tae bring him tae Drumtochty."

"Certes, he's no blate (backward); it's a fell chairge for a short day's work; but hundred or no hundred we 'ill hae him, an' no let Annie gang, and her no half her

"Are ve meanin' it, Drumsheugh?" and MacLure turned white below the tan.

"William MacLure," said Drumsheugh, in one of the few confidences that ever broke the Drumtochty reserve, "a'm a lonely man, wi' naebody o' ma ain blude tae care for me livin', or tae lift me intae ma coffin when a'm deid.

"A' fecht awa at Muirtown market for an extra pund on a beast, or a shillin' on the quarter o' barley, an' what's the gude o't? Burnbrae gaes aff tae get a goon for his wife or a buke for his college laddie. an' Lachlan Campbell 'ill no leave the place noo withoot a ribbon for Flora.

"Ilka man in the Kildrummie train has some bit fairin' in his pooch for the fouk at hame that he's bocht wi' the siller he

"But there's naebody tae be lookin' oot for me, an' comin' doon the road tae meet me, and daffin' (joking) wi' me aboot their fairing, or feeling ma pockets. Ou ay, a've seen it a' at ither hooses, though they tried tae hide it frae me for fear a' wud lauch at them. Me lauch, wi' ma cauld, empty hame!

"Yir the only man kens, Weelum, that I aince luved the noblest wumman in the Glen or onywhere, an' a' luve her still, but

wi' anither luve noo.

"She hed given her heart tae anither, or a've thocht a' micht hae won her, though nae man be worthy o' sic a gift. Ma hert turned tae bitterness, but that passed awa beside the brier bush whar George Hoo lay yon sad simmer time. Some day a'll tell ye ma story, Weelum, for you an' me are auld freends, and will be till we dee."

MacLure felt beneath the table for road; ye 'ill hae been at Tammas Mit- Drumsheugh's hand, but neither man looked

"Weel, a' we can dae noo, Weelum, gin

in anither hoose. Write the telegram, warstle. man, and Sandy 'ill send it aff frae Kilvir man the morn."

'ill lat me pay the half, bit by bit-a' ken river." vir wullin' tae dae't a'-but a' haena mony

share in savin' Annie's life."

fession; and the other more marvellously ways. dressed than ever, for Drumsheugh's topeye and voice, the most heroic type of his breathing. noble profession. MacLure compassed the cart-a vehicle that lent itself to history- hangin' on the crossin'." with two full-sized plaids added to his would be an eventful journey.

afore we get tae oor destination "

their way over fields, twice they forced a drowned for any person. passage through a slap in a dyke, thrice they used gaps in the paling which Mac-demned ye will be suner or later gin ye Lure had made on his downward journey. shirk yir duty, but through the water ye

"A' seleckit the road this mornin', an' a' gang the day." ken the depth tae an inch; we 'ill get

"Ye see the bridge hes been shaken' wi' this winter's flood, and we daurna venture with cunning art, and held her shoulder on it, sae we hev tae ford, and the snaw's against the stream; MacLure leant forbeen melting up Urtach way. There's nae ward in his seat, a rein in each hand, and

we haena mickle brichtness in oor ain doot the water's gey big, an' it's threatenin' hames, is tae keep the hight frae gaein' oot tae rise, but we 'ill win through wi' a

"It micht be safer tae lift the instrudrummie this verra nicht, and ye'ill hae ments oot o' reach o' the water; wud ye mind haddin' (holding) them on yir knee "Yir the man a' coonted ye. Drum- till we're ower? an' keep firm in yir seat in sheugh, but ye 'ill grant me ae favor. Ye case we come on a stane in the bed o' the

By this time they had come to the edge. pleesures, an' a' wud like tae hae ma ain and it was not a cheering sight. The Tochty had spread out over the meadows, Next morning a figure received Sir and while they waited they could see it George on the Kildrummie platform whom cover another two inches on the trunk of that famous surgeon took for a gillie, but a tree. There are summer floods, when the who introduced himself as "MacLure of water is brown and flecked with foam, but Drumtochty." It seemed as if the East this was a winter flood, which is black and had come to meet the West when these two sullen, and runs in the centre with a strong, stood together, the one in travelling furs, fierce, silent current. Upon the opposite handsome and distinguished, with his side Hillocks stood to give directions by strong, cultured face and carriage of au- word and hand, as the ford was on his land, thority, a characteristic type of his pro- and none knew the Tochty better in all its

They passed through the shallow water coat had been forced upon him for the without mishap, save when the wheel struck occasion, his face and neck one redness a hidden stone or fell suddenly into a rut; with the bitter cold; rough and ungainly, but when they neared the body of the river vet not without some signs of power in his MacLure halted, to give Jess a minute's

"It 'ill tak ye a' yir time, lass, an' a' precious arrival with observances till be wid raither be on vir back; but ye never was securely seated in Drumsheugh's dog- failed me yet, and a wumman's life is

With the first plunge into the bed of the equipment-Drumsheugh and Hillocks had stream the water rose to the axles, and both been requisitioned—and MacLure then it crept up to the shafts, so that the wrapped another plaid round a leather case, surgeon could feel it lapping in about his which was placed below the seat with such feet, while the dogcart began to quiver, reverence as might be given to the Queen's and it seemed as if it were to be carried regalia. Peter attended their departure away. Sir George was as brave as most full of interest, and as soon as they were men, but he had never forded a Highland in the fir woods MacLure explained that it river in flood, and the mass of black water racing past beneath, before, behind him, "It's a' right in here, for the wind disna affected his imagination and shook his get at the snaw, but the drifts are deep nerves. He rose from his seat and orin the Glen, and th'ill be some engineerin' dered MacLure to turn back, declaring that he would be condemned utterly and Four times they left the road and took eternally if he allowed himself to be

"Sit doon," thundered MacLure : "con-

Both men spoke much more strongly through this steadin' here tae the main and shortly, but this is what they inroad, but oor worst job 'ill be crossin' the tended to say, and it was MacLure that prevailed.

Jess trailed her feet along the ground

his eyes fixed on Hillocks, who was now standing up to the waist in the water, shouting directions and cheering on horse hoose inside a month; that's the gude o' and driver.

"Haud tae the richt, doctor; there's a That's it; yir daein' fine. Steady, man, steady. Yir at the deepest; sit heavy in yir seats. Up the channel noo, an' ye'll be oot o' the swirl. Weel dune, Jess, weel dune, auld mare! Mak straicht for me, doctor, an' a'll gie ve the road oot. Ma word, ye've dune vir best, baith o' ye this Annie's bedside. mornin'," cried Hillocks, splashing up to the dogcart, now in the shallows,

"Sall, it wes titch an' go for a meenut in the middle; a Hielan' ford is a kittle (hazardous) road in the snaw time, but

ve're safe noo.

"Gude luck tae ye at Westerton, sir; nane but a richt-hearted man wud hae riskit the Tochty in flood. Ye're boond tae succeed aifter sic a graund beginnin',' for it had spread already that a famous surgeon had come to do his best for Annie, Tammas Mitchell's wife.

Two hours later MacLure came out from Annie's room and laid hold of Tammas, a heap of speechless misery by the kitchen fire, and carried him off to the barn, and spread some corn on the threshing floor

and thrust a flail into his hands.

"Noo we've tae begin, an' we 'ill no be dune for an oor, and ve've tae lay on without stoppin' till a' come for ye, an' a'll shut the door tae haud in the noise, an' keep vir dog beside ve, for there maunna be a cheep about the hoose for Annie's sake.'

"A'll dae onything ye want me, but if—

"A'll come for ye, Tammas, gin there be danger; but what are ye feared for wi' the Queen's ain surgeon here?"

Fifty minutes did the flail rise and fall, save twice, when Tammas crept to the door and listened, the dog lifting his head

and whining.

It seemed twelve hours instead of one when the door swung back, and MacLure filled the doorway, preceded by a great burst of light, for the sun had arisen on the snow.

His face was as tidings of great joy, and Elspeth told me that there was nothing like it to be seen that afternoon for glory,

save the sun itself in the heavens.

"A' never saw the marrow o't, Tammas, an' a'll never see the like again; it's a' ower, man, withoot a hitch frae beginnin' ye like.'

"Dis he think Annie . . . 'ill live?" "Of coorse he dis, and be about the bein' a clean-bluided, weel-livin'-

"Preserve ye, man, what's wrang wi' ye? hole yonder. Keep oot o't for ony sake. it's a mercy a keppit ye, or we wud hev

hed anither job for Sir George.

"Ye're a' richt noo; sit doon on the strae. A'll come back in a whilie, an' ve 'ill see Annie juist for a meenut, but ye maunna say a word."

Marget took him in and let him kneel by

He said nothing then or afterwards, for speech came only once in his lifetime to Tammas, but Annie whispered, "Ma ain dear man."

When the Doctor placed the precious bag beside Sir George in our solitary first next morning, he laid a cheque beside it and was about to leave.

"No, no," said the great man. Macfadyen and I were on the gossip last night, and I know the whole story about

you and your friend.

"You have some right to call me a coward, but I'll never let you count me a mean. miserly rascal," and the cheque with Drumsheugh's painful writing fell in fifty pieces on the floor.

As the train began to move, a voice from the first called so that all in the

station heard:

"Give's another shake of your hand, MacLure; I'm proud to have met you; you are an honour to our profession. Mind the antiseptic dressings.

It was market day, but only Jamie Soutar and Hillocks had ventured down.

"Did ye hear yon, Hillocks? Hoo dae ye feel? A'll no deny a'm lifted."

Halfway to the Junction Hillocks had recovered, and began to grasp the situa-

"Tell's what he said. A' wud like to

hae it exact for Drumsheugh."

"Thae's the eedentical words, an' they're true; there's no a man in Drumtochty disna ken that, except ane.'

"An' wha's that, Jamie?"

"It's Weelum MacLure himsel. Man, a've often girned that he sud fecht awa for us a', and maybe dee before he kent that he had githered mair luve than ony man in the Glen.

"'A'm prood tae hae met ye,' says Sir George, an' him the greatest doctor in the land. 'Yir an honour tae oor profession.'

"Hillocks, a' wudna hae missed it for tae end, and she's fa'in' asleep as fine as twenty notes," said James Soutar, cynic-inordinary to the parish of Drumtochty.

PORTRAITS OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

BORN NOVEMBER 13, 1850; DIED DECEMBER 3, 1894.



AGE 20 MONTHS, 1852



AGE 6. 1857.



AGE 14. 1865.



AGE 21. 1872.



468 24. 1875.



VGR 34. 1885.

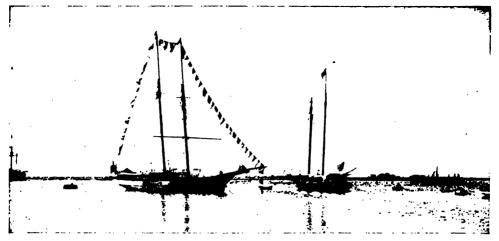








Nors. - The four portraits on this page are from photographs taken in Australia in 1893.



A VIEW SHOWING THE YACHT "CASOO"-THE SMALLER OF THE TWO VESSELS IN THE POREGROUND.

STEVENSON IN THE SOUTH SEA.

By WILLIAM CHURCHILL.

tell, and art wherewith to make the telling islanders. **notable**, before he can win the approval of these Samoans, as they sit in the evening circles, in the cool trade breezes, and as the hospitable cigarette passes from lip to lip.

Any *Tusitala*, for there are several, ranks high in the simple state of the Samoans. Every chief of village has his orator, the man who, in meetings of the people, or in conference with people of other towns, presents the royal purpose. With the feath-

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON won the Samoan people. But higher than them more than the honor of being re- all, above every talking man, above the Gergarded by his own people the first of ro- man company, and above the consuls themmancers in the English tongue. He was selves, the Samoan people placed the master acknowledged by all Samoa, where his last, of our romance, making him as well the and by no means his least happy and fruit master of theirs. From Savaii to Manono. ful, years were spent, to be Tusitala, the up the heights of Upolu, and down in the teller of stories. It is no light honor; it is bays of Tutuila, Tustiala meant Robert Louis not easily won. A man must have tales to Stevenson in the speech of the gentle

STEVENSON'S WIDE SEARCH FOR HEALTH.

In 1888 Mr. Stevenson was hunting the earth for the spot of land and climate which meant life for him, if haply there were left any life to one so far gone in health as he. He had tried the Mediterranean countries until he saw that health lay not there. He had sought the Adirondacks in the hope of recovering strength, but the balsamic airs ered wand which is the ensign of his rank, of the forests of the North Woods had proved he stands before his chief, and in full voice, as worthless as the reek of the orange groves. and with skill of words, presents his case. Driven ever farther afield in search of cli-He must be an orator, a pleader, a master of mate, he came to California in that year. speech, able to force the unwilling, to lead He knew what those cloudless skies and the ready, to spur the hesitating; to win by that transparent air were; that is all set argument where argument holds, by sophis- down in the "Silverado Squatters." But try, by any rhetorical art, so he win. This for once the climate of a State which is all much is required of an ordinary village climate failed to work good. Somewhere Tusitala. More is necessary when one is the on the earth he hoped there might be a master of speech for a chief. Then there is place wherein he could live and breathe the Tusitala for the poor puppet whom Ger- with comfort, or at least with absence of the mans or consuls will allow to be the king of pain which was racking him. Beyond the

Sea. He made his choice happily, it proved, for it added years of comfort, even of activity, to the life of a man who seemed scarce room in the Occidental Hotel in San Franworth a month's purchase. He chose the cisco, was sitting up in bed, not rightly able South Sea.

It was then that I made his acquaintance, an acquamtance since renewed and maintained by letters, with such difficulty as his in the fact that a question might be asked blankets, and counterpanes, hunched up and answered in say half a year, it luck was good. I was called in as being somewhat black hair, keen eyes, and a wonderful inof an expert in the South Sea, having, in terlacing of taper fingers. At this time he

Golden Gate lay the islands of the South deed, but lately come off several years of voyaging among the islands.

> Mr. Stevenson, when I first saw him in his to speak for the cold that oppressed him, baggard from the illness that was sapping him, thin, pale, and wan. The first sight was something more than of a man with the about him; it was an impression of flowing



was so hoarse that his voice had none of the old voyagers; he sought to know charm which was really one of the most what were the traders of to-day, and this marked attributes of the man. More pleas- in one breath. Again he caught at the ant days, and strength growing in the nerv- name of "Bully" Hayes, the last pirate of ous hope that the South Sea might indeed the Pacific, and lumped with him the mysyield him what was nowhere else for him on tery of "La Perouse." Names of islands earth, gave chances to hear that voice as it and of groups were, of course, all new to really was-gentle, deep, sympathetic. But him, and he asked again and again where those fingers -long, sinewy, sinuous, never they lay and how they were pronounced. resting, but rubbing each the other as if But in everything he was, more than any-

STEVENSON FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN SAMOA BY DAVIS.

there were a mania of the nerves in their South Sea wherever the winds would carry tips! Those who have never seen Steven- him. He is not the only man on whom the son's hand may form some idea of the fin-spell of the South Sea has thus wrought; gers from the so-called "watermelon seed" even the "beach-combers" bear witness to picture, in which one of the forefingers, its magic, and here and there some have come resting against the face, seems to reach up out of the South Sea and long to go back. into the hair.

STEVENSON EAGER FOR INFORMATION ABOUT THE SOUTH SEA.

thing else, wistful to hear of the unmixed islanders-what was their life and what sort of people they might be. At odd times Mrs. Stevenson would come in and caution him not to use his voice so much. Then he would settle himself back upon the pillows and say: "Tell me something that takes a long time telling." It took time, this first telling of the South Sea, for which he was every moment more strongly making up his mind; the session was no short And this first was followed by others, in which he showed the same zest to learn every fact attainable concerning the island realm that lay in the great ocean on whose verge he was.

He chose the South Sca. It was a generous choice; he chose it all He selected no particular region of ocean in a sweep that is the very broadest to be found on the earth. except where the great southern ocean sweeps unbroken about the Antarctic Pole and frets the ice. He picked out no one island of the thousands, reefgirt and palm-crowned, in those warm waters He took them all in one vision of health, and made his plans to go to the

STEVENSON CHARTERS THE YACHT "CASCO."

In the harbor of San Francisco was the At this first meeting he seemed eager for schooner yacht "Casco," owned by Dr. all that might be told of the mysteries of Merritt of Oakland. In England and here the South Sea. He asked about the voyages in New York many men had offered their



THE STRVENSON PARTY ABDARD THE "LASCO" AT HONOLYLL". PROM A PROTOGRAPH BY I. WILLIAMS, HONNILLF,



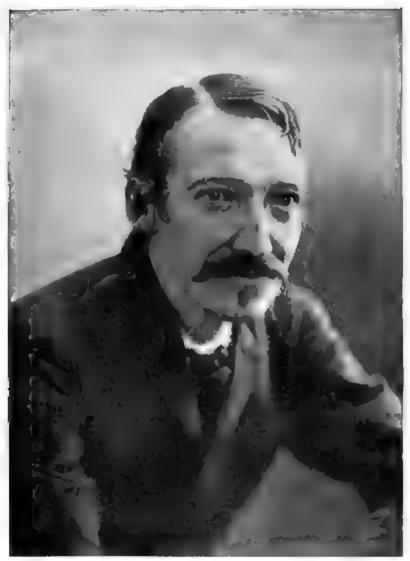
MASS ROLL STEVENSON

very definite views on the general subject of literature He looked upon "Barriers Burned Away" as the highest mark in fiction, and he was oppressed with the idea that men who wrote books must be making a pretty poor living of it. Furthermore, he had never heard of Stevenson, and had never seen one of his books. He was one of the men whom you would like to drop into the middle of the "New Arabian Nights," and watch him try to make sense out of what he was reading. Anyway, he had the sense of his kind to drive a shrewd bargain when he was asked to give a charter-party of the "Casco." hire must be all paid into bank beforehand, there must be no loop-hole for bottomry in foreign ports, all cost of repairs must rest on Stevenson, and Dr. Merritt's own sailing master must go as captain in order to see that all went well. Even with all these restrictions the charter was accomplished, and the Stevenson party began to put the "Casco" in readiness for a voyaging to nowhere in particular The yacht was a roomy, two masted schooner, cabin aft, galley and lockers amidships, and foreeastle forward, all under a flush deck. She had been in the South Seas once before, and had proved herself not only

knew him by word of mouth, but even men who had never met him outside of their libraries. But this yacht-owner held certain the ceremony when

yachts to Mr. Stevenson, not only men who a weatherly boat, but quite comfortable in

" VARLIMA," STEVENSOR'S HOUSE BEAK APIA, SAMOA.



STEVENSON IN 1863. FROM A PPOTOGRA II TAKAN IN A STRALA

charts, and several volumes of note-books capacious pockets. of experiences in the South Sea, for the use of the voyagers. The cabin was a scene of disorder. Mattresses were heaped where it was not reasonable to suppose any one could sleep in a sea way; the places where the mattresses should have been were filled south and into the fine weather. with a mixed assortment of clothing and "Caseo," with the Stevenson party aboard cabin stores. To any but a seaman it would -Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson and Lloyd have seemed a hopeless task to attempt to Oshourne-touched at the Marquesas, and restore order. The cabin hatch was dark- then hore away for Tahiti. The log-I ened, and Stevenson came down the com- had it afterward and published it—showed

she went into commission. She was lying in panion, assisted by his step-son Lloyd Os-Oakland Creek, at her usual berth, and the bourne. Stevenson managed to find an stores were being rattled aboard. I had uneasy seat on a barrel of cabin flour, and brought down a bunch of much-marked began to yield up personal property from

STEVENSON'S FIRST VOYAGE INTO THE SOUTH SEA.

This first voyage stretched away to the



RECEPTION-ROOM AND STAIRWAY IN STEVENSON'S SAMOA HOUSE.

uninterrupted sailing, with little incident for repairs when they reached Papeete. by the way. Between the Marquesas and Here the cook ran away, and it became Tahiti there was some rough weather, and necessary to replace him. The successor a topmast was sprung, which delayed them seems to have been a very poor cook in-



THE STEVENSON PARTY AT RANQUET AS GUESTS OF KING KALAKACA, HAWAII,

Honolulu, a voyage of nasty weather. At island trader "Equator." Honolulu the yacht was given up and sent back to San Francisco. Here, or at Waikiki, the party stayed with Mrs. Strong, Lloyd Osbourne's sister. There was for them, as for all who choose to stay at the Samoa the Stevenson family have lived ever

was prolonged.

pleasant season in the Hawaiian Islands. of a small plateau on Upolu, in the rear of Then, too, Stevenson had not yet seen all Apia, a narrow shelf upon the mountain side, ance of Osbourne and Strong. It centred memory must have stored away the descriparound a stereopticon, which Strong was to tion, for the place in mind was Vailima, his manage; a lecture, based on the slides they home in Samoa. were able to collect, a feature of the enterhis own line; and a general supervision of toward which his inclination was set, may be share in the enterprise. This plan was reluctantly laid aside, by reason of the incom- charm of the islands perhaps preferred him prehensibility to any South Sea audience as a Scot rather than as a Samoan. For an of Stevenson's lectures. In place of this instance, I have a letter from Andrew Lang, scheme they engaged a trading schooner to who writes: "I prefer him on his native take them a trip through the Line Islands. heather. I sent him materials for a Prince to look with respect upon a cockroach, for whether he will do it I don't know." It he met with experiences, as every one must may be that this is one of the two which he along the Line in the Pacific. If there is ona" has shown that even under the sonoany objurgation of the cockroach in any of rous cocoanuts a Scot may write a tale of Stevenson's South Sea tales, as indeed there moor and heather.

deed. Then they bore away northward to is, it is all founded on this experience in the

LANDING IN SAMOA TO ABIDE.

This cruise ended in Apia, and there in watering-place of the Hawaiian capital, since. Once, in our talks about the South much of pleasure here, and the tarrying Sea, Mr. Stevenson asked if there was any place there where a man might live if the But the dry weather came, and it is not a land suited him. It led me to a description the South Sea, but only a little stretch of where the paths ran much like ladders, where its eastern edge. He wanted more. Then there were three springs of water, where the it was he formed the scheme of taking a view over the ocean was ever restful, and great moral show through the islands. This stopped short of the North Pole only by plan he essayed to carry out with the assist- reason of the earth's swelling round. His

What Stevenson thought of his discourse tainment which Stevenson fancied came in in San Francisco about the South Sea, the whole affair, which was to be Osbourne's found in the early chapters of his story of "The Wrecker." Others less under the Then, for the first time, Stevenson learned Charlie tale; he began it, I believe, but who chooses a trading schooner for passage has left behind him. At any rate, "Catri-



ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON: DIED DECEMBER 3D, 1894.



THE world might have been prepared for the announcement of Stevenson's death, for every one knew that he had long been an invalid, exiled by poor health to a distant Pacific island. But the abounding vitality of his books rendered it hard for us to think of him and death together. He had lived and wrought long enough to prove himself the master story-teller of his generation, and, perhaps, the greatest prosewriter of the century; but his actual accomplishment gave promise of yet greater things to come. Thus the first thought of many lovers of his books, upon hearing of his death, may have been of the great loss to

literature. But we venture to believe that the final realization that he was gone brought a yet keener pang, as of personal bereavement, for Stevenson so saturated his books with his winning individuality as to establish a sort of companionship be-

tween himself and his readers.

This sense of personal loss is naturally most acute in Scotland, the land of his nativity. Scotland gave him to the world, and to the end he remained a faithful son, preserving the traditions, traits, and accents that have dominated all the literature produced across the border from the time of Blind Harry down to his own day. But the Scotch voice had fallen all but silent in literature when Stevenson began to speak, and for a season he stood almost alone. Following him, however, and perhaps stimulated by his genius and success, came other Scotchmen of talent, who formed a notable group of writers, all, like Stevenson,





IAN MACLAREN.

devoted to their native land, and embodying this devotion in stories or sketches of Scottish character or founded upon stirring events and periods in Scottish history. Earliest in this group came Mr. J. M. Barrie with "A Window in Thrums" and "The Little Minister;" a few years later Mr. S. R. Crockett published "The Stickit Minister" and "The Raiders." These books were Scotch to the marrow, and, like all true Scottish things, sincere, wholesome, virile. Mr. Stevenson welcomed these writers with the enthusiasm of a Highlander for his clansmen, and sought out opportunities to offer them the testimony of his loving appreciation. Within a few months another has made himself one of the distinguished fraternity, Mr. Ian Maclaren, author of "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush." If Mr. Stevenson saw this book he must have dis-

cerned its Scottish traits, for they are as indisputable as the plaids and bagpipes.

We count ourselves fortunate in that we are able to present to our readers this month the tributes which these three Scotchmen have paid to their dead chieftain.

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SCOTLAND'S LAMENT.

By J. M. BARRIE,

Author of "A Window in Thrums," "The Little Minister," etc.

HER hands about her brows are pressed, She goes upon her knees to pray, Her head is bowed upon her breast, And oh, she's sairly failed the day!

Her breast is old, it will not rise,
Her tearless sobs in anguish choke,
God put His finger on her eyes,
And then it was her tears that spoke.

"I've ha'en o' brawer sons a flow, My Walter mair renown could win, And he that followed at the plough, But Louis was my Benjamin!

"Ye sons wha do your little best,
Ye writing Scots, put by the pen,
He's deid, the ane abune the rest,
I winna look at write again!

"It's sune the leave their childhood drap, I've ill to ken them, gaen sae grey, But aye he climbed intil my lap, Or pu'd my coats to mak me play.

"He egged me on wi' mirth and prank, We hangit gowans on a string, We made the doakens walk the plank, We mairit snails without the ring.

"'I'm auld,' I pant, 'sic ploys to mak,
To games your mither shouldna stoup.'
'You're gey an' auld,' he cries me back,
'That's for I like to gar you loup!'

"O' thae bit ploys he made sic books,
A' mithers cam to watch us playing;
I feigned no to heed their looks,
But fine I kent what they was saying!

"At times I lent him for a game
To north and south and east and west,
But no for lang, he sune cam hame,
For here it was he played the best.

"And when he had to cross the sea,
He wouldna lat his een grow dim,
He bravely dree'd his weird for me,
I tried to do the same for him.

"Ahint his face his pain was sair,
Ahint hers grat his waefu' mither;
We kent that we should meet nae mair,
The ane saw easy thro' the ither.

"For lang I've watched wi' trem'ling lip, But Louis ne'er sin syne I've seen, The greedy island keept its grip, The cauldriff oceans rolled atween.

"He's deid, the ane abune the rest, Oh, wae, the mither left alane! He's deid, the ane I loo'ed the best, Oh, mayna I hae back my nain!"



From "Virginibus Paurinque."—Copyright, 1835, by Charles Scribner's Sons,



ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Her breast is old, it will not rise, Her tearless sobs in anguish choke, God put His finger on her eyes, It was her tears alone that spoke.

Now out the lights went stime by stime, The towns crept closer round the kirk. Now all the firths were smoored in rime, Lost winds went wailing thro' the mirk.

A star that shot across the night Struck fire on Pala's mourning head, And left for aye a steadfast light, By which the mother guards her dead.

"The lad was mine!" Erect she stands, No more by vain regrets oppress't, Once more her eyes are clear; her hands Are proudly crossed upon her breast.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

By S. R. CROCKETT,

Author of "The Stickit Minister," "The Raiders," etc.

SITTING alone by the sea in the mid days of November, I wrote a little article on what I loved most in the works of Robert Louis Stevenson, and it was set in type for the January "Bookman." In itself a thing of no value, it pleased me to think that in his far island my friend would read it, and that it might amuse him. I have tried and failed to revise it in the gloom of the night that has come so swiftly to those who loved him. But it would not do.

How could one alter and amend the light sentences with the sense of loss in one's heart? How sit down to write a "tribute" when one has slept, and started, and awaked all night with the dull ache that lies below Sleep saying all the time, "Stevenson is dead! Stevenson is dead!"?

It is true also that I have small right to speak of him. I was little to him; but then he was very much to me. He alone of mankind saw what pleased him in a little book of boyish verses.

Seven years ago he wrote to tell me so. He had a habit of quoting stray lines from it in successive letters to let me see that he remembered what he had praised. Yet he was ever as modest and brotherly as if I had been the great author and he the lad writing love verses to his sweetheart.

Without reproach and without peer in friendship, our king-over-the-water stood first in our hearts because his own was full of graciousness and tolerance and chivalry.

I let my little article be just as I wrote it for his eye to see, before any of us guessed that the dread hour was so near the sounding which should call our wellbeloved "home from the hill."

BANK HOUSE, PENICUIT, MIDLOTHIAN. December 19, 1894.

MR. STEVENSON'S BOOKS.

miles away than the ungeographical can that her sons, for adventure or merchancount, sits "The Scot Abroad." For thus dise, should early expatriate themselves. wrote of Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson be- engineered from the Clyde, and a "doon-

In sunny Samoa, more thousands of fore his time. It is the wont of Scotland Burton the historian, sane, sage, and wise, The ships of the world in all seas are

[Note-This article was written apropos of the publication of the first volume of the complete Works of Robert Louis Stevenson: Edinburgh edition (limited to 1000 copies). Published in America by Charles Scribner's Sons.]

the-watter" accent is considered as neces- "for love and euphony," names his colsary as lubricating oil, in order that the lected edition (to which be all good luck plunging piston rods may really enjoy and fostering breezes) "The Edinburgh their rhythmic dance. If you step ashore Edition." I have just seen the first anywhere "east of Suez and the Ten volume, which in its brightness and Commandments," ten to one the first man beauty seemed a summary of all the perof your tongue who greets you will hail fections, and whose print recalls that in in the well-remembered accent of the which the early novels of Scott were set Scotch gardener who chased you out of up. Mr. Hole's portrait suffers a little the strawberry plots of your unblessed from the excessive size of the hands, but

beds of ease," made aware of ourselves done, and represents him exactly as his only when the east wind blows and we friends remember him at the most prothink that we are back in St. Andrews, the ductive period his genius has yet known. typical "Scot Abroad" is neither Burton's oily chief engineer, but Mr. Stevenson.

hillside, looking down on the league-long gods, and serenely keep themselves out of rollers forming themselves to be hurled on their books. Most of these authors are the shore, sits one with his heels on the dead now. Others put their personalities coco-matting of Samoa, but his head over in, indeed; but would do much better to the Highland border. The chiefs gathered keep them out. Their futilities and pomfor palaver (or whatever they are pleased posities, pose as they may, are no more to call hunkering-and-blethering out there), interesting than those of the chairman of and they tell the Tale-teller of heads taken a prosperous limited company. But there and plantations raided. And he stays his are a chosen few who cannot light a cigarpen and arbitrates, or he "leaves for the ette or part their hair in a new place withfront," as though he were plenipotentiary out being interesting. Upon such in this of the Triple Alliance. But all the while life, interviewers bear down in shoals with it is James More Macgregor who is march- pencils pointed like spears; and about ing out arrayed in a breech-clout and a them as soon as they are dead—lo! begins Winchester "to plunder and to ravish"— at once the "chatter about Harriet," or carry off an heiress lass from the lowlands, as was good Macgregor use-and- est of all, his friends have loved and

glow like beacons, and in Apia the electric refuse to be reconciled on any terms. light winks a-nights like glowworms amid lad who sits aloft there are still "no stars good even when he does it intentionally, chimney-cans clashing on the pavement he read them off a printed page, like forest leaves in a November blast.

in spite of this is by far the most charac-But to us who "stop at home, on flowery teristic and Stevensonian portrait ever

To me the most interesting thing in Mr. Gentleman Companion at Arms nor the Stevenson's books is always Mr. Stevenson himself. Some authors (perhaps the great-On high in a cool bowery room on the est) severely sit with the more ancient

Mr. Stevenson is of this company. Rarpraised him so judiciously that he has no They call the beautiful new complete enemies. He might have been the spoiled "Stevenson" which Mr. Sidney Colvin child of letters. He is only "all the and Mr. Charles Baxter have contrived world's Louis." The one unforgivable and organized, the "Edinburgh" edition, thing in a checkered past is that at one because, though the stars of the tropics time he wore a black shirt, to which we

But when he writes of himself, how a wilderness of green leaves, yet to the supremely excellent is the reading. It is like the Edinburgh street lamps." But as in "Portraits and Memories." It is my own local enthusiasms are duller, for better still when he sings it, as in his the last night I was in Edinburgh I saw a "Child's Garden." He is irresistible to wind (Rajputana and Edinburgh are the every lonely child who reads and thrills, only two places where you can see wind) and reads again to find his past recovered -I saw a wind, with the bit between its for him with effortless ease. It is a book teeth, run off with itself down that roman-never long out of my hands, for only in it tic wall of hotels, which in the night looks and in my dreams when I am touched with like the thunder-battered wall of the Dun- fever, do I grasp the long, long thoughts geon of Buchan. I saw it snatch out a of a lonely child and a hill-wandering boy dozen gaps in the converging perspec- -thoughts I never told to any; yet which tive of the gaslamps, and bring down the Mr. Stevenson tells over again to me as if

I am writing at a distance from books So Mr. Stevenson, who does not live there, and collections of Stevensoniana, so that I cannot quote, but only vaguely follow that island in the South or in the North the romancer through some of his in- Atlantic? Is it in the "Spanish main"? carnations. Of course every romancer, What is the Spanish main? Is it in the consciously or unconsciously, incarnates Atlantic at all? Or is it a jewel somein the first person. It is he who makes some fringe of the Indian Ocean? Who the Frenchman "who never can win"; he His luck, it is true, is something remarkdirk between his teeth.

But Mr. Stevenson writes the fascination of his personality into all his most attractive creations, and whenever I miss the of care we follow his star. incarnation, I miss most of the magic as Iim Hawkins is only "the Lantern more like the boys we were—without the Lloyd Osbourne. piety and the adventures. I read Stevenson in every line of "Treasure Island." Our hearts dance when Mr. Stevenson himself as hero and the other as villain, tioning and all-believing, John Silver is an admirable villain, for he is just the author genially cutting throats, any one of Mr. Stevenson's books, it is sends the knife home, we do not entirely believe in his villany. We expect to see the murdered seaman about again and hearty at his meals in the course of a hat—he would never have been found in chapter or two. John is a villain at great the "Black Box," never have gone out expense and trouble to himself; but we with Huish upon the "Ebb Tide." like him personally, and are prepared to sit down and suck an apple with him, even when he threatens to stove in our "thundering old blockhouse and them as dies will be the lucky ones." In our hearts we think the captain was a little hard on him. We know that it is Mr. Stevenson all the time, and are terrified exactly like a threeyear-old who sees his father take a rug over his head and "be a bear." The thrill is delicious, for there is just an off chance that after all the thing may turn out to be a bear; but still we are pretty easy that at the play's end the bearskin will be tossed aside, the villain repent, and John Silver get off with a comfortable tale of pieces of eight.

No book has charted more authentically of Romance than "Treasure Island." Is Ben Gunn.

himself, especially if he writes his books where in the wide Pacific, or strung on love to the heroine; he who fights with knows or cares? Jim Hawkins is there. who climbs the Mountain Perilous with a able. His chances are phenomenal. His imagination, like ours, is running free, and we could go on for ever hearing about Jim. We can trust Jim Hawkins, and void

Oh, for one hour of Jim in the "Wrecker" to clear up the mystery of the Bearer" of North Berwick Links translated many captains, or honest and reputable into the language of adventure on the high John Silver to do for the poor Scot down seas—the healthier also for the change, below in a workmanlike manner when he I love Jim Hawkins. On my soul I love came running to him, instead of firing as him more even than Alan Breck. He is it were "into the brown" till that crying the boy we should all like to have been, stopped—a touch for which we find it hard though no doubt David Balfour is much to forgive Mr. Stevenson-pardon, Mr.

Again, Alan Breck is ever Alan, and bright shines his sword; but he is never It is of course mixed of Erraid and the quite Jim Hawkins to me. Nor does he island discovered by Mr. Daniel Defoe, seem even so point-device in "Catriona" But we love anything of such excellent as he was in the round house or with his breed, and the crossing only improves it. foot on the heather. But wherever Alan Breck goes or David Balfour follows. lands his cut-throats, with one part of thither I am ready to fare forth, unques-

But when I do not care very much for Even when he pants three times as he chiefly the lack of Mr. James Hawkins that I regret. Jim in doublet and hosehow differently he would have sped "The Black Arrow!" Jim in trousers and top Silver never threw vitriol, but did his deeds with a knife in a gentlemanly way, and that was because Jim Hawkins was there to see that he was worthy of himself. Jim would never have let things get to such a pass as to require Attwater's bullets splashing like hail in a pond over the last two pages to settle matters in any sort of way.

I often think of getting up a petition to Mr. Stevenson (it is easy to get a round Robin) beseeching "with sobs and tears" that he will sort out all his beach-combers and Yankee captains, charter a rakish saucy-sailing schooner, ship Jim Hawkins as ship's boy or captain (we are not particular), and then up anchor with a Yo-Ho, Cheerily for the Isle of our Heart's Desire, where they load Long Toms with pieces the topographical features of the kingdom of eight, and, dead or alive, nobody minds



ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SIR PERCY SHELLEY.

IN MEMORIAM: R. L. S.

By IAN MACLAREN,

Author of "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," etc.

[X] HEN one came in with omens of because every one flew to anticipate his that Stevenson was dead, each man had a and he was the perfect type of the man-of sense of personal bereavement. None of letters—a humanist whose great joy in the us had ever seen him, save one—and that beautiful was annealed to a fine purity by was long ago; none of us had ever read a his Scottish faith; whose kinship was not letter of his writing, save one, and he with Boccaccio and Rabelais, but with ransacked his memory for the least word. Dante and Spenser. His was the magical We had no "eagle's feather" to show; touch that no man can explain or acquire; there was nothing between this man and it belongs to those only who have drunk us save the mystical tie that binds a writer at the Pierian spring. and his readers in the kingdom of letters, the marriage feast for every honest writer, He had led us in through the ivory gate, but we judge that our master will go to and shown us things eye had not seen; the high table and sit down with Virgil and all his service had been given at a and Shakespeare and Goethe and Scott. great cost of suffering. Filled with the enthusiasm of his art, he beat back death traditions passed into his blood so that he time after time, and only succumbed like J. R. Green and Symonds, his brethren in letters and affliction, after he had achieved imperishable fame, "monumentum æve perennius."

Mr. Stevenson had not to complain, with Sir Thomas More, that readers of books were so "unkind and ungenial that though they take great pleasure and delectation in the work, yet, for all that, they cannot find in their hearts to love the author thereof;" for though he was exiled from his native land, yet he lived in the heart of every reading man, not only because he was a great writer, but also because he was a good man with faith in God and man.

Fourteen years ago our author laid down in the "Fortnightly Review" the two duties incumbent on any man who enters on the business of writing—"truth to the fact and a good spirit in the treatment." dares to say without rebate to-day, that he fulfilled his own conditions, for he saw life whole and he wrote of it with sympathy. He brought also to his task a singular genius, which gave him an almost solitary place. It was difficult to name a living artist in words that could be compared with him who reminded us at every turn of Charles Lamb and William Hazlitt. There are certain who compel words to serve them and never travel without an imperial body guard; but words waited on Stevenson like "humble servitors," and he went where he pleased in his simplicity

sadness on his face and told us wishes. His style had the thread of gold, There is a place at

> The mists of his native land and its wild was at home in two worlds. In one book he would analyze human character with such weird power that the reader shudders because a stranger has been within his soul; in another he hurries you along a breathless story of adventure till your imagination fails for exhaustion. Never did he weary us with the pedantry of modern problems. Nor did he dally with foul vices to serve the ends of purity. Nor did he feed

"A gibing spirit Whose influence is begot of that loose grace Which shallow laughing hearers give to fools."

One subject he approached late in his work, but we are thankful he has at least given Barbara Grant and Catriona. What he might have done one can only imagine, who expected another Portia from his hands. He was buried far from the land he loved, but they chose his grave well on the mountain top, and his funeral has been described already, save that his disciples were not there.

" 'This man decided not to live, but know;

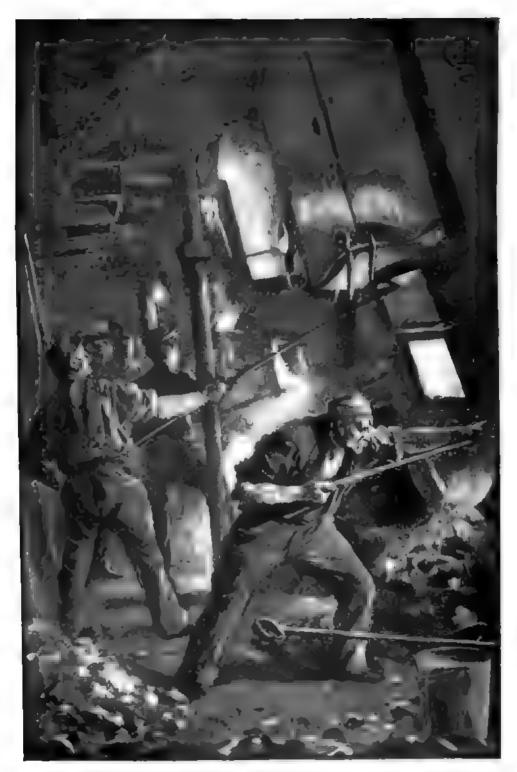
Bury this man there?' 'Here-here's his place, where meteors shoot, clouds form.

Lightnings are loosened, Stars come and go! Let joy break with the storm, Peace let the dew send!

Lofty designs must close in like effects; Loftily lying

Leave him—still loftier than the world suspects, Living and dying."





IN THE STOKE-HOLE.
(See page 301.)

McClure's Magazine.

Vol. IV.

MARCH, 1895.

No. 4.

AN OCEAN FLYER.

ABOVE AND BELOW THE WATER LINE.

Notes of a first voyage on an Atlantic Liner.



In their various homes and hotels a dreamed of their voyage on the morrow.

steam fluttered through the indicators, and a multitude of peering people. as early as six A.M., people were seen col-lecting about the docks, while a fussy little and at his signal the first engineer pulls

back, and others of the crew, in citizen's her landing. clothes, mingled freely in the crowd, having

air of suppressed excitement pervades the ishing ship. scene, making it one of peculiar interest.

midnight seventy-two vances to the hundred mark. Noise and fires were lighted under confusion wax wilder. The ship's crew the nine big boilers of is busy from captain to meanest sailor, the great steamship, and until at ten o'clock, thirty minutes before shortly after a cloud of sailing, the sound of hurrying feet is lost vellow smoke, rolling in a deafening hum of human voices. All from the huge stacks, visitors are now refused admittance, except was floating over the perhaps a messenger with belated letters, bosom of the bay.

packages, or flowers for people on board.

The little hoister fairly flies about in a thousand prospective travellers slept and heroic effort to lift everything that is at loose ends, and store it away in the ship's By daybreak the water evaporating into hold. The pier is invisible, buried beneath

hoisting-engine worked away, lifting freight the lever and starts the little engine whose from the pier. At seven a few eager pas- work it is to open the throttle. The steam sengers came to the ship's side, anxiously shoots out from the big boilers into the great inspecting her, and an hour later were cylinders, screws begin to revolve, and the going aboard. "Fürst Pismarck," with one thousand pas-Officers in uniform paced the decks, sengers, three thousand tons of coal, and warded the gangways to keep intruders three thousand pounds of ice cream, clears

Hundreds of handkerchiefs flutter in the a sharp eye out for suspicious characters. morning sunshine, and hundreds of people The departure of a great trans-oceanic shout adieu, while many in the swaying liner from port has the effect of a crisis throng smile through a mist of tears, folupon those participating in the event. An lowing with eager eyes the trail of the van-

I suppose the keenest sensation of an The restless, listless, laughing, melan- observant traveller, who for the first time choly, well-dressed, and slouchy multitude settles himself for a voyage across the assembled on the decks and in the brilliant Atlantic, is one of sheer amazem at. It saloons afford entertainment for the most matters not how much he has ...4d of casual observer. Familiarity never dulls modern ocean greyhounds, his su prise is the edge of its entertainment, and the strain the same. Looking about, he real ses that increases momentarily as time wears on. whatever of marvel and beauty a viit him Finally the steam - gauge pointer ad- in foreign lands, nothing can so peremp-

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the new country to the old.

wonderful steamships. distance, but even the very forces of nature | dor.

When the problem of inducing people to THE VOYAGER SURPRISED AT THE SPACE goby thousands and tens of thousands upon trans-oceanic vovages was first seriously considered, it presented itself as a question of how to unite safety, comfort, and reasonable rates with speed and financial profit to ship owners. The steamer might be as safe as you please, but if the journey consumed an intreasonable space of time, and implied discomfort and privation, then



LISHESP'S THE PICOL

torily demand his astonished admiration as weary ones seeking rest and recreation the noble craft which transports him from refused to intrust themselves to the sea. This being the case, ship constructors were To call them floating palaces is not a ordered to build with a view to minimizing wholly unsatisfactory description of these as far as possible the differences between But though the life on land and life on sea. The traveltitle tells of splendid luxury above the ling public, accustomed to the magnificent water line, it gives no hint of the marvel- luxury of modern hostelries, withheld their lous power below, where man and machin- patronage until ocean transports were able ery combine to conquer not only time and to offer an equal degree of ease and splen-

The novice aboard a big steamship like the "Fürst Bismarck," looks wonderingly around the broad sweep of the deck, where swarms of people wander about as comfortably as on spacious city streets. He sees wide doorways opening into great halis, and grand staircases descending into vast depths. And if he follows the stairway, he finds himself wandering through beautiful rooms, into complicated hallways. He is struck with the apparent disregard of those very narrow limitations of space which he has always associated with ships. There seems to be plenty of room. length and breadth, height and depth. As he investigates farther, he grasps the idea. of the hugeness and magnificence of this iron-walled cavern.

Next to the lavish use of space, he is impressed by the apparent disregard of cost, He has paid into the steamship office a sum of money that would not be extravagant for board and lodgings in a first-class Lifth Avenue hotel for the same length of time. Yet here he is not only housed and fed in princely style, but is given transportation of the most difficult and costly kind. And Le has the free use of all the rich luxuriousness of during and smoking and noise saloons, of obrary and writing-room. He is m a palace—for it is the palace idea that comes to him first-and, while his sleeping quarters may be small, be still has the privileges of all its great apartments.

THE DINING-ROOM AND THE TABLE.

Another source of unexpected delight to the unnutrated voyager aboard a great ship, is the quality of food and service. He gazes round in admiration at the noble during-hall, with its tasteful walls, ornate ceiling, and generous mahogany table surrounded by comfortable chairs. There is a broad divan running the length and breadth of the room, port-holes are draped with silk and lace, chandeliers give forth a



THE CAPTAIN ON THE BRIDGE,

flood of tempered light, while here and there, under a pretty bracket, is a desk or cosy nook, tempting one to either work or

play.

In the ship's huge refrigerators, meat, fruit, butter, and all perishable foods are solidly frozen, and these great ice-boxes offer a generous variety, including all the delicacies of the season that can be procured on either side of the Atlantic.

There is a *chef*, a most skilful, well-paid person, assisted by from a dozen to a score of under cooks, and by a small army of carv-

ers and scullions.

The chief steward has been with the Hamburg-American Company twentyseven years, and will probably stay as long as he cares to remain. There are eighty-four other stewards who report directly or indirectly to the chief. The passengers are divided into three classes: first cabin, second cabin, and steerage, so that three separate and complete kitchens and dining-rooms are kept up. The food furnished for the steerage passengers is better than one would expect when we consider that the company carries them over three thousand miles and keeps them on board seven days for eighteen dollars.

is better than the average three dollars a day American hotel. In the first cabin saloon it is perfect. Everything about the ship, after true German fashion, has a military air. The stewards file in in regular order, and when a change is made they all march out, keeping time to the band, and making, with their neat uniforms and snow-white gloves, a goodly sight to see.

The regular dinner consists of from seven to ten courses, and is fit for the emperor. The wines and ales are excellent, and, what surprises every one, they are forty per cent.

cheaper than in New York.

In addition to the regular meals, at eight o'clock every evening they serve tea in the main saloon to all who care to indulge in that stimulant. After that, at nine o'clock, the band gives a concert in the secondcabin saloon, which is always attended by many of the first-cabin passengers. There the people sit about the tables and eat the daintiest little sandwiches, and some of them drink the delightful Hamburg beer, while the band plays.

If you are sick and remain in your berth, the room-steward will call half a dozen times a day to ask you what you want to eat. If you remain on deck, the decksteward will bring you an excellent dinner sweat are steep as the vessel's side, and

without any extra charge.

WHERE YOU LODGE.

If you can afford to ignore expense, spacious apartments can be had in the big deck staterooms with their private baths, wide soft beds, and abundance of place for trunk and traps. But even in the staterooms in the depths of the ship there is a delightful display of that ingenuity which has labored for the comfort of the passengers everywhere; the conveniences for making the toilet are so compact, yet so effective; and, as everywhere else, there is splendid service. The boots comes in the night and looks to your shoes; the roomsteward comes in the morning to see whether you are in good condition, or need something to set you right for your toilet; the bath-steward makes ready your bath and calls you for it; and you may leave your things about, and pay no attention to keys, because there is small chance of theft. Then there are the baths, no meagre basin of water, but big marble tubs where a hot and cold plunge is always ready.

The problem of exercise, a serious one for those taking long sea voyages, is partially solved by the broad decks running almost The food and service in the second cabin the full length of these mighty ships. They remind one of the great highways of a city; at night, when illuminated with electric lamps, all view of the sea cut off by darkness, then the illusion is complete. and one can fancy one's self strolling up and down a gay avenue. Those who are not walking or dancing, lounge along the rail, or range themselves in rows against the wall, commenting on the chattering throng as it surges by. All the while there is the strong, keen, joyous sea-air blowing in fresh as from some newly-created world; the day having its changing view of sun or storm upon the face of the manycolored sea, the darkness its mysterious midnight shadows and strange soothing sounds.

> So much for the splendid idleness, gay pleasurings, and happy, care-free lives of passengers who, having paid their money, are served, watched over, and amused during every hour of these luxurious journeys. But there is another and even more interesting side to the picture. Below the water line, genius has labored successfully to insure safety and speed for the careless people overhead.

> The ladders that lead down into the shadowy regions of fire, heat, smoke, and very narrow. They are arranged in short



THE ENGINE-ROOM—STARTING THE SHIP.



THE CHIEF ENGINEER'S CABIN

lengths, connecting the successive grada-boilers, as we have seen; and over these tions, not much larger, some of them, than difficulty greater, these ladders, always stacks, vertical, face now one way, now another, so that in squeezing through the man- ers!" my guide exclaims. holes for each fresh descent, one has to swing to right and left, monkey-like. Imagine this downward journey in a storm.

FOUR FATHOMS AND MORE BELOW THE LEVEL OF THE SEA.

Now we are at the bottom of the ship, four fathoms and more below the level of compartment, never opened except for occasional inspection, and filled with balbottom is built of solid steel plates so some of them red-hot at the ends. strongly ribbed together that, though the

be held affoat by her thirteen airtight compartments, any nine of which, intact, will keep her out of danger. "It is almost impossible for this ship to sink," says the chief engineer, and one comes to believe him.

On this second floor of the ship, over the tightly sealed water compartment, spread out the vital organs of the "Fürst Bismarck." The entire length of five hundred and two feet is divided between the engine-rooms aft, with the huge shafts that turn the twin propellers, and the stoke-hole forward. occupying nearly two-thirds of the ship's vast cellar, and filled with boilers, furnaces, and coal-bunkers. There are three rows of boilers and three rows of coal-bunkers. dividing the stoke-hole into six parallel spaces, all equally black. and all running from one side of the vessel to the other. The "Fürst Bismarck" shows everywhere divisions into three-a trinity of power-three watches, from twelve to four, from four to eight, from eight to twelve; three gangs of stokers, trimmers, and greasers; three great cylinders for the engines; three great cranks for each propeller shaft; three rows of

last, marking their exact location for the good-sized broilers. And to make the idlers on the decks, three yellow smoke-

"Look, now, we are coming to the boil-

A glare of light breaks into our faces as we emerge from the tunnel. Behind us is the iron wall of bunkers, black and cold. Before us is a wall of fire, twelve glowing craters, whose round red mouths, two feet in diameter, open and close with automatic, weighted doors as six stokers feed them. They seem to snap their jaws for coal. The two walls are parallel and stretch from port the Atlantic, and separated from the ocean to starboard; they are about twelve feet below by a space of only four feet. This apart and form one of the streets in furnacespace forms a false bottom, a water-tight land. The iron floor is heaped with piles of ashes, slag, and fresh coal, which latter keeps arriving in the wagons. At the men's feet last, the ballast being water. The upper lie iron implements, long bars and rakes,

Suddenly a man in the shadow puts a outside bottom should be torn away, the whistle to his lips and sounds three calls, ship would still float on serenely. Brushed The six stokers respond instantly. Every in at the side by the nose of a man-of- furnace-door flies open. Two men at the war or a submerged rock, she would still right and two at the left begin shovelling

furiously, while two men in the middle lift furnace able to take in half a ton of coal their forty pound lances and thrust them at a gulp! into the mass of fire. Having buried the lances eight feet deep in the coals, the men three Oberheizers on duty for each watch, throw their weights full upon the ends as there being nine of them in all, with nine levers, and lift the whole bank of fire gangs of men. Each Oberheiser directs several inches. Then they draw out the twelve stokers, who feed the twenty-four lances; leaving a black hole through the furnaces under the row of boilers, six at fire into which the draft is sucked with an one end, six at the other, each tending two increasing roar. Three times they thrust fires. But there is more than the one row the lances; each time they break up the of boilers; the "Fürst Bismarck" has three, fires, first at the right, then at the left, and or nine boilers in all. And so there are then down the centre. When they have always, night and day, down in her dark

sweat, their bodies are steaming. In the pauses of their work they plunge their heads in buckets of water, and take deep draughts from bottles of red wine.

NINE HUGE BOILERS AND SEVENTY-TWO HOT FURNACES.

Resting on the twelve furnaces are three huge boilers which rise with great curving cylinders, rivet-studded, ending somewhere in the darkness far above; one peers up vainly to make out the tops. Each of these boilers could receive in its enormous girth four Broadway cable cars, and the three fill the width of the ship, their iron sides pressed close together. They are about twenty feet in length, and underneath their farther end, in the next stoke-hole space, burn twelve other furnaces equal in size to those before us, making eight roaring fires to one boiler, or twentyfour furnaces to the three. And each

The man with the whistle is one of the finished, their grimy faces are streaked with cellars, thirty-six stokers and their chiefs,



UPPER ENGINE-ROOM.

working like demons at seventy-two fur- nace, the highest point being about two naces, which blaze red-hot or white-hot from the moment the steamer sails until her landing.

Now, bending our heads, we enter another passage, darker and narrower than the former, traversing the space between two boilers.

stokers are firing on this street, six for the row of boilers under which we have just passed, and six on the other side for the second row. No Oberheizer is in sight, but from the far side of the second row of boilers sounds at intervals the whistle which directs the second gang, while the whistle of the *Oberheizer* in the first street comes through the tunnel behind us.

Now the signal from the latter sounds to drink. sharp and imperious. The two men at either rakes, while the two in the middle grasp their shovels. Then for five minutes they the ends shaping up the burning firebeds.

WATERING THE BOILERS - CLEANING THE FURNACES.

The stoker's work is not limited to caring for the fires, he has also to keep constant watch on the boiler-gauges, letting in fresh water from the reservoir whenever the long, dusty glass tubes show that it is needed—about twice an hour. Every day the nine boilers change into steam one hundred tons of water, which is carried back to the reservoir from the condenser, and used over and over again.

The refuse, after being removed from the furnaces, is shovelled into large buckets. These are attached to chains let down through the air-shafts, and at the cry, "Heave up!" or "Hieve-op!" the engine on the deck above is set in motion, winding up the chains, and presently the

Not only must stokers be men of excellent bodily strength, but considerable skill ent.

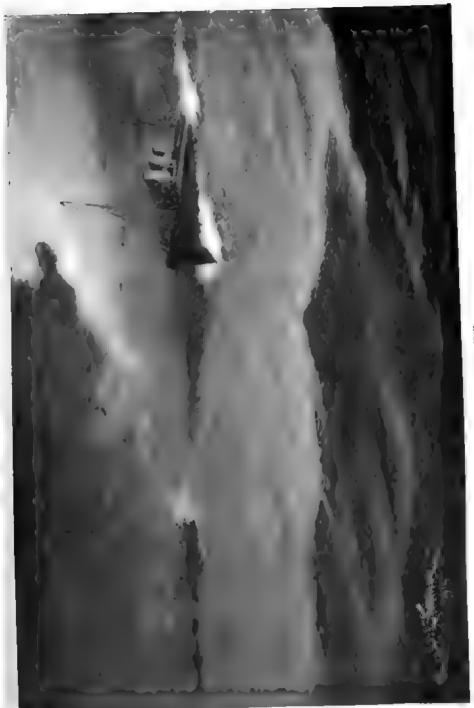
feet back from the door. It has been found by experiment that this arrangement of the coal gives the hottest flame, and the strongest draft up through the

It is fair to say that everything that can be done to mitigate the hardships of life Here is greater animation, for twelve in the stoke-hole has been done by the steamship companies. It was to lessen the strain of their work that the stokers and trimmers were allowed to divide their working day of eight hours into two stretches of four hours each. The best quality of food is given them, with plenty of meat and fresh vegetables, and they are allowed double rations of wine and kummel four times & day, practically all they care

It has been proposed to introduce on extremity of the line spring for the fire- steamships the mechanical stoker now coming into more or less use on land. But it seems doubtful if this can ever be struggle with the fires, those in the centre done. The constant shifting of the angle throwing in great lumps of coal, those on of a vessel's floor would interfere with the automatic feeding of any machine as yet constructed.

THE COAL IT COSTS TO INCREASE SPEED.

Few people understand the enormous increase required in the amount of coal burned to get a comparatively slight increase in a vessel's speed. For example, suppose the propellers were turning fiftyseven times to the minute, and it was desired to make them turn fifty-eight times instead. This would only make the ship go about three ship-lengths farther in a day. But it would require the burning of five more tons of coal a day. The formula accepted by the engineers is that the coal burned varies as the cube of the speed attained. One of the chief engineers of the Hamburg Line gave me the following estimate of the various amounts of coal required to produce varying rates waste of the furnaces is dumped into the of speed, and in this the varying proportion between the increase in coal burned and the increase in speed is at once appar-The "Bismarck" could be driven at is required in their work. It takes some the rate of twelve knots an hour by burntime to learn the handling of the lances, ing ninety tons of coal a day. By burning and the proper use of the fire-rakes calls twice as much coal a day—that is one for special knowledge. When the coal is hundred and eighty tons—her speed would first shovelled into the furnaces, it is be advanced to only sixteen knots an thrown as far back as possible, to the point hour, a gain of but one-third. By increasof extreme combustion. Then, after break- ing the coal burned to three hundred tons ing it up, the rakes are used to draw back a day the rate of gain in speed is even the fuel now fully ignited, so as to form a less, the speed being then twenty knots curving mound near the mouth of the fur- an hour. It is calculated that if enough



IN MID-OCEAN.

coal were burned and enough extra fur- the great condensers. Turn it over so, and naces and firemen put in to double the present horse-power of this steamship, the result would be only to shorten her time across the Atlantic by a scant half-day. Thus much more is meant than one realizes when the newspapers inform us that a steamer has beaten the Atlantic record even by an hour or two. It has cost hundreds of tons of coal, thousands of dollars in boilers, furnaces, and machinery, and strain on human beings such as no one can easily conceive of who is not more or less familiar with the stoke-hole.

THE FIFTY-FIVE ENGINES.

Let us look now into the engine-room, the real heart of the vessel, where all the steam brought from the nine huge boilers hurls itself against the pistons in six huge cylinders, three to turn the propeller on the port side, three to turn the one on the starboard side. Of these three pairs of cylinders, the first pair are forty-three inches in diameter, and work a pressure of eleven atmospheres. The second pair are sixty-seven inches in diameter, with a pressure of four atmospheres. The third pair are low pressure cylinders, one hundred mosphere pressure, and a vacuum equal in working power to one atmosphere. Many visits are necessary to the engine-room before one becomes familiar enough with the place to appreciate its marvels. The first effect is merely stunning. One understands nothing, fails to trace any sequence of cause and effect, and only recognizes a stupendous turning of giant cranks, a piling up of enormous masses of metal all bright and oily, a wilderness of immense steel stanchions, levers, and cylinders, great wheels, great curving pipes, great pistons, the whole weighing hundreds of tons, and all apparently turning and pounding without beginning or end.

Three men, the engineer, his assistant, and a greaser, are the whole force required at one time in each engine-room, and they never seem to be particularly busy. When all is well, as it always is, the engineer has nothing more to do than turn a little wheel now and then, or open and shut some valves. Quite child's play one would think. It seems ridiculous that he should manage these giant powers about him literally with a turn of the hand. There on the floor is a little lever which, turned one way or the

tons of salt water are rushing into those great pipes. Having served its purpose in condensing the steam, this salt water is discharged overboard from the vessel's sides with a great spurting.

Here is the little wheel, only a foot in diameter, which will stop or start the great ship by a few turns. A woman could work it.

Beside this wheel is the telegraph connected with the bridge where the captain stands, a needle indicating on the dial the order to be executed. At the bottom of the dial, where the figure six is on a clock, is printed the word "halt." Then, on one side, in German, are the words "steady." "slow," "halt," and "full." When the needle points on this side it means to go ahead as indicated; when it points on the other side, where there are corresponding words, it means to reverse the engines and go backward.

HOW THE SHIP IS SHUT INTO WATER-TIGHT COMPARTMENTS.

Between the two sets of orders on the telegraph dial I noticed one special word. Schotten zu, and asked the engineer what that meant.

"That," he answered, "is one of the and six inches in diameter, with one at- most important signals of all. It is given twice in twenty-four hours on every day of every voyage, but we never know when it will come, day or night. It is the signal to close the great iron doors that separate the water-tight compartments in the enginerooms; they can all be closed within a minute of the giving of the signal. is what we practise every day.

The engineer proceeded to show me these iron doors and explain their working. In each partition in the engine-room is an opening about the size of an ordinary low doorway through which the men pass in their daily work.

Each set of boilers with the underlying. furnaces may be quite shut off from the rest of the ship, and each engine-room may

be shut off from the other.

The whole hull of the ship is divided by twelve massive partitions of iron and steel which no force would crush through. There are, therefore, thirteen water-tight compartments, and the ship would float on undisturbed, even if three or four of them were stove in and filled with water.

The method of closing the compartments is beautifully simple. A heavy iron door, sliding between heavy wheels, is always other, lets the whole Atlantic Ocean into poised above the opening, held in place by



by its own weight. These doors are so half a minute." heavily built that in the daily manœuvres it takes two men four minutes, working with all their might at ratchet and wheel, the signal " Schotten zu" is received by the engineer, a sharp whistle call rings through all the gloomy regions below, and the men spring to their posts like firemen, for they never know whether there is really danger or whether it is merely the usual practice, secured.

"I will tell you another thing," said the engineer, "which shows the perfection of deck, or any officer, can, by a single movement of a lever, cause every one of these doors to close. Thus, you see, that even should the men be panic-stricken and fail to respond to the call, the ship would still be safe."

I asked the engineer how long it would take to stop the "Bismarck" going through mid-ocean at full speed

an iron pin which has only to be loosened the engines. If I reversed the engines I to let the door slide downward and close might stop her in three lengths, say within

> "Would that be in time to save a man who had gone overboard?" I asked,

The engineer shook his head. "I am to hoist them to their places. Whenever afraid not. I am very skeptical of being able to save anyone who has jumped or fallen from the ship. In many years' experience I have never known a case of such a rescue. Of course I am speaking now of large steamers with propellers. You see, the person who goes overboard At a second signal, the two men stationed is almost always drawn in by the suction at each door loosen the pins, which allows of the ship, and struck by the revolving the wheels to turn, and, in a few seconds, screw. Of course that means death, If the thirteen water-tight compartments are a man jumped straight off the stern, and as far out as possible, so as to clear the blades, and then if he could keep afloat long. enough, he might be picked up by a boat. our system. The captain himself on the That's about the only chance. But usually people who jump from a ship wish to die.

THE STEAM STEERING APPARATUS.

The "man at the wheel," who "puts her over" to starboard or port, grasping the handles of a great wheel with either hand as a pilot is seen to do on a ferryboat, is, as most readers are no doubt aware, not "We have never made a full test of that to be found on the great steamships. There point," he said, "but I think I could stop is still the wheel. On the "Fürst Bismarck" her within six lengths without reversing it is a double wheel, six feet in diameter,



LUXURY OR DECK.



HI RRICANE DECK AND VENTILATORS,

strength can scarcely manage it in easy seventy-five horse-power engine placed in weather, while eight men are required to the steering-room, at the extreme aft of steer with it in a storm. This, however, is the ship, where the emergency wooden only for use in an emergency; its great wheel is also placed. This engine, by spokes being never even touched unless means of small cogged wheels and a massome accident happens to the steam steer- sive iron chain, turns a great iron wheel

and so heavy that four men with all their really steers the ship is the strength of a ing apparatus usually employed. What placed horizontally either to the right or of steam who steers for them.

IN THE SHAFT-ROOM.

The last thing one comes to working aft many ocean travellers have entered this simply reversing one screw, and going

the left. This iron wheel is as wide as a room or been able to form an idea of the house, and weighs many tons. Its upright enormous size of these propeller shafts. axis passes down through the bottom of Each one of them is nearly two feet in the ship, and is fitted to the rudder, which diameter and one hundred and forty-two swings beneath the propellers, and, like feet in length. Each is made of the them, seems ridiculously small as the final toughest steel, and is in eight sections, recipient and agent of such enormous power. screwed together with elaborate couplings. The steering-wheel never makes a com- Each averages a ton in weight for every plete revolution on its axis, but only turns foot of length; that is, ten feet of each a few degrees to the right or the left as shaft weighs ten tons, and the whole shaft the engine is directed. When the steam is weighs, with the couplings, nearly one allowed to rush in on one side of the pis- hundred and fifty tons. They are painted tons, the wheel turns one way, and when white, and so uniform is their coating, and the steam is let in on the other side, the so true do they run in their bearings, wheel turns in the other way. All that that as one watches them spin around the captain or officer on the bridge does in they seem scarcely to be moving at all. steering the ship is, with the guidance of a As a matter of fact, though, when the dial, to open or close the valves which let vessel is running at full speed they turn the steam into the cylinders of the steering- about seventy-five times in a minute, and engine. They seem to be steering the it is with strange sensations that one stands ship by their own effort, but really they in this long, low room with its bare, whiteare doing nothing more than pull the reins painted iron walls, and feels, only a few on one side or the other to direct the giant feet beyond the iron partition, the tremendous impact of those swift-turning screws against the plunging, surging water, kicking, as it were, at the great Atlantic with the force of sixteen thousand horses,

It is always an advantage to have in exploring the bottom of a ship, is the steamers with twin propellers, because shaft-room, through which the twin axes should anything happen to the steering pass from the cranks of the engines to the apparatus or to the rudder, the ship may great screws that project behind. Not be steered with absolutely no danger, by



IOLID COMPORT IN THE SMOKE-BOOK



NAKING AST AN AWNING

only slightly diminished speed.

ahead with the other, the effect being the appointed voyage swiftly and securely, in same as when a rowboat is guided by hold- any sort of weather, accommodating within ing one oar still and working the other, her ample walls the life above and the life But there are other advantages of the twin- below—the two as widely separated as two screw system. It secures the longitudinal worlds. And the personal equipment is bulkhead, a solid steel partition which runs no less remarkable than the mechanical, from stem to stern and divides the ship skill and scrupulous attention marking it into halves. Each side is fully equipped everywhere. The captain on his bridge; with an independent set of engines and the chief engineer in his luxurious oakboilers and shaft and screw. An accident finished office, surrounded by easy chairs to the machinery on one side, therefore, and soft couches, and burnished dials in no wise affects the other, which will and indicators; and all under them, have, continue its work and propel the ship with night or day, but one thought, one duty,to see that all is well. And in consequence, Thus marvellously constructed and rarely, almost never is it otherwise than equipped, the ocean "flyer" makes her well.

THE LORD OF CHATEAU NOIR.

By A. CONAN DOYLE.

Author of "Micah Clarke," "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes," etc.

France, and when the shattered forces of outrages came from a single source. the young republic had been swept aside to the north of the Aione and to the south and it had failed. Gold might be more of the Loire. armed men had rolled slowly but irresistibly from the Rhine, now meandering to the north, now to the south, dividing, coalescing, but all uniting to form one great lake round Paris. there welled out smaller streams, one to the north, one southward to Orleans, and a third westward into Normandy. Many a German trooper saw the sea for the first time when he rode his horse girth-deep into the waves at Dieppe.

Black and bitter were the thoughts of Frenchmen when they saw this wale of dishonor slashed across the fair face of their country. They had fought, and they had been overborne. That swarming cavalry, those countless footmen, the masterful "Not a sou until your story has been guns—they had tried and tried to make tested. Come! who is it who has murdered head against them. In battalions their my men?" invaders were not to be beaten. But man to man, or ten to ten, they were their equals. A brave Frenchman might still make a single German rue the day that he had left his own bank of the Rhine. Thus, unchronicled amid the battles and the

district round. in his wrath, and farmsteadings would house." blaze and villages tremble, but next mornshould not have been so hard, for from over the map which lay upon the table.

T was in the days when the German certain signs in common, in the plan and armies had broken their way across in the deed, it was certain that all these

> Colonel von Gramm had tried violence Three broad streams of successful. He published it abroad over the countryside that five hundred francs would be paid for information. There was no response. Then eight hundred. peasants were incorruptible. Then, goaded And from this lake on by a murdered corporal, he rose to a thousand, and so bought the soul of François Rejane, farm laborer, whose Norman avarice was a stronger passion than his French hatred.

"You say that you know who did these crimes?" asked the Prussian colonel, eying with loathing the blue-bloused, ratfaced creature before him.

"Yes, Colonel."

"And it was---?"

" Those thousand francs, Colonel-

"It is Count Eustace of Chateau Noir." "You lie!" cried the colonel, angrily. "A gentleman and a nobleman could not have done such crimes."

The peasant shrugged his shoulders. "It is evident to me that you do not know sieges, there broke out another war, a war the count. It is this way, Colonel. What I of individuals, with foul murder upon the tell you is the truth, and I am not afraid one side and brutal reprisal upon the other. that you should test it. The Count of Colonel von Gramm of the Twenty- Chateau Noir is a hard man—even at the fourth Posen Infantry had suffered se- best time he was a hard man. But of late verely during this new development. He he has been terrible. It was his son's commanded in the little Norman town of death, you know. His son was under Les Andelys, and his outposts stretched Donay, and he was taken, and then in esamid the hamlets and farmhouses of the caping from Germany he met his death. No French force was It was the count's only child; and, indeed, within fifty miles of him, and yet morning we all think that it has driven him mad. after morning he had to listen to a black With his peasants he follows the German report of sentries found dead at their posts, armies. I do not know how many he has or of foraging parties which had never re-killed, but it is he who cuts the cross upon turned. Then the colonel would go forth the foreheads, for it is the badge of his

It was true. The murdered sentries had ing there was still that same dismal tale to each had a saltier cross slashed across their be told. Do what he might, he could not brows, as by a hunting-knife. The colonel shake off his invisible enemies. And yet it bent his stiff back and ran his forefinger four leagues," he said.

"Three and a kilometre, Colonel."

"You know the place?" "I used to work there."

Colonel von Gramm rang the bell.

"Give this man food, and detain him," said he to the sergeant.

"Why detain me, Colonel? I can tell you no more."

"We shall need you as guide."

to fall into his hands! Ah, Colonel !-

The Prussian commander waved him away. "Send Captain Baumgarten to me at once," said he.

The officer who answered the summons was a man of middle age, heavy-jawed, blue-eyed, with a curving vellow mustache. and a brick-red face which turned to an ivory-white where his helmet had sheltered it. He was bald, with a shining, tightly stretched scalp. at the back of which, as in a mirror, it was a favorite mess joke for the subalterns to trim their mustaches.

RIGHT HAND.

THE FRENCHMAN HELD UP A REVOLVER WHICH HE GRASPED IN HIS

tempt at rescue, shoot him at once."

our only chance is to pounce upon him own dead men. before he knows that we are on the way.

"The Chateau Noir is not more than the other hand, you must not risk being cut off."

> "I might march north, Colonel, as if to ioin General Goeben. Then I could turn down this road which I see upon your map, and get to Chateau Noir before they could hear of us. In that case, with twenty men-

"Very good, Captain. I hope to see you with your prisoner to-morrow morning.

It was a cold December night when "As guide! But the count! If I were Captain Baumgarten marched out of Les

> Andelys with his twenty Poseners, and took the main road to the northwest. Two miles out he turned suddenly down a narrow. deeply rutted track, and made swiftly for his man. A thin. cold rain was falling, swishing among the tall poplar trees and rustling in the fields on either side. The captain walked first with Moser, a veteran sergeant, beside him. The sergeant's wrist was fastened to that of the French peasant, and it had been whispered in his ear that, in case of an ambush, the first bullet fired would be through his head. Behind

As a soldier he was slow, but reliable and them the twenty infantrymen plodded along brave. The colonel could trust him where through the darkness, with their faces sunk a more dashing officer might be in danger, to the rain, and their boots squeaking in "You will proceed to Chateau Noir to- the soft, wet clay. They knew where they night, Captain," said he. "A guide has were going, and why, and the thought upbeen provided. You will arrest the count held them; for they were bitter at the loss and bring him back. If there is an at- of their comrades. It was a cavalry job. they knew, but the cavalry were all on with "How many men shall I take, Colonel?" the advance, and, besides, it was more fit-"Well, we are surrounded by spies, and ting that the regiment should avenge its

It was nearly eight when they left Les A large force will attract attention. On Andelys, At half-past eleven their guide stopped at a place where two high pillars, crowned with some heraldic stone-work, flanked a huge iron gate. which it had been the opening had crumbled away, but the great gate still towered above the brambles and weeds which had overgrown its base. The Prussians made their way round it, and advanced stealthily under the shadow of a black tunnel of oak branches up the long avenue which was still cumbered by the leaves of last autumn. At the top they halted and reconnoitred.

The black chateau lay in front of them. The moon had shone out between two rain-clouds, and threw the old house into silver and shadow. It was shaped like an L, with a low-arched door in front, and lines of small windows like the open ports of a man-of-war. Above was a dark roof, breaking at the corners into little, round, overhanging turrets, the whole lying silent in the moonshine, with a drift of ragged clouds blackening the heavens behind it. A single light gleamed in one of the lower windows.

The captain whispered his orders to his Some were to creep to the front door, some to the back. Some were to watch the east, and some the west. He and the sergeant stole on tiptoe to the lighted window.

It was a small room into which they looked, very meanly furnished. An elderly man, in the dress of a menial, was reading a tattered paper by the light of a guttering candle. He leaned back in his wooden chair, with his feet upon a box, while a bottle of white wine stood with a half-filled tumbler upon a stool beside him. The sergeant thrust his needle-gun through the glass, and the man sprang to his feet with a shriek.

"Silence for your life! The house is surrounded, and you cannot escape. Come round and open the door, or we will show

you no mercy when we come in.'

"For God's sake, don't shoot! I will open it! I will open it!" He rushed from the room with his paper still crumpled up in his hand. An instant later, with a groaning of old locks and a rasping of bars, the low door swung open, and the Prussians poured into the stone-flagged passage.

"Where is Count Eustace de Chateau

Noir?"

"My master? He is out, sir."

for a lie."

"It is true, sir. He is out."

"Where?"

"I do not know."

"Doing what?"

"I cannot tell. No, it is no use your The wall in cocking your pistol, sir. You may kill me, but you cannot make me tell you that which I do not know."

"Is he often out at this hour?"

"Frequently."

"And when does he come home?"

"Before daybreak."

Captain Baumgarten rasped out a German oath. He had had his journey for nothing, then. The man's answers were only too likely to be true. It was what he might have expected. But, at least, he would search the house and make sure. Leaving a picket at the front door and another at the back, the sergeant and he drove the trembling butler in front of them, his shaking candle sending strange flickering shadows over the old tapestries and the low oak-raftered ceilings. They searched the whole house from the huge stone-flagged kitchen below to the dininghall on the second floor, with its gallery for musicians, and its panelling black with age; but nowhere was there a living creature. Up in an attic they found Marie, the elderly wife of the butler, but the owner kept no other servants; and of his own presence there was no trace.

It was long, however, before Captain Baumgarten had satisfied himself upon the It was a difficult house to search. point. Thin stairs, which only one man could ascend at a time, connected lines of tortuous corridors. The walls were so thick that each room was cut off from its neighbor. Huge fire-places vawned in each, while the windows were six feet deep in the wall. Captain Baumgarten stamped with his feet, and tore down curtains, and struck with the pommel of his sword. If there were secret hiding-places he was not fortunate enough to find them.

"I have an idea," said he, at last, speaking in German to the sergeant. "You will place a guard over this fellow, and make sure that he communicates with no one."

"Yes, Captain,"

"And you will place four men in ambush at the front and at the back. It is likely enough that about daybreak our bird may come back to the nest."

"And the others, Captain?"

"Let them have their suppers in the kitchen. This fellow will serve you with "Out at this time of night? Your life meat and wine. It is a wild night, and we shall be better here than on the country road."

"And yourself, Captain?"

"I will take my supper up here in the

supper-you?"

bottle of new claret and a cold pullet."

"That will do very well. Let a guard go about with him, Sergeant, and let him his feet. For an instant it seemed to his

any tricks."

paigner. In the Eastern provinces, and, arm's length of him, was standing a huge before that, in Bohemia, he had learned the man, silent, motionless, with no sign of art of quartering himself upon the enemy. life save his fierce, glinting eyes. He was While the butler brought his supper in, he black-haired, olive-skinned, with a pointed occupied himself in making his prepara- tuft of black beard, and a great fierce nose tions for a comfortable night. He lit the towards which all his features seemed to candelabrum of ten candles upon the cen- run. His cheeks were wrinkled like a last tre-table. The fire was already burning year's apple, but his sweep of shoulder and up, crackling merrily, and sending spurts bony, corded hands told of a strength of blue pungent smoke out into the room, which was unsapped by age. His arms The captain walked to the window and were folded across his arching chest, and looked out. The moon had gone in again, his mouth was set in a fixed smile.

and it was raining heavily. He could hear "Pray, do not trouble yourself to look the deep sough of the wind, and see the for your weapons," he said, as the Prussian dark gloom of the trees, all swaying in cast a swift glance at the empty chair in one direction. It was a sight which gave which they had been laid. "You have a zest to his comfortable quarters, and to been, if you will allow me to say so, a little the cold fowl and the bottle of wine which indiscreet to make yourself so much at the butler had brought up for him. He home in a house every wall of which is was tired and hungry after his long tramp; honeycombed with secret passages. so he threw his sword, his helmet, and his will be amused to hear that forty men were revolver-belt down upon a chair, and fell watching you at your supper. Ah! What to eagerly upon his supper. Then, with then!" his glass of wine before him, and a cigar Capt between his lips, he tilted his chair back forward with clenched fists. The Frenchand looked about him.

light which gleamed upon his silver hurled the German back into his chair, shoulder-straps and drew out his terraacross which huntsmen and dogs and stags were still dimly streaming. Above the fireplace were rows of heraldic shields, with the blazonings of the family and its alliances, the fatal saltier cross breaking out

on each of them,

Four paintings of old seigneurs of Chateau Noir faced the fireplace, all men with each other that only the dress could dis- dresses you." tinguish the crusader from the cavalier of the Fronde. Captain Baumgarten, beavy with his repast, lay back in his chair, look- fortune if you had visited my chateau and ing up at them through the cloud of his I had been unable to have a word with you.

dining-hall. The logs are laid, and we tobacco smoke, and pondering over the can light the fire. You will call me if there strange chance which had sent him, a man is any alarm. What can you give me for from the Baltic coast, to eat his supper in the ancestral hall of these proud Norman Alas! monsieur, there was a time when chieftains. But the fire was hot and the I might have answered, 'What you wish.' captain's eyes were heavy. His chin sank But now it is all that we can do to find a slowly upon his chest, and the ten candles gleamed upon the broad white scalp.

Suddenly a slight noise brought him to feel the end of a bayonet if he plays us dazed senses that one of the pictures opposite had walked from its frame, Captain Baumgarten was an old cam- There, beside the table, and almost within

Captain Baumgarten had taken a step man held up a revolver which he grasped He sat within a small circle of brilliant in his right hand, while with his left he

"Pray keep your seat," said he. "You cotta face, his heavy eyebrows, and his have no cause to trouble about your men. yellow mustache. But outside that circle They have already been provided for. 2 things were vague and shadowy in the old is astonishing, with these stone floors, how dining-hall. Two sides were oak-panelled, little one can hear what goes on beneath. and two were hung with faded tapestry, You have been relieved of your command, and have now only to think of yourself. May I ask what your name is?"

"I am Captain Baumgarten of the

Twenty-fourth Posen Regiment."

"Your French is excellent, though you incline, like most of your countrymen, to turn the 'p' into a 'b.' I have been amused to hear them cry, 'Ayen bitic sur moi!' hawk noses and bold, high features, so like You know, doubtless, who it is who ad-

"The Count of Chateau Noir."

"Precisely. It would have been a mis-

I have had to do with many German soldiers, but never with an officer before. I have

much to talk to you about."

Captain Baumgarten sat still in his chair. this man's manner which made his skin creep with apprehension. His eyes glanced from mine?" to right and to left, but his weapons were gone, and in a struggle he saw that he was horror of his companion had increased as but a child with this gigantic adversary, he sat watching the lips that smiled and The count had picked up the claret bottle the eves that glared. and held it to the light.

the best that Pierre could do for you? I am ashamed to look you in the face, Cap-lingen. They were not equally fortunate tain Baumgarten. We must improve upon then.

this.'

man servant was in the room in an instant.

"Chambertin from bin fifteen," he cried, with cobwebs, was carried in as a nurse his, he struck him in the eye like this." bears an infant. The count filled two

glasses to the brim.

in my cellars, and not to be matched between Rome and Paris. Drink, sir, and be There are cold joints below. There are two lobsters fresh from Honfleur. Will you not venture upon a second and more savory supper?"

The German officer shook his head. He drained his glass, however, and his host filled it once more, pressing him to give an

order for this or that dainty.

"There is nothing in my house which is not at your disposal. You have but to say the word. Well, then, you will allow me to tell you a story while you drink your wine. I have so longed to tell it to some German officer. It is about my son, my only child Eustace, who was taken, and died in escaping. It is a curious little story, and I think I can promise you that you never will forget it.

"You must know, then, that my boy was in the artillery, a fine young fellow, Captain Baumgarten, and the pride of his mother. She died within a week of the news of his death reaching us. It was brought by a brother officer who was at his side throughout, and who escaped, while my lad died. I want to tell you all that

he told me.

"Eustace was taken at Weissenburg on him thus—and thus—and thus!" the 4th of August. The prisoners were

from the German officer in command. This good colonel had the hungry lad to supper, offered him the best he had, opened a bottle of good wine, as I have tried to do Brave as he was, there was something in for you, and gave him a cigar from his own case. Might I entreat you to take one

The German again shook his head. His

"The colonel, as I say, was good to "Tut! Tut!" said he. "And was this my boy; but, unluckily, the prisoners were moved next day across the Rhine to Ett-

"The officer who guarded them was a He blew a call upon a whistle which ruffian and villain, Captain Baumgarten. hung from his shooting-jacket. The old He took a pleasure in humiliating and illtreating the brave men who had fallen into his power. That night, upon my son's and a minute later a gray bottle, streaked answering fiercely back to some taunt of

The crash of the blow rang through The German's face fell forthe hall. "Drink," said he. "It is the very best ward, his hand up, and blood oozing my cellars, and not to be matched be- through his fingers. The count settled down in his chair once more. "My boy was disfigured by the blow, and this villain made his appearance the object of his jeers. By the way, you look a little comical yourself at the present moment, Captain, and your colonel would certainly say that you had been getting into mischief. To continue, however, my boy's youth and his destitution—for his pockets were empty-moved the pity of a kindhearted major, and he advanced him ten napoleons from his own pocket without security of any kind. Into your hands, Captain Baumgarten, I return these ten gold pieces, since I cannot learn the name of the lender. I am grateful from my heart for this kindness shown my boy.

"The vile tyrant who commanded the escort accompanied the prisoners to Durlach, and from there to Carlsruhe. He heaped every outrage upon my lad, because the spirit of the Chateaux-Noirs would not stoop to turn away his wrath by a feigned submission. Ay, this cowardly villain, whose heart's blood shall still clot upon this hand, dared to strike my son with his open hand, to kick him, to tear hairs from his moustache-to use

The German writhed and struggled. broken up into parties, and sent back into He was helpless in the hands of this huge Germany by different routes. Eustace was giant whose blows were raining upon him. taken upon the 5th to a village called When at last, blinded and half-senseless, Lauterburg, where he met with kindness he staggered to his feet, it was only to be



THE OFFICER, ALE IN TIERM, FOLDED HIS ARMS AND STARED DEFIANTLY AT THE MAN WHO TORFURED HIM.

hurled back again into the great oaken chair. He sobbed in his impotent anger dashed his hand aside. "I am in your and shame.

by the humiliation of his position," con-risy." tinued the count "You will understand when I say that it is a bitter thing to be remorseless enemy. On arriving at Carlsruhe, however, his face, which had been it with my silk handkerchief?"

He leaned forward, but the German power, you monster " he cried. "I can "My boy was frequently moved to tears endure your brutality, but not your hypoc-

The count shrugged his shoulders.

"I am taking things in their order, just helpless in the hands of an insolent and as they occurred," said he, "I was under vow to tell it to the first German officer with whom I could talk tête-à-tête. Let wounded by the brutality of his guard, me see, I had got as far as the young Bawas bound up by a young Bavarian sub-varian at Carlstuhe. I regret extremely altern, who was touched by his appear-that you will not permit me to use such ance. I regret to see that your eye is slight skill in surgery as I possess. At bleeding so. Will you permit me to bind Carlsruhe my lad was shut up in the old. caserne, where he remained for a forte

The worst pang of his captivity was that trial or ceremony. I think, Jean, that the some unmannerly curs in the garrison centre beam is the shortest. would taunt him with his position as he sat by his window in the evening. That from his chair to where a noosed rope had reminds me, Captain, that you are not quite been flung over one of the huge oaken situated upon a bed of roses yourself, are rafters which spanned the room. you, now? You came to trap a wolf, my cord was slipped over his head, and he man, and now the beast has you down, with felt its harsh grip round his throat. his fangs in your throat. A family man, three peasants seized the other end, and too, I should judge, by that well-filled looked to the count for his orders. tunic. Well, a widow the more will make little matter, and they do not usually re- arms and stared defiantly at the man who Get back into the tortured him. main widows long. chair, you dog!

of a fortnight my son and his friend the clothes of two peasants, whom they father—that he ordered his Uhlans away, travelling by night, they had got as far only beside the condemned men. into France as Remilly, and were within a when he heard all the lad had to tell, that the German lines, when a patrol of Uhlans that his mother was in failing health, he came right upon them. Oh! it was hard, threw off the rope as I throw off this, and was it not, when they had come so far he kissed him on either cheek as I kiss you. and were so near to safety?" The count and he bade him go as I bid you go; and blew a double call upon his whistle, may every kind wish of that noble general, and three hard-faced peasants entered the though it could not stave off the fever room.

"These must represent my Uhlans," said your head." "Well, then, the captain in command, lines, proceeded to hang them without December dawn.

The unfortunate soldier was dragged

The officer, pale but firm, folded his

"You are now face to face with death, "Well, to continue my story, at the end and I perceive from your lips that you are praying. My son was also face to face escaped. I need not trouble you with the with death, and he prayed also. It hapdangers which they ran or the privations pened that a general officer came up, and which they endured. Suffice it to say that he heard the lad praying for his mother, to disguise themselves they had to take and it moved him so—he being himself a waylaid in a wood. Hiding by day and and he remained with his aide-de-camp mile—a single mile, Captain—of crossing he was the only child of an old family, and which slew my son, descend now upon

And so it was that Captain Baumgarten, finding that these men were French sol- disfigured, blinded, and bleeding, staggered diers in civilian dress within the German out into the wind and the rain of that wild

F. MARION CRAWFORD: A CONVERSATION.

RECORDED BY ROBERT BRIDGES,

Author of "Overheard in Arcady," etc.

HERE is no need to localize this con-sitting before a little square and muchversation with F. Marion Crawford, worn table of pine, with nothing on it but for he is equally at home in a dozen great reams of paper and a bottle of ink, and on cities of the world. The readers of his one corner, near his hand, a teapot, under books do not need any particular back- which the pale blue flame is always burnground to explain the man; he is a thor- ing. I have pictured him there, day after ough cosmopolite. But personally I have day, drinking unnumbered cups of tea, and always thought of Mr. Crawford as work- summoning out of the dark recesses of the ing in a grotto under the cliffs of Sorrento, grotto the strange and romantic company with the flashing waters of the bay shining who are his familiars—Paul Patoff, Dr. through the arched opening, and the little Claudius, Saracinesca, Gouache, Mr. Isaacs, waves playing on the white sand, almost at Ram Lal. Marzio, Zoroaster. They spring his feet. There I have often imagined him from the darkness, talk with him awhile.

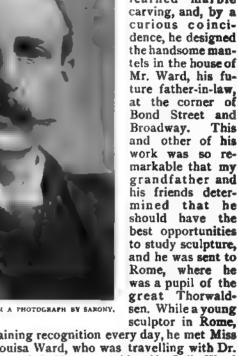
disappear and reappear, forming dramatic all the background that is needed for this groups and doing daring deeds. And, while conversation, they come and go, he is always writing, writing, imperturbably writing, even when MR. CRAWFORD'S CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH. talking with them. I do not know where I first got this idea, but I think I can trace it to a chapter in "To Leeward" and a Chance newspaper paragraph. At any rate, born in the West of Ireland, and brought I have been a firm believer in that grotto to this country when very young. His for many years, and I want to continue to father acquired a small business in New believe in it. Since I have known Mr. York which supported him comfortably, Crawford personally, I have carefully and he wished his son, my father, to take

want to destroy the illusion, if it is one, and I don't believe it is an illusion. With each new novel of his that I have read. I have seen the grotto grow a little larger, the darkness become more populous. I used to think that on some sunny day I should be rowed across the bay of Sorrento (perhaps by one of the "Children of the King"), and should be landed from the little boat at the very mouth of the cave; and then I should introduce myself to Mr. Crawford, and be asked to have a cup of tea and a smoke. When we had talked a would summon his

familiars from the darkness to smoke gaining recognition every day, he met Miss and talk with us. place.

avoided asking him about it, for I don't part in it; but the boy had a strong artistic

bent, and of his own initiative went to a wood-carver to learn his trade. Later, wishing still greater freedom for his skill, he learned marble carving, and, by a curious coincidence, he designed the handsome mantels in the house of Mr. Ward, his future father-in-law. at the corner of Bond Street and Broadway. and other of his work was so remarkable that my grandfather and his friends determined that he should have the best opportunities to study sculpture. and he was sent to Rome, where he was a pupil of the great Thorwaldsen. While a young





while, I hoped he f. MARION CRAWFORD. 1894. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SARONY,

That is where and Louisa Ward, who was travelling with Dr. how this conversation should have taken Samuel G. Howe and his wife, Julia Ward Howe. They fell in love and were mar-But there are some things that even ried, and made Rome their home. I am a romantic novelist cannot do, though the youngest of their four children. When Thackeray said that "anything you like I was about two years old (in 1856) I was happens in Fable-land." So we were com- sent to this country, and lived with some pelled to talk in a room, in the heart of kinsfolk on a farm near Bordentown, New New York, which had little in it except Jersey. Among the earliest things that I rebooks, and a big chair, and a blaze of member is my great delight in watching the cannel-coal in the grate. If you fill the big coming and going of the trains of cars as chair with Mr. Crawford, smoking an Eng- they shot across the farm near the old lish bull-dog pipe in which is some of house. My father died in London in 1857, Barrie's "Arcadia Mixture," you will have when I was three years old, and soon after

youth was spent,"

his education as a boy. It seemed to recall a host of pleasant recollections.

"Most of my boyhood was spent under when I write German." the direction of a French governess. Not only did I learn that language from her, but all of my studies, geography, arithmetic, etc., were taught me in French, and I learned to write it with great readiness as a mere boy, because it was the language of my daily tasks. The consequence is that to this day I write French with the ease of English, There have been times when I knew that I had lost some of my facility in speaking French, through long absence advised me to take an opportunity to go to from the country; but the acquirement of writing it is always with me, which shows the value of early impressions in that direction."

I remembered hearing St. Paul's School men speak of the days when Mr. Crawford was a student at Concord, New Hampshire, and I asked him when he had been there.

"I was about twelve years old," he said, "when I was sent over to America again, and went to St. Paul's. There I found that the fact that I had been taught Latin by a natural, and not an artificial method, gave me a great advantage. My Latin tutor in Rome was a man whose ideas of learning that language were most original then, although they have since become more common in certain systems. I remember that my first lesson in Latin was to read one of the very short letters of Cicero, only two or three lines We began by reading, and, as a consequence, I was interested from the very first lesson. You know that in Rome you are surrounded with Latin inscriptions me that it could hardly have to an Amer-I made some good friends at St. Paul's, hard to earn in Bombay as elsewhere. whom I see from time to time here and in tried in vain for all sorts of positions. Europe.'

I was taken back to Italy, where all my 1876. "Of course," he said, "I learned my German in those days—learned to speak I asked Mr. Crawford to tell me about it readily; but I have never acquired the ability to write it as fluently as I do French. In fact, I always use the Roman characters

NEWSPAPER WORK IN INDIA.

" And then," he continued, " I studied at the University of Rome (1876-78), and I had a tutor who taught me Sanskrit, and interested me in Buddhism and other Oriental mysteries. There came a time when my people lost a great deal of money, and I was in a quandary what to do. This tutor



ROBERT BRIDGES-14 DROCH."

on the public buildings and monuments, so India and learn Sanskrit, and then I could that the whole language had a reality to come back and easily get a good professorship. So, with the enthusiasm of youth, ican boy, especially one who has learned I borrowed one hundred pounds, and sailed it by way of the rudiments of grammar, for Bombay. But money seemed to be as wrote occasionally articles for a Bombay We had a long talk about the various steps newspaper, and made the acquaintance of in his education, which seemed to be full of the editor, but these were not enough to pleasant memories for Mr. Crawford. He replenish my stock of money. One day recalled his student days with a clergyman I found myself reduced to my last two in the English village of Hatfield Regis, pounds, and I could not see where more and the gayer life at Trinity College, Cam- was coming from; but I was young and bridge, where he went in for boating, and, strong, and I said that if the worst came, I incidentally, for mathematics. "They could enlist in the British army, and have thought I was a mathematician in those plenty of adventure, and food and clothes. he said. Then followed student days I sat down and wrote a letter of appliat Karlsruhe and Heidelberg, from 1874 to cation to the proper officer, sealed and



MR, CRAWFORD'S VILLA ON THE ELVE OF THE COURSE AT SORRENTS, SEEN FROM THE SEA DRAWN BY E BLONG, SORRENTO,

stamped it, and held it in readiness to mail that, too, in daily journalism, an occupawhen I should find that there was nothing tion in which I had had no experience whatelse to be done. The next day I received ever." a letter from the editor of the 'Bombay Gazette,' asking me to call. When I pre- Kipling's. beginning of the rainy season when the the captain and the mates, work sixteen hours in that atmosphere, and was running high, and, as the small boat

I said that it reminded me of a story of

sented myself, he said that he had received "Yes," he replied, "'The Man who a letter from the proprietor of the 'Alla- would be King,'-that is it exactly. I habad Indian Herald,' asking whether he always read Kipling with a flood of recolcould send him immediately a good man to lections of India, so true are his stories to take charge of that paper. He explained the reality. Of course," he said, "I picked to me that it was a very difficult undertak- up a great deal about Buddhism and other ing, as I should have to do all the editorial. Oriental lore, and it was at Simla that I met work myself; that Allahabad was a thou- the original of Mr. Isaacs-a real man sand miles away; and that, in certain sea- whose name was Jacobs. Of him I shall sons, the climate was disagreeable and dan-tell you by and by. For eighteen months gerous. Nevertheless, he asked me would I edited the 'Indian Herald,' and I think I go? 'Would a duck swun?' I said, it was the hardest work that I have ever and started immediately. I found that the done. By and by, in 1880, I returned to paper was a daily, issued every afternoon. Italy, and there I again found myself with-I was my own news collector, managing ed- out means or work, so I took passage on itor, and editorial writer. I wrote a leading an old steamer for America, early in 1881. article and several editorial paragraphs I was the only cabin passenger on board. every day, collected and wrote the local The boat was a regular tramp; we struck news, edited the correspondence from all terrible storms, the machinery broke down, over India-some of it written in the worst and under sail we slowly made our way English that I have ever encountered, westward. I had always been fond of the There were days when I worked sixteen sea, and, as the ship was short-handed, I hours at a stretch; there were days at the took my watch, turn and turn about, with combination of heat and moisture was weeks we got to Bermuda in a most dilapienough to drive a man who had nothing to dated condition, and as I was the only one do to an extremity. How much worse it who could speak English, the captain asked was, you can imagine, when one had to me to go ashore with the papers. The sea

Bermuda, we sailed away toward New York, the sea and I liked adventure, and so the vovage did not seem as bad as it might have been."

"You should put that voyage in a story," I suggested, thinking of some of Kipling's tales of the sea; and it is curious, by the way, that Mr. Crawford, with all his love of the sea, has never written a regular seastory, although there are several chapters in "Dr. Claudius" describing an ocean

voyage.

It was about this time, when he was twenty-seven years of age, that Mr. Crawford entered Harvard as a special student, and took Professor Lanman's course in Sanskrit. He lived between New York and Boston, sometime in one city and sometime in the other, from December, 1882, to May, 1883, and contributed special articles to periodicals. He wrote book reviews and articles on philosophical themes. I could go."

HOW MR. CRAWFORD CAME TO WRITE HIS FIRST NOVEL.

"And now tell me," I said, "the true story of how you came to write 'Mr. I have read different versions of Isaacs.'

"It has once or twice been told correctly," said Mr. Crawford, "and this is exactly how it happened: On May 5, 1882, Uncle Sam asked me to dine with him at the New York Club, which was then in the building on Madison Square now 6th, and I, of course, knew nothing about called the Madison Square Bank building. It goes without saying that we had a good of the month, I started on my return jourdinner if it was ordered by Uncle Sam. ney to the United States, and when I We had dined rather early, and were sitting arrived in Boston, on the day before in the smoking-room, overlooking Madison Christmas, and stepped out of the train, I Square, while it was still light. As was was surprised beyond measure to find the perfectly natural we began to exchange railway news-stands almost covered with stories while smoking, and I told him, with great posters announcing 'Mr. Isaacs.' a great deal of detail, my recollections of The next morning, at my hotel, I found a an interesting man whom I had met in note awaiting me from T. B. Aldrich, then 'That is a good two-part magazine story, me for an interview, at which he proposed and you must write it out immediately.' that I write a serial for his magazine. I He took me around to his apartments, felt confident then, and do now, that 'Dr.

turned in between the headlands toward and that night I began to write the story the harbor, the high waves swamped us. of 'Mr. Isaacs.' Part of the first chapter We clung to the boat, and, as luck would was written afterwards, but the rest of have it, a launch came along just then and that chapter and several succeeding chappicked us up. After we had refitted at ters are the story that I told to Uncle Sam. I kept at it from day to day, getand finally reached here in March. I liked ting more interested in the work as I proceeded, and from time to time I would read a chapter to Uncle Sam. When I got through the original story, I was so amused with the writing of it that it occurred to me that I might as well make Mr. Isaacs fall in love with an English girl, and then I kept on writing, to see what would happen. By and by I remembered a mysterious Buddhist whom I had once met in India, and so I introduced him, to still further complicate matters. I went to Newport to visit my aunt, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, while I was in the midst of the story, and continued it there. It was on June 13, 1882, while in her home, that I finished the last chapter of 'Mr. Isaacs; and, Uncle Sam appearing in Newport at that time, I read him the part of the story which he had not heard. 'You will give it to me,' he said; 'I shall try and find a publisher.' He had for many years frequented "I got so far," he said, "as to receive one the book store of Macmillan, and was well hundred dollars for an article. Of course acquainted with the elder George Brett. it was a precarious living, but there was He took the manuscript to Mr. Brett, who always Uncle Sam (Samuel Ward) to whom forwarded it to the English house, and in a short time it was accepted."

"Having tasted blood," said Mr. Crawford, "I began, very soon after finishing 'Mr. Isaacs,' to write another story for my own amusement—'Dr. Claudius.' November I was advised by Messrs. Macmillan that, in order to secure an English, as well as an American, copyright, I must be on English soil on the day of publication. So I went to St. John's, New Brunswick, where I had a very pleasant time, and continued to write the story of 'Dr. Claudius,' which I finished in December. 'Mr. Isaacs' was published on December its reception. However, toward the end When I had finished he said to me, editor of the 'Atlantic Monthly,' asking pleted in February, 1883.

MR. CRAWFORD'S RAPIDITY—A NOVEL WRITTEN IN TEN DAYS.

days."

Claudius' would not be a good serial into the carving of a crucifix. With that story. However, I promised that he should for a motive, the story wrote itself. In have a serial, and began soon after to the case of 'The Lonely Parish,' I found write 'The Roman Singer,' which was com- myself with a promise unredeemed, given to my publishers, for a novel at a certain date; I had already sold the novel which I intended for them to a magazine, for serial publication So I looked around in my memory for some spot which was thor-This led me to ask Mr. Crawford about oughly familiar to me as a background for the rapidity with which he worked "I my novel-so familiar that I need not was told the other day," I said, "that invent details, but simply call them up you wrote 'The Three Fates' in seven from my memory. I immediately thought of the little village of Hatfield Regis in "No." he replied; "that would have Hertfordshire, where I was sent as a pupil



MES. CRAWFORD AND HER CHILDREN BEFORE THE CRAWFORD VILLA AT SORRENTO. LRAWN BY G. DE SANCTIS, SORRENTO.

time. One of my stories, however, 'Mar- real names and localities' zio's Crucifix,' which is not a long novel, I an atheist who should put his life and soul larity continues unabated.

been a physical impossibility. As a mat- to a clergyman. I lifted that little village ter of fact, I was not very well, and spent bodily out of my memory, and put it into a whole summer writing it from time to my story, even to the extent of certain

The life of Mr. Crawford, from the sucwrote in ten days, in its original form, as cess of "Mr. Isaacs" to the present day, it appeared serially. Afterwards two chap- has been one of hard literary work. He ters were added for book publication sailed for Italy in May, 1883, spent most The Tale of a Lonely Parish? I wrote in of the year \$884 in Constantinople, where twenty-four days—one chapter a day, of he was married to a daughter of General about five thousand words. Both of those Berdan, and in 1885 went back to Italy stories were easy to write, because I was and to Sorrento, where his villa is, and perfectly familiar with the background of where he has lived ever since, with the exeach. I had once studied silver-carving ception of his two visits to America in 1893 with a skilled workman, and the idea sug- and 1894. In these thirteen years he has gested itself to me to write a story about produced twenty-five novels, and his popuMR. CRAWFORD'S MANNER OF WORKING.

for you?"

out of their usual environment. There work, the real background."

go to work to construct a novel?"

my mind that it shall have—say twenty- or so complete as those written rapidly." four chapters. Along the left margin I mark the numbers of these chapters, one are in England, I place a horizontal mark a relative failure" after each eight chapter numbers. That indicates the volume manner of a playwright choosing what he stories, calls his 'curtain situation,' I decide on the planned them?" culminating incident in each volume, and also decide in which chapter it shall fall, walk I took, in the interior of Italy, with

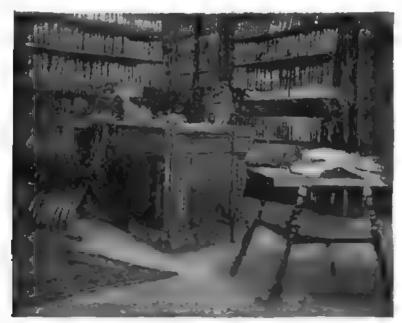
and place a catch-word indicating that situation on the line with the chapter num-"What," I asked, "is the germ of a novel ber. Then I fill in for the other chapters a catch-word or phrase which indicates "It is a character, and not a situation, the minor incidents in succession that culwhich generally suggests a novel to me. I minate in the major incident. Of course think that in most cases my characters are all these things do not come at once, and I portraits of real people in imaginary situa- may fill in, from time to time, after I have tions; that is why they cannot be recog- begun the novel. But when the skeleton nized by the originals, because they are is comparatively complete, I begin to Along the right-hand margin I are two exceptions to this way of conceiv- write down the calendar of the novel, as it ing a novel; as I have already told you, may be called, from day to day. If it is 'The Tale of a Lonely Parish' and 'Mar- a novel in which the action takes place in zio's Crucifix' were suggested to me by a very short time, I write down not only the day of the month and week, but the "Won't you tell me," I asked, "how you hour of the day, so that the action of the story may move logically. With this skele-"Since my first novel or two, I always ton of the novel before me, I write with see the end of the story from the start, great rapidity. I have found that if I write When I have thought it over in this way, a novel slowly my conception of the leading I take a large sheet of paper, and, having characters may change from week to week, decided on the size of the book, I make up so that in the end the novel is not so forcible

"Do you ever dictate?" I asked.

"I dictated one novel under stress of under the other, a line for each. If it is to circumstances, and I do not think that I be in three volumes, as most of my novels shall ever dictate another, for I consider it

> " You are oftenest thought of, I think, as Then, after the the author of the Saracinesca group of Could you tell me how you

> > "I think the origin of the stories was a



THE STUDY IN MR. CRAWFORD'S HOUSE AT SORRENTO. DRAWN BY G. DE SANCTIS, SORRENTO.



NAME OF 12 1890.

the life of the nobility of a certain class and American groups of novels," in modern Italy. Personally, I do not think it is very successful, though my the readers seem to like them. The book, of all my novels, which has most reality for me, is 'Pietro Ghisleri;' and I may say, by the way, that the book which I enjoyed most in the writing is 'Mr. Isaacs.' "

"You have been writing a group of New York novels, in which the fortunes of of your Saracinesca series?"

derdale,' has already gone through many future.

a tutor, when I was a boy—the region in editions. The second, which has been runwhich I have placed the Saracinesca estates ining as a serial in 'The Ladies' Pictorial' of When I wrote the first novel of the series, London, is called 'The Ralstons,' Some I did not intend a group; but the plan of the characters also appear in my little grew upon me, and the first story was re- novel of Bar Harbor, 'Love in Idleness,' ceived so kindly that I decided to continue. In the serial which I have been writing for the history through several generations, 'The Century,' 'Casa Braccio,' I have inand make it, in a sense, representative of troduced characters from both the Italian

This ended our conversation. pression left on my mind was of delightful critics are very kind toward the series, and converse with a virile, strong, intellectual man, whose imagination and emotions are the obedient servants of a dominating will: above all things, a man of the world in the best sense, and a scholar in the best sense, whose knowledge is a delight to him, whose contact with people in great cities has broadened and deepened his serious views a family are elaborated after the manner of life; a man with that poise of body and mind which assures one that at forty "Yes; I worked very hard at the group, his work as a novelist has hardly reached and the first of the series, 'Katharine Lau- maturity, but that the best of it lies in the

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

By Ida M. Tarbell.

With engravings from the collection of the Hon. Gardiner G. Hubbard, who also furnishes the explanatory notes.

FIFTH PAPER.

THE CONTINENTAL BLOCKADE.

THEN Napoleon, in 1805, was obliged to abandon the descent on England and turn the magnificent army gathered at Boulogne against Austria, he by no means gave up the idea of one day humbling his enemy. Persistently throughout the campaigns of 1805–1807 his despatches and addresses remind Frenchmen that vengeance is only deferred.

In every way he strives to awaken indignation and hatred against England. The alliance which has compelled him to turn his armies against his neighbors on the Continent, he characterizes as an "unjust league fomented by the hatred and gold of England." He tells the soldiers of the Grand Army that it is English gold which has "transported the Russian army from upon the English. "May all the blood shed, close at his bidding. perfidious islanders who have caused them! May the cowardly oligarchies of London support the consequences of so many From now on, all the treaties he makes are drawn up with a view to humbling "the eternal enemies of the Conti- for their sakes. nent.

true, in 1806, between the two countries. Napoleon offered to return Hanover and Malta. He offered several things which belonged to other people, but England refused all of his combinations; and when, a few days after Jena, he addressed his army, it was to tell them: "We shall not lay down our arms until we have obliged seas."

his future policy towards Great Britain. As It remained to be seen. she had shut her enemies from the sea, he

would shut her from the land. The "continental blockade," as this struggle of land against sea was called, was only using England's own weapon of war; but it was using it with a sweeping audacity, thoroughly Napoleonic in conception and in the proposed execution. Henceforth, all communication was forbidden between the British Isles and France and her allies. Every Englishman found under French authority—and that was about all Europe -was a prisoner of war. Every dollar's worth of English property found within Napoleon's boundaries, whether it belonged to rich trader or inoffensive tourist, was prize of war. If one remembers the extent of the seaboard which Napoleon at that moment commanded, the full peril of this menace to English commerce is clear. From St. Petersburg to Trieste the extremities of the universe" to fight there was not a port, save those of them, He charges the horrors of Austerlitz Denmark and Portugal, which would not At Tilsit he and may all these misfortunes, fall upon the Alexander had entered into an agreement to complete this seaboard, to close the Baltic, the Channel, the European Atlantic, and the Mediterranean to the English. This was nothing else than asking Continental Europe to destroy her commerce

There were several serious uncertainties Negotiations for peace went on, it is in the scheme. What retaliation would England make? Could Napoleon and Alexander agree long enough to succeed in dividing the valuable portions of the continents of Europe, Asia, and Africa? Would the nations cheerfully give up the English cottons and tweeds they had been buying, the boots they had been wearing, the cutlery and dishes they had been using? the English, those eternal enemies of our Would they cheerfully see their own prodnation, to renounce their plan of troubling ucts lie uncalled for in their warehouses, the Continent and their tyranny of the for the sake of aiding a foreign monarch although the most brilliant and powerful on A month later—November 21, 1806—he earth—to carry out a vast plan for crushproclaimed the famous Decree of Berlin, ing an enemy who was not their enemy?

In the meantime there was the small



"NAPOLEON BUONAPARTS." 1806,

Engraved by Lupton, after Lefevre; published in London in 1818. "I prefer this to David's celebrated picture."—G.G. H.

part of the coast line remaining indepen- war; but her king refused to confiscate the ordered to choose between war with Eng- her pretensions. land and war with France. in forty days the French and Spanish 12, 1807). a drastic reply to Napoleon's measures. In August she appeared before Copenhagen, seized the Danish fleet, and for three days bombarded the town. This unjustifiable attack on a nation with which she was at peace horrified Europe, and it uttermost the Berlin Decree. He made no secret of his determination. In a diplomatic audience at Fontainebleau, October 14, 1807, he declared:

"Great Britain shall be destroyed. I have the means of doing it, and they shall be employed. have three hundred thousand men devoted to this object, and an ally who has three hundred thousand to support them. I will permit no nation to receive a minister from Great Britain until she shall have renounced her maritime usages and tyranny; and I desire you, gentlemen, to convey this determination THE SPANISH THRONE GIVEN TO A BONAto your respective sovereigns,'

Such an alarming extent did the blockade threaten to take, that even our minister to France, Mr. Armstrong, began to be nervous. His diplomatic acquaintances told him cynically, "You are much favored, but it won't last;" and, in fact, it was not long before it was evident that the United States was not to be allowed to remain neutral. Napoleon's notice to Mr. Armstrong was clear and decisive:

"Since America suffers her vessels to be searched, she adopts the principle that the flag does not cover the goods. Since she recognizes the absurd blockades laid by England, consents to having her vessels incessantly stopped, sent to England, and so turned aside from their course, why should the Americans not suffer the blockade laid by France? Certainly France is no more blockaded by England than England by France. Why should Americans not equally suffer their vessels to be searched by French ships? Certainly France recognizes that these measures are unjust, illegal, and subversive of national sovereignty; but it is the duty of nations to resort to force, and to declare themselves against things which dishonor them and disgrace their independence."

WAR WITH PORTUGAL.

her ports caused war. all Englishmen in her borders, declared nies, sacrificed men and money, and had

dent to be joined to the portion already property of British subjects in Portugal. blockaded to the English. There was no This evasion furnished Napoleon an excuse delay in Napoleon's action. Denmark was for refusing to believe in the sincerity of "Continue your march," Portugal was he wrote to Junot, who had been ordered notified that if her ports were not closed into the country a few days before (October "I have reason to believe that armies would invade her. England gave there is an understanding with England, so as to give the British troops time to arrive from Copenhagen."

Without waiting for the results of the invasion, he and the King of Spain divided up Portugal between them. If their action was premature, Portugal did nothing supported the emperor in pushing to the to gainsay them; for when Junot arrived at Lisbon in December, he found the country without a government, the royal family having fled in fright to Brazil. There was only one thing now to be done: Junot must so establish himself as to hold the country against the English, who naturally would resent the injury done their ally. From St. Petersburg to Trieste, Napoleon now held the seaboard.

PARTE.

But he was not satisfied. Spain was between him and Portugal. If he was going to rule Western Europe he ought to pos-There is no space here to trace the intrigues with the weak and vicious factions of the Spanish court, which ended in Napoleon's persuading Charles IV. to cede his rights to the Spanish throne and to become his pensioner, and Ferdinand, the heir apparent, to abdicate; and which placed Joseph Bonaparte, King of Naples, on the Spanish throne, and put Murat, Charlotte Bonaparte's husband, in Joseph's

From beginning to end the transfer of the Spanish crown from Bourbon to Bonaparte was dishonorable and unjustifiable. It is true that the government of Spain was corrupt. No greater mismanagement could be conceived, no more scandalous court. Unquestionably the country would have been far better off under Napoleonic institutions. But to despoil Spain was to be false to an ally which had served him for years with fidelity, and at an awful cost to herself. It is true that her service had been through fear, not love. It is true The attempt to force Portugal to close that at one critical moment (when Napo-In all but one leon was in Poland, in 1807) she had tried particular she had obeyed Napoleon's to escape; but, nevertheless, it remained a orders: she had closed her ports, detained fact that for France Spain had lost colo-



NAPOLEON ON HORSEBACK. ABOUT 1814.

Etched by Ruet, after Meissonier The original picture is now in the Walters gallery, at Baltimore,

the excuses which had justified him in in-terfering in Italy, in Germany, in Holland, was revolted by the baseness of the deed. in Switzerland. This was not a conquest. No one has ever explained better the feelof war, not a confiscation on account of ing which the intrigues over the Spanish the perfidy of an ally, not an attempt to throne caused than Napoleon himself: answer the prayers of a people for a more liberal government.

seen her fleet go down at Trafalgar. In ernment at the price of national honor, taking her throne, Napoleon had none of But Spain did not submit. She, as well

beral government.

"I confess I embarked badly in the affair," he told Las Cases at St. Helena. "The immorality of it was too patent, the injustice far too cynical, and she would have been purchasing good gov- the whole thing too villatnous; hence I failed. The

attempt is seen now only in its hideous nudity, stripped of all that is grand, of all the numerous bene-fits which I intended. Posterity would have extolled it, however, if I had succeeded, and rightly, perhaps, because of its great and happy results.

It was the Spanish people themselves, not the ruling house, who resented the transfer from Bourbon to Bonaparte.

No sooner was it noised through Spain that the Bourbons had really abdicated, and Joseph Bonaparte had been named king, than an insurrection was organized simultafour thousand French troops were scatnow began. Every defile became a battleand waiting for French stragglers, messengers, supply parties the French fleet escaped from Trafalgar, and now at Cadiz, was forced to surrender. down their arms at Baylen, but the Spaniards refused to keep their capitulation the peasants in the most barbarous fashion. crucified, burned, sawed asunder. Those who escaped the popular vengeance were sent to the Island of Cabrera, where they in 1814 that the remnant of this army was released.

his capital by sending an advance army he was obliged to flee to Vittoria,

The misfortunes in Spain were followed defeated by an English army at Vimeiro tion that his army be taken back to France without being disarmed.

NAPOLEON PREPARES FOR SPAIN,

Napoleon, amazed at this unexpected popular uprising in Spain, and angry that the spell of invincibility under which his armies had fought, was broken, resolved to undertake the Peninsular war himself.

But before a campaign in Spain could be entered upon, it was necessary to know that all the inner and outer wheels of the working perfectly.

finances were in splendid condition. Public works of great importance were going on all over the kingdom; the court was luxurious and brilliant, and the money it scattered, pleased and encouraged the commercial and manufacturing classes. Never had feles been more brilliant than those which welcomed Napoleon back to Paris in 1807; never had the season at Fontainebleau been gayer or more magnificent than it was that year.

All of those who had been instrumental neously all over the country. Some eighty- in bringing prosperity and order to France were rewarded in 1807 with splendid gifts tered through the peninsula, but they were from the indemnities levied on the enepowerless before the kind of warfare which mies. The marshals of the Grand Army received from eighty thousand to two ground, every rock hid a peasant, armed hundred thousand dollars apiece; twentyfive generals were given forty thousand The remnant of dollars each; the civil functionaries were not forgotten; thus M. de Ségur received forty thousand dollars as a sign of the Twenty-five thousand French soldiers laid emperor's gratification at the way he had administered etiquette to the new court.

It was at this period that Napoleon treaties. The prisoners were tortured by founded a new nobility as a further means of rewarding those who had rendered britliant services to France. This institution was designed, too, as a means of reconciling old and new France. It created the lived in the most abject fashion, half- titles of prince, duke, count, baron, and starved, uncared for, unclad. It was only knight; and those receiving these titles were at the same time given domains in the conquered provinces, sufficient to permit The new king was only able to reach them to establish themselves in good style

The drawing up of the rules which were ahead to clear the way, and a week later to govern this new order occupied the gravest men of the country, Cambacérès, Saint-Martin, d'Hauterive, Portales, Pasby greater ones in Portugal. Junot was quier. Among other duties they had to prepare the armorial bearings. Napoleon in August, 1808, and capitulated on condi- refused to allow the crown to go on the new escutcheons. He wished no one but himself to have a right to use that symbol. A substitute was found in the panache, the number of plumes showing the rank.

Napoleon used the new favors at his command freely, creating in all, after 1807, fortyeight thousand knights, one thousand and ninety barons, three hundred and eightyeight counts, thirty-one dukes, and three princes. All members of the old nobility who were supporting his government were given titles, but not those which they formerly held. Naturally this often led to great dissatisfaction, the bearers of ancient great machine he had devised for dividing names preferring a lower rank which had the world and crushing England were been their family's for centuries to one higher, but unhallowed by time and tra-Since the treaty of Tilsit he had done dition. Thus Madame de Montmorency much at home for this machine. The rebelled obstinately against being made a





Engraved in 1841 by Louis, after a painting made in 1837 by Delaroche, now in the Standish collection, and called the "Souff box ". Probably the finest engraving ever made of a Napoleon portrait.

countess,—she had been a baroness under Napoleon could give her But a countess the old regime,—and, as the Montmorencys—she had to remain. claimed the honor of being called the first. In his efforts to win for himself the Christian barons, she felt justly that the old services of all those whom blood and for-

title was far more proud than any new one-tune had made his natural supporters, the



JOSEPHINE, EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH AND QUEEN OF HALY. ("JOSÉPHINE, IMPERATRICE DES FRANÇAIS EF REINE D'ITALIE.") 1804.

Designed by Buguet.

In November, 1807, Napoleon visited Italy, and at Mantua a secret interview took place between the brothers. Lucien, in his memoirs, gives a dramatic description of the way in which Napoleon spread the kingdoms of half a world before him and offered him his choice.

"He struck a great blow with his hand in the middle of the immense map of Europe which was extended on the table, by the side of which we were standing. 'Yes, choose,' he said, 'you see I am not talking in the air. All this is mine, or will soon belong to me; I can dispose of it already. Do you want Naples? I will take it from Joseph. who, by the by, does not care for it; he prefers Morfontaine. Italy,—the most beautiful jewel in my imperial crown? offered him his choice.



NAPOLEON THE GREAT (" NAPOLEON LB GRAND ') 1812, Engraved by Mecou, after a portrait painted in 1812 by Isabey

Eugene is but viceroy, and, far from despising it, he hopes only that I shall give it to him, or, at least, leave it to him if he survives me; he is likely to be disappointed in waiting, for I shall live ninety years. I must, for the perfect consolidation of my empire. Besides, Eugene will not suit me in Italy after his mother is divorced. Spain? Do you not see it fall-divorce precedes mine."



"NAPOLEON BLONAPARTE." 1812

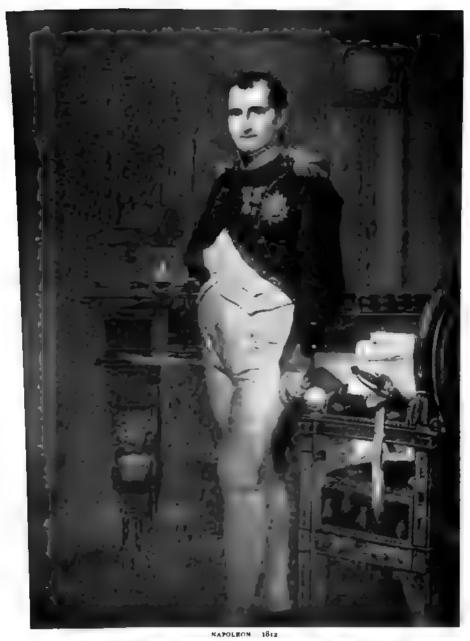
"Engraved, with permission, by Robert Cooper, from the original whole length picture painted by Mr. David, his chief painter of Paris. London. Published January, 1815."

Until midnight the two brothers wrestled with the questions between them. Neither would abandon his position; and when Lucien finally went away, his face was wet with tears. To Méneval, who conducted him to his inn in the town, he said, in bidding him carry his farewell to the emperor, "It was not. Seven years later the brothers met again, but the show signs of hostility. map of Europe was forever rolled up for Napoleon.

THE ERFURT MEETING.

The essential point in achieving the Til-

The meeting opened in September, 1807, at Erfurt in Saxony, and lasted a month.



Engraved by Laugier in 1835, from the etching by Vallot, after portrait painted by David in 1812.

Napoleon acted as host, and prepared a Confederation of the Rhine.

The palaces where the emperors were splendid entertainment for his guests. The entertained, were furnished with articles company he had gathered was most bril- from the Garde-Meuble of France. The liant. Beside the Russian and French leading actors of the Thédire Français emperors, with ambassadors and suites, gave the best French tragedies to a house were the Kings of Saxony, Bavaria, and where there was, as Napoleon had promised Wartemberg, the Prince Primate, the Grand Talma, a "parterre full of kings." There Duke and Grand Duchess of Baden, the was a hare hunt on the battle-field of Jena. Dukes of Saxony, and the Princes of the to which even Prince William of Prussia was invited, and where the party breakfasted on the spot where Napoleon had bivouacked in 1806, the night before the battle. There were balls where Alexander danced, "but not I," wrote the emperor to Josephine; "forty years are forty years." Goethe and Wieland were both presented to Napoleon at Erfurt, and the emperor had long conversations with them.

In the midst of the gayeties Napoleon and Alexander found time to renew their Tilsit agreement. They were to make war and peace together. Alexander was to uphold Napoleon in giving Joseph the throne of Spain, and to keep the continent tranquil during the Peninsular war. Napoleon was to support Alexander in getting possession of Finland, Moldavia, and Wallachia. The two emperors were to write and sign a letter inviting England to join them in peace negotiations.

This was done promptly; but when England insisted that representatives of the government which was acting in Spain in the name of Ferdinand VII. should be admitted to the proposed meeting, the peace negotiations abruptly ended. Under the circumstances Napoleon could not, of course, recognize that government.

NAPOLEON IN SPAIN.

The emperor was ready to conduct the Spanish war. His first move was to send into the country a large body of veterans from Germany. Before this time the army had been made up of young recruits upon whom the Spanish looked with contempt. The men, inexperienced and demoralized by the kind of guerilla warfare which was waged against them, had become discouraged. The worst feature of their case was that they did not believe in the war. That brave story-teller Marbot relates frankly how he felt.

"As a soldier I was bound to fight any one who attacked the French army, but I could not help recognizing in my inmost conscience that our cause was a bad one, and that the Spaniards were quite right in trying to drive out strangers who, after coming among them in the guise of friends, were wishing to dethrone their sovereign and take forcible possession of the kingdom. This war, therefore, seemed to me wicked, but I was a soldier, and I must march or be charged with cowardice. The greater part of the army thought as I did, and like me, obeyed orders all the same."

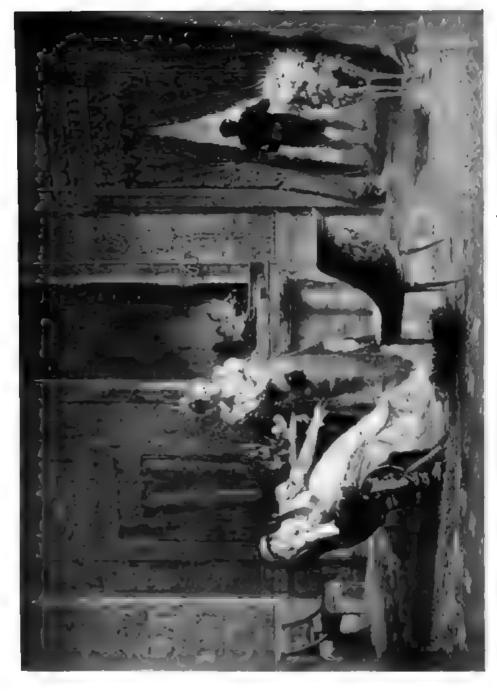
The appearance of the veterans and the presence of the emperor at once put a new face on the war; the morale of the army was raised, and the respect of the Spaniards inspired.

The emperor speedily made his way to Madrid, though he had to fight three battles to get there, and began at once a work of reorganization. Decree followed decree. Feudal rights were abolished, the inquisition was ended, the number of convents was reduced, the custom-houses between the various provinces were done away with. a political and military programme was made out for King Joseph. Many bulletins were sent to the Spanish people. In all of them they are told that it is the English who are their enemies, not their allies; that they come to the Reninsula not to help, but to inspire to false confidence, and to lead them astray. Napoleon's plan and purpose cannot be mistaken.

"Spaniards, [he proclaimed at Madrid] your destinies are in my hands. Reject the poison which the English have spread among you; let your king be certain of your love and your confidence, and you will be more powerful and more happy than ever. I have destroyed all that was opposed to your prosperity and greatness; I have broken the fetters which weighed upon the people; a liberal constitution gives you, instead of an absolute, a tempered and constitutional monarchy. It depends upon you that this constitution shall become law. But if all my efforts prove useless, and if you do not respond to my confidence, it will only remain for me to treat you as conquered provinces, and to find my brother another throne. I shall then place the crown of Spain on my own head, and I shall know how to make the wicked tremble; for God has given me the power and the will necessary to surmount all obstacles."

But a flame had been kindled in Spain which no number of even Napoleonic bulletins could quench—a fanatical frenzy inspired by the priests, a blind passion of patriotism. The Spaniards wanted their own, even if it was feudal and oppressive. A constitution which they had been forced to accept, seemed to them odious and shameful, if liberal.

The obstinacy and horror of their resistance was nowhere so tragic and so heroic as at the siege of Saragossa, going on at the time Napoleon, at Madrid, was issuing his decrees and proclamations. Saragossa had been fortified when the insurrection against King Joseph broke out. The town was surrounded by convents, which were turned into forts. Men, women, and children took up arms, and the priests, cross in hand, and dagger at the belt, led them. No word of surrender was tolerated within the walls. A Spaniard sent by Napoleon to treat, was assailed by the mob at the first word of submission he spoke, and for nearly a year lay in a dungeon. peasants of the vicinity were quartered in the town, each family being given a house



PINAL WENE RETWEEN NAPVLEUN AND JOSEPHINE BEFORE THE DIVORCE MORTENSE, JUNGPHINE'S DAUGHTER, STANDS BESIDE HEE.

Etched by Gilb after Didioni.



MARIE LOUISE (NAPOLEON'S SECOND WIFE, IN ROYAL ROBES. 1810,

"Marie-Louise, Archduchesse d'Autriche, Impératrice, Reine, et Régente" Engraved by Mecou, after Isabey.

to defend. Nothing could drive them from being mined, and the dull sound of the their posts.

rammers warned them that death was at The French, exasperated by this stub-born resistance, resolved to blow up the town, inch by inch. "While a house was singing litanies. Then, at the moment the



THE KING OF ROME (SON OF NAPOLEON AND MARIE LOUISE). 1814.

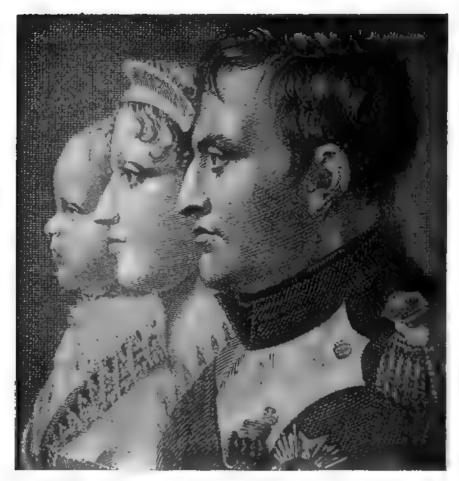
Engraved by Desnoyers, after Gerard. "His Majesty the King of Rome Dedicated to her Majesty Imperial and Royal, Marie Louise "

those who had escaped would collect about their power. the ruins, and sheltering themselves behind the slightest cover, would recommence peror could give his personal attention to their sharpshooting.'

career Napoleon had met sublime popular among certain influential persons,

walls flew into the air and fell back with a patriotism, a passion before which diplocrash, crushing the greater part of them, macy, flattery, love of gain, force, lose

It was for but a short time that the emthe Spanish war. Certain wheels in his For such resistance there was no end but great machine were not running right. At extermination. For the first time in his its very centre, in Paris, there was friction



NAPOLEON, MARIE 100 ISE, AND THE KING OF ROME INAPOLEON'S SONA. ARRIE 2, 1818. Artist unknown.

peace of the Continent, necessary to the his position, led to the portfolio heing taken guaranteed, was threatened.

PLOTTING OF TALLFARAND AND FOUCHE,

interior trouble. These men were Talley- fluctuated according to the attention he rand and Fouché. The latter we saw dur- received. ing the Consulate as Minister of Police.

Peninsular war, and which Alexander had from him, and he being made Vice-Grand-Elector. He evidently expected, in making this change, to remain in reality as powerful as ever with Napoleon. The knowledge that the emperor was dispens-Two unscrupulous and crafty men, both ing with his services made him resentful, of them of singular ability, caused the and his devotion to the imperial cause

Now, Napoleon's course in Spain had Since that time he has been once dismissed been undertaken at the advice of Talleyfrom office because of his knavery, and rand, largely, and he had repeated constantrestored, largely for the same quality. His ly, in the early negotiations, that France cunning was too valuable to dispense with. ought not to allow a Bourbon to remain The former, Talleyrand, made Minister of enthroned at her borders. Yet, as the Foreign Affairs in 1799, had handled his affair went on, he began slyly to talk negotiations with the extraordinary skill against the enterprise. At Erfurt, where for which he was famous, until, in 1807, Napoleon had been impolitic enough to Napoleon's mistrust of his duplicity, and take him, he initiated himself into Alex-Talleyrand's own dislike of the details of ander's good graces, and prevented Napo-



"ANDOLESS IN BIS CABINET". THE CHILD AT HIS SIDE IS HIS SON, THE KING OF ROME,

The manuscript on the floor of the cabinet bears the date "1811." Engraved by Weber, after Steuben.

leon's policy towards Austria being carried

Napoleon was not long in knowing of out. When Napoleon returned to Spain, their reconciliation. He learned more, Talleyrand and Fouché, who up to this that the two crafty plotters had written time had been enemies, became friendly, and even appeared in public, arm in arm. happening," that is, of Napoleon's death or If Talleyrand and Fouché had made up, said the Parisians, there was mischief brewing. that, accordingly, he must hold himself

ready.

Napoleon returned to Paris immediately, removed Talleyrand from his position at court, and at a gathering of high officials, treated him to one of those violent harangues with which he was accustomed to flay those he would disgrace and dismiss.

"You are a thief, a coward, a man without honor; you do not believe in God; you have all your life been a traitor to your duties; you have deceived and betrayed everybody; nothing is sacred to you; you would sell your own father. I have loaded you down with gifts, and there is nothing you would not undertake against me. Thus for the past ten months you have been shameless enough, because you supposed, rightly or wrongly, that my affairs in Spain were going astray, to say to all who would listen to you that you always blamed my undertakings there, whereas it was you yourself who first put it into my head, and who persistently urged it. And that man, that unfortunate [he was thus designating the Duc d'Enghien], by whom was I advised of the place of his residence? Who drove me to deal cruelly with him? What, then, are you aiming at? What do you wish What do you hope? Do you dare to say? You deserve that I should smash you like a wineglass. I can do it, but I despise you too much to take the trouble.'

All of this was undoubtedly true, but, after having publicly said it, there was but one safe course for Napoleon—to put Talleyrand where he could no longer continue his plotting. He made the mistake, however, of leaving him at large.

WAR WITH AUSTRIA.

The disturbance of the continental peace came from Austria. Encouraged by Napoleon's absence in Spain, and the withdrawal of troops from Germany, and urged by England to attempt again to repair her losses, Austria had hastily armed herself, hoping to be able to reach the Rhine before Napoleon could collect his forces and reach her. Napoleon met Austria now as in 1805. On the 12th of April he learned in Paris that the Austrians had crossed the Inn. One month later, the 12th of May, he wrote from Schönbrunn, after a series of victories, "We are masters of Vienna."

The two desperate battles of Essling and Aspern followed, and the French retired to the island of Lobau in the Danube, just below Vienna, where soon Prince Eugene, who had driven out and nearly destroyed the Austrian army which had invaded Italy, joined the emperor. On the 2d of July the Danube was passed, and the battle of Wagram on the 6th completed the defeat of the Austrians.

When, on the 22d, Napoleon replied to the Emperor of Austria's request to treat for peace, he told him:

"If the fourth treaty of peace, succeeding those of Campo Formio, Lunéville, and Presburg, can be the last, secure in a durable manner the tranquillity of the Continent, and protect it from the clamors and intrigues of England, I shall regard this moment as most fortunate; for, in the four wars which your majesty has waged against France, the last three were superfluous, and advantageous only to England"

This peace was concluded in October. Austria was forced to give up Trieste and all her Adriatic possessions, to cede territory to Bavaria and to the Grand Duchy of Warsaw, and to give her consent to the continental system.

It could hardly be expected that Austria would accept such a treaty as final, yet Napoleon went home from Schönbrunn more confident than ever that the great continental peace he so much desired was near at hand. So sincerely did he believe in it that he had begun to prepare to celebrate it, ordering that a splendid temple of Janus, to cost eight million dollars, should be begun on the heights of Montmart, where the new church of the Sacre Cœur now stands, and that in it should be made the first solemn proclamation of peace.

JOSEPHINE DIVORCED.

To further this peace, to prevent plots among his subordinates who would aspire to his crown in case of his sudden death, and to assure a succession which would carry out his organization, he now decided to take a step long in mind—to divorce Josephine, by whom he no longer hoped to have heirs.

In considering Napoleon's divorce of Josephine, it must be remembered that stability of government was of vital necessity to the permanency of the Napoleonic Napoleon had turned into institutions. practical realities most of the reforms demanded in 1789. True, he had done it by the exercise of despotism, but nothing but the courage, the will, the audacity of a despot could have aroused the nation in These institutions, Napoleon felt, had been so short a time in operation that in case of his death they would easily topple over, and his kingdom go to pieces like Alexander's. If he could leave an heir, this disaster would, he believed, be averted.

Then, would not a marriage with a for-





NAPOLEON 1812

Facsimile of a drawing by Girodet Trioson, made from life in the emperor's private chapel, March 8, 1812 ("Facsimile d'un Dessin de Girodet-Trioson, fait d'après nature à la chapelle de l'empereur le 8 Mars, 1812.") Engraved by Maile. Published in London in 1827 by R G Jones. It is thought to give a more correct delineation of Napoleon than do the paintings by Lefevre, David, and Isabey, who were the royal painters, and painted, under the instruction of Napoleon, to make him look like the Cassars. There were two designs by Girodet. Of the one given above, Maile's engraving in the only copy known. The other contains three heads, one of which is a sleeping Napoleon. It was made only a month later, at the theatre of St. Cloud

eign princess calm the fears of his conti- moniously to the system of government nental enemies? Would they not see in which prevailed on the Continent? such an alliance an effort on the part of Thus, by a new marriage, he hoped to

new, liberal France to adjust herself har- prevent at his death a series of fresh revo-

lutions, save the splendid organization he had created, and put France in greater harmony with her environment. It is to misunderstand Napoleon's scheme, to attribute this divorce simply to a gigantic egotism. To assure his dynasty, was to assure France of liberal institutions. His glorification was his country's. In reality, there were the same reasons for divorcing Josephine that there had been for taking the crown in 1804.

Josephine had long feared a separation. The Bonapartes had never cared for her, and even so far back as the Egyptian campaign had urged Napoleon to seek a divorce. Unwisely, Josephine had not sought in her early married life to win their affection any more than she had sought to keep Napoleon's; and when the emperor was crowned, they had done their best to prevent her coronation. When, for state reasons, the divorce seemed necessary, Josephine had no supporters where she might have had many.

Her grief was more poignant because she had come to love her husband with a real ardor. The jealousy from which he had once suffered she now felt, and Napoleon certainly gave her ample cause for it. Her anxiety was well known to all the court, the secretaries Bourrienne and Méneval, and Madame de Rémusat being her special confidants. Since 1807 it had been intense, for it was in that year that Fouché, probably at Napoleon's instigation, tried to persuade the empress to suggest the divorce herself as her sacrifice to the country.

After Wagram it became evident to her that at last her fate was sealed; but though she beset Méneval and all the members of her household for information, it was only a fortnight before the public divorce that she knew her fate. It was Josephine's own son and daughter, Eugene and Hortense, who broke the news to her; and it was on the former that the cruel task fell of indorsing the divorce in the Senate in the name of himself and his sister.

Josephine was terribly broken by her disgrace, but she bore it with a sweetness and dignity which does much to make posterity forget her earlier frivolity and insincerity.

"I can never forget," says Pasquier, "the evening on which the discarded empress did the honors of her court for the last time. It was the day before the official dissolution. A great throng was present, and supper was served, according to custom, in the gallery of Diana, on a number of little tables. Josephine sat at the centre one, and the men went around her, waiting for that particularly graceful nod which she was in the habit of bestowing on those with whom she was acquainted. I stood at a short dis-

tance from her for a few minutes, and I could not help being struck with the perfection of her attitude in the presence of all these people who still did her homage, while knowing full well that it was for the last time; that in an hour she would descend from the throne, and leave the palace never to reënter it. Only women can rise superior to such a situation, but I have my doubts as to whether a second one could have been found to do it with such perfect grace and composure. Napoleon did not show so bold a front as did his victim."

There is no doubt but that Napoleon suffered deeply over the separation. If his love had lost its illusion, he was genuinely attached to Josephine, and in a way she was necessary to his happiness. After the ceremony of separation, he was to go to St. Cloud, she to Malmaison. While waiting for his carriage, he returned to his study in the palace. For a long time he sat silent and depressed, his head on his hand. When he was summoned he rose, his face distorted with pain, and went into the empress's apartment. Josephine was alone.

When she saw the emperor, she threw herself on his neck, sobbing aloud. He pressed her to his bosom, kissing her again and again, until, overpowered with emotion, she fainted. Leaving her to her women, he hurried to his carriage.

Méneval, who saw this sad parting, remained with Josephine until she became conscious; and when he went, she begged him not to let the emperor forget her, and to see that he wrote her often.

"I left her," that naïve admirer and apologist of Napoleon goes on, "grieved at so deep a sorrow and so sincere an affection. I felt very miserable all along my route, and I could not help deploring that the rigorous exactions of politics should violently break the bonds of an affection which had stood the test of time, to impose another union full of uncertainty."

Josephine returned to Malmaison to live, but Napoleon took care that she should have, in addition, another home, giving her Navarre, a château near Evreux, some fifty miles from Paris. She had an income of some six hundred thousand dollars a year, and the emperor showed rare thoughtfulness in providing her with everything she could want. She was to deny herself nothing, take care of her health, pay no attention to the gossip she heard, and never doubt of his love. Such were the constant recommendations of the frequent letters he wrote her. Sometimes he went to see her. and he told her all the details of his life. It is certain that the emperor neglected no opportunity of comforting Josephine.



JOSEPH BONAPARTE IN HIS CORONATION ROBES 1808. Engraved by C. S. Pradier in 1813, after Gérard

nation and kindliness.

MARRIAGE OF NAPOLEON AND MARIE LOUISE,

most prominent being Marie Louise of Louise.

and that she, on her side, believed in his Austria, and Anna Paulowna, sister of affection, and accepted her lot with resig- Alexander of Russia. At the Erfurt conference the project of a marriage with a Russian princess had been discussed, and Alexander had favored it; but now that an attempt was made to negotiate the affair, Over two years before the divorce a list there were numerous delays, and a general of the marriageable princesses of Europe lukewarmness which angered Napoleon. had been drawn up for Napoleon. This Without waiting for the completion of the list included eighteen names in all, the two Russian negotiations, he decided on Marie

Emperor first saw his new wife some days later on the road between Soissons and Compiègne, where he had gone to meet her in most unimperial haste, and in contradiction to the pompous and com- touching as at Navarre, where Josephine. plicated ceremony which had been arranged for their first interview. From the first he was frankly delighted with Marie Louise. In fact, the new empress was a most attractive girl, young, fresh, modest, well-bred, and innocent. She entirely filled was happy with her.

Marie Louise in marrying Napoleon had felt that she was a kind of sacrificial offering, for she had naturally a deep horror of the man who had caused her country so much woe; but her dread was soon dispelled, and she became very fond of her

husband.

Outside of the court the two led an amusingly simple life, riding together informally early in the morning, in a gay Bohemian way; sitting together alone in the empress's little salon, she at her needlework, he with a book. They even indulged now and then in quiet little larks of their own, as one day when Marie Louise had attempted to make an omelet in her apartments. Just as she was completely engrossed in her work, the emperor came in. The empress tried to conceal her culinary operations, but Napoleon detected the odor.

"What is going on here? There is a singular smell as if something was being fried. What, you are making an omelet! Bah! you don't know how to do it. I will

show you how it is done."

And he set to work to instruct her. They got on very well until it came to tossing it, an operation Napoleon insisted on performing himself, with the result that he landed it on the floor.

BIRTH OF THE KING OF ROME.

On March 20, 1811, the long-desired heir to the French throne was born. It had been arranged that the birth of the child should be announced to the people by cannon shot; twenty-one if it were a princess, one hundred and one if a prince. The people who thronged the quays and gowns. streets about the Tuileries waited with in-

The marriage ceremony was performed came twenty-two. The thundering peals in Vienna on March 12, 1810, the Arch- which followed it were drowned in the duke Charles acting for Napoleon. The wild enthusiasm of the people. For davs afterward, enervated by joy and the endless fêles given them, the French drank and sang to the King of Rome.

In all these rejoicings none were so on hearing the cannon, called together her friends and said, "We, too, must have a fête. I shall give you a ball, and the whole city of Evreux must come and rejoice with

Napoleon was the happiest of men. He Napoleon's ideal of a wife, and he certainly devoted himself to his son with pride and tenderness, playing with him in the park. teaching him to ride, keeping him with him in his study even while the most important business was going on, and frequently throwing everything aside to lie down on the floor and romp with him. Reports of the boy's condition appear frequently in his letters; he even allowed him to be taken without the empress's knowledge to Josephine, who had begged to see him.

CAUSES OF DISCONTENT WITHIN FRANCE.

"This child in concert with our Eugène will constitute our happiness and that of France," so Napoleon had written Josephine after the birth of the King of Rome, but it soon became evident that he was wrong. There were causes of uneasiness and discontent in France which had been operating for a long time, and which were only aggravated by the apparent solidity that an heir gave to the Napoleonic dynasty.

First among these was religious disaffection. Towards the end of 1808, being doubtful of the Pope's loyalty, Napoleon had sent French troops to Rome; the spring following, without any plausible excuse, he had annexed four Papal states to the kingdom of Italy; and in 1809 the Pope had been made a prisoner at Savona. When the divorce was asked, it was not the Pope, but the clergy of Paris, who had granted it. When the religious marriage of Marie Louise and Napoleon came to be celebrated, thirteen cardinals refused to appear; the "black cardinals" they were thereafter called, one of their punishments for non-appearance at the wedding being that they could no longer wear their red To the pious all this friction with the fathers of the Church was a deexpressible anxiety as the cannon boomed plorable irritation. It was impossible to forth: one—two—three. As twenty-one show contempt for the authority of Pope died away the city held its breath; then and cardinals and not wound one of the



BERNADOTTE.

Engraved by Fiesinger, after Guérin. Bernadotte (see note, page 124, "McClure's Magazine" for January, (895) was born at Pau, in 1764; entered the Royal Marine at seventeen years of age; in 1792 entered the Army of the North; and in 1797 the Army of Italy He married the Désirée Clary, sister-in law of Joseph Bonaparte, whom Napoleon, in 1795, had thought of making his wife. In :804 he was made marshal and later, Prince of Ponte-Corvo. In :810 the Swedish States proclaimed him prince royal and heir-presumptive of Sweden. He was received as a son by Charles XIII, and in 1818, on the death of Charles XIII, he was proclaimed King of Norway and Sweden, and took the name of Charles Jean IV., though he is usually called Charles XIV. He held the throne for twenty-five years, and his son Oscar succeeded him.

braved most to satisfy.

deepest sentiments of France, and one clared that every male citizen of age owed which ten years before Napoleon had the state a service of blood in case it needed him. The wisdom of his management of There was another terrible burden on the conscription had prevented discontent the people—a tax of blood and muscle— until 1807; then the draft on life had begun the conscription. Napoleon had formu- to be arbitrary and grievous. The laws lated and attempted to make tolerable the of exemptions were discarded. The "only principle born of the Revolution, which de- son of his mother" no longer remained at



TALLEYRAND

Engraved by Desnoyers, after Gérard. Talleyrand Périgord (Charles Maurice de) (1754 1838) was educated for the Church, and in 1788 was made Bishop of Autun He was active in the Revolution, and being struck with Napoleon's talent in Italy, hastened to win his favor He became Napoleon's most important adviser, but later turned against him, and became his most subtle enemy After the surrender of Paris, it was Talleyrand who secured from Alexander the declaration that he would treat neither with Napoleon nor with any member of his family He became Louis XVIII's Minister of Foreign Affairs. Soon after Waterloo he lost his position as Minister of Foreign Affairs, but the Revolution of 1830 restored him to favor, and he was sent to London as ambassador. In 1834 he left diplomatic life at his own request, and returned to Paris, where he died in 1838.

and helpless parents no longer gave im- and wilted in a sun like that of Spain. Those who had bought their munity.

her side. The father whose little children soldiers," weak, unformed youths, fresh were motherless must leave them; aged from school, who dropped out in the march.

At the rate at which men had been exemption by heavy sacrifices were obliged killed, however, there was no other way of to go. Persons whom the law made subject keeping up the army. Between 1804 and to conscription in 1807, were called out in 1811 one million seven hundred thousand 1806; those of 1808, in 1807. So far was men had perished in battle. What wonder this premature drafting pushed, that the that now the boys of France were pressed armies were said to be made up of "boy into service! At the same time the country

was overrun with the lame, the blind, the revenues as a French prince—Bernadotte broken-down, who had come back from had been created Prince of Ponte-Corvo in war to live on their friends or on charity. It was not only the funeral crape on him, and when the King of Rome was almost every door which made Frenchmen hate the conscription, it was the crippled men whom they met at every corner.

Without, the continental blockade was causing serious trouble between Napoleon and the kings he ruled. In spite of all his efforts English merchandise penetrated everywhere. The fair at Rotterdam in 1807 was filled with English goods. They passed into Italy under false seals. They came into France on pretence that they were for the empress. Napoleon remonstrated and threatened, but he could not check the traffic. The most serious trouble caused by this violation of the Berlin Decree was with Louisthe King of Holland. In 1808 Napoleon complained to his brother that more than one hundred ships passed between his kingdom and England every month, and a year later he wrote in desperation, "Holland is an English province."

The relations of the brothers grew more and more bitter. Napoleon resented the half support Louis gave him, and as a punishment he took away his provinces, filled his forts with French troops, threatened trade. So far did these hostilities go that in the summer of 1810 King Louis abdicated in favor of his son and retired to Aus-Napoleon tried his best to persuade him at least to return into French territory, but he refused. This break was the sadder because Louis was the brother for whom Napoleon had really done most. With him he had shared, as a poor artillery lieutenant, his bed and board and spending money.

Joseph was not happier than Louis. The Spanish war still went on, and no better than in 1808. Joseph, humbled and unhappy, had even prayed to be freed of the throne.

The relations with Sweden were seriously strained. Since 1810 Bernadotte had been over half a million men entered Russia. by adoption the crown prince of that counfused, in accepting the position, to agree never to take up arms against France, as Napoleon wished him to do, he had later consented to the continental blockade, and had declared war against England; but this declaration both England and Sweden Napoleon, conscious that Bernadotte was war. carry on French wars, had suppressed his Russian campaign.

1806-had refused to communicate with born had sent back the Swedish decoration offered. Finally, in January, 1812, French troops invaded certain Swedish possessions, and the country concluded an alliance with France and Russia.

With Russia, the "other half" of the machine, the ally upon whom the great plan of Tilsit and Erfurt depended, there was such a bad state of feeling that, in 1812, it became certain that war would result. Causes had been accumulating upon each side since Erfurt. Alexander feared that Napoleon was getting ready to restore Poland. He was offended by the haste with which his ally had dismissed the idea of marriage with his sister and had taken up Marie Louise. He complained of the changes of boundaries in Germany. Napoleon saw with irritation that English goods were admitted into Russia. He remembered that she had not supported him loyally in 1809. He was suspicious, too, of the good understanding which seemed to be growing between Sweden, Russia, and England.

As soon as war seemed inevitable. Nahim with war if he did not break up the poleon signed treaties with Austria and Prussia, and on the 9th of May, 1812, left Paris for Dresden, the centre of his army.

The force he had brought to the field showed graphically the extension and the character of the France of 1812, "army of twenty nations," the Russians called the host which was preparing to meet them, and the expression was just. The Grand Army, as the active body was called, numbered, to quote the popular figures, six hundred and seventy-eight thousand men, and, with reserves, the whole force numbered one million one hundred thousand. It is sure that this is an exaggerated number, though certainly

With this imposing army at his comtry. Although he had emphatically re- mand, Napoleon believed that he could compel Alexander to support the continental blockade, for come what might that system must succeed. The continental blockade had become, as its inventor proclaimed, the fundamental law of the empire.

Until he crossed the Nieman, Napoleon considered simply as a façon de parler, preserved the hope of being able to avoid Numerous letters to the Russian not carrying out the blockade, and irri- emperor, almost pathetic in their overtures, tated by his persistent refusal to enter into exist. But Alexander never replied. The French combinations, and pay tribute to Grand Army was doomed to make the



Author of "Micah Clarke," "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes," etc.

HERE is nothing pecuinches broad, with a square

heel, turned-up toes, and straps in the centre to secure your feet. No one, to look at them, would guess at the possibilities which lurk in them. But you put them on, and you turn with a smile to see whether your friends are looking at you, and then the next moment you are bormg your head madly into a snowbank, and kicking frantically with both feet, and half-rising, only to butt viciousiv into that snowbank again, and your friends are getting more entertainment than they had ever thought you capable of giving.

THE SURPRISES IN A PAIR OF SKI.

This is when you are beginning. You naturally expect trouble then, and you are not likely to be disappointed. But as you get on a little, the thing becomes more irritating. The ski are the most capricious things upon the earth. One day you cannot go wrong with them; on another, with the same weather and the same snow, you cannot go right. And it is when you least expect it that things begin to happen. You stand on the crown of a slope, and you you zigzag up it, digging the side of your fine moral effect.

Whenever you brace yourself for a fall, harly malignant in the it never comes off. Whenever you think appearance of a pair of ski, yourself absolutely secure, it is all over They are two slips of elm with you. You come to a hard ice slope wood, eight feet long, four at an angle of seventy-five degrees, and



ZIGZAGLING UP A HILL,

adjust your body for a rapid slide; but your ski into it, and feeling that if a mosski stick motionless, and over you go on quito settles upon you, you are gone. But your face. Or you stand upon a plateau nothing ever happens, and you reach the which seems to you to be as level as a bil- top in safety. Then you stop upon the hard table, and in an instant, without cause level to congratulate your companion, and or warning, away they shoot, and you are you have just time to say, "What a lovely left behind, staring at the sky. For a man view is this!" when you find yourself who suffers from too much dignity a course standing upon your two shoulder-blades, of Norwegian snow-shoes would have a with your ski tied tightly round your neck. Or, again, you may have had a long

outing without any misfortune at all. and, as you shuffle back along the road, you stop for an instant to tell a group in the hotel veranda how well you are getting on. Something happens-and they suddenly find that their congratulations are addressed to the soles of your ski. Then, if your mouth is not full of snow, you find yourself muttering the names of a few Swiss villages to relieve your feelings, "Ragatz!" is a very handy word, and may save a scandal.

But all this is in the early stage of ski-

appearance - like an exaggerated nigger dance. But this sud den whisk round is really the most necessary of accomplishments; for only so can one turn upon the mountain side without slipping down. It must be done without ever presenting one's heels to the slope, and this is the only way.

THE SKI MAKES MOUN-TAIN CLIMBING EASY.

But granted that a man has perseverance, and a month to spare, in which to conquer all these early difficulties, he will then find that skiing opens up a field of sport for him which is, I think,



GLISSADING.

unique. This is not appreciated yet, but I am convinced that the time will come when hundreds of Englishmen will come to Switzerland for the skiing season in March and April. I believe that I may claim to be the first, save only two Switzers, to do any mountain work (though on a modest enough scale) on snowshoes: but I am certain that I will not, by many a thousand, be the last.

The fact is that it is easier to climb an ordinary peak, or to make a journey over the higher passes, in winter than in sum-

ing. You have to shuffle along the level, mer, if the weather is only set fair. In to zigzag, or move crab fashion, up the summer you have to climb down as well as hills, to slide down without losing your to climb up, and the one is as tiring as the balance, and, above all, to turn with facility. other In winter your trouble is halved, The first time you try to turn, your friends as most of your descent is a mere slide. If think it is part of your fun. The great the snow is tolerably firm, it is much easier ski flapping in the air has the queerest also to zigzag up it on ski, than to clam-



THE LITTLE PODTSTEPS ON THE SNOW.

ber over boulders. under a hot summer sun. The temperature, too, is more favorable for exertion in winter; for nothing could be more delightful than the crisp, pure air on the mountains, though glasses are, of course, necessary to protect the eyes from the snow-glare

A SKI MOUNT OF OVER NINE THOU-SAND FEET.

Our project was to make our way from Davos to Arosa, over the Furka Pass, which is over nine thousand



ASCRNDING FORT BY FORT.

feet high. from twelve to fourteen miles as the crow of snow. We carried our ski over our flies, but it has only once been done in win- shoulders, and our ski-boots slung round ter. Last year the two brothers Branger our necks, for it was good walking where made their way across on ski. They were the snow was hard, and it was sure to be my companions on the present expedition, hard wherever the sun had struck it during and more trustworthy ones no novice could the day. Here and there, in a hollow, we

hope to have with him. They are both men of considerable endurance, and even a long spell of my German did not appear to exhaust them.

We were up before four in the morning, and had started at half past for the village of Frauenkirch, where we were to commence our ascent. A great pale moon was shining in a violet sky, with such stars as can only be seen in the tropics or the higher Alps. At quarter past five we turned from the road, and began to plod up the hill-sides, over al-

The distance is not more than ternate banks of last year's grass, and slopes

floundered into and out of a soft drift up to our waists; but on the whole it was easy going, and as much of our way lay through fir woods, it would have been difficult to ski. About half past six, after a long, steady grand, we emerged from the woods, and shortly afterwards passed a wooden cowhouse, which was the last sign of man which we were to see until we reached Arosa.



TURNING- A NOVICE.

OVER ROLLING SNOW-FIELDS.

The snow being still hard enough upon the slopes to give us a good grip for our feet, we pushed rapidly on, over rolling snow-fields with a general up- curves, skimming down into the valley ward tendency. About half past seven the without a motion of our feet. In that sun cleared the peaks behind us, and the great untrodden waste, with snow-fields glare upon the great expanse of virgin snow bounding our vision on every side, and no became very dazzling. We worked our way marks of life save the track of chamois and down a long slope, and then coming to the of foxes, it was glorious to whiz along in corresponding hill-side with a northern this easy fashion. A short zigzag at the outlook, we found the snow as soft as bottom of the slope brought us, at half powder, and so deep that we could touch past nine, into the mouth of the pass; and

took to our snowshoes, and zigzagged up over the long white haunch of the mountain, pausing at the top for a rest. They are useful things the ski; for, finding that the snow was again hard enough to bear us, we soon converted ours into a very comfortable bench, from which we enjoyed the view of a whole panorama of mountains, the names of which my readers will be relieved to hear I have completely forgotten.

The snow was rapidly softening now, under the glare of the sun, and without our shoes all progress would have been impossible. We were making our way along the steep side of a valley, with the mouth of the Furka Pass fairly in front of us. The snow fell away here at an angle of from fifty to sixty degrees; and as this steep incline, along the face of which we were

shuffling, sloped away down until it ended away down among the fir woods, thousands in absolute precipice, a slip might have been of feet beneath us. serious. My two more experienced companions walked below me for the half mile or so of danger, but soon we found ourselves upon a more reasonable slope, where one might fall with impunity. And now a mile we shot along over gently dipping awkward place was yet in front. The

no bottom with our poles. Here, then, we we could see the little toy hotels of Arosa,



TURNING-AN ADEPT.

THE SKI A SHOE OR A SLED AT YOUR PLEASURE.

Again we had a half mile or so, skimcame the real sport of snow-shoeing, ming along with our poles dragging behind Hitherto we had walked as fast as boots us. It seemed to me that the difficulty of would do, over ground where no boots our journey was over, and that we had could pass. But now we had a pleasure only to stand on our ski and let them which boots can never give. For a third of carry us to our destination. But the most

slope grew steeper and steeper until it suddenly fell away into what was little short of being sheer precipices. But still that little, when there is soft snow upon it, is all that is needed to bring out another possibility of these wonderful slips of wood. The brothers Branger agreed that the place was too difficult to attempt with the ski upon our feet. To me it seemed as if a parachute was the only instrument for which we had any use; but I did as I saw my companions do. They undid their ski, lashed the straps together, and turned them into a rather clumsy toboggan. Sitting on these, with our heels dug into the snow, and our sticks pressed hard down behind us, we began to move down the precipitous face of the pass. I think that both my comrades came to grief over it I know that they were as white as Lot's wife at the bottom. But my own troubles were so pressing that I had no time to think of them. I tried to keep the pace within moderate bounds by pressing on the stick, which had the effect of turning the sledge sideways, so that one skidded hard in, which shot me off backwards, and owner squattering in the deep snow. in an instant my two ski, tied together,



down the slope. Then I dug my heels ished over the next slope, leaving their

It might have been an awkward accident flew away like an arrow from a bow, in the upper field, where the drifts are whizzed past the two Brangers, and van- twenty or thirty feet deep. But the steep-

ness of the place was an advantage now, for the snow could not accumulate to any very great extent upon it. I made my way down in my own fashion. My tailor tells me that Harris tweed cannot wear out. This is a mere theory, and will not stand a thorough scientific test. He will find samples of his wares on view from the Furka Pass to Arosa, and for the remainder of the day I was happiest when nearest the wall.

However, save that one of the Brangers sprained his ankle badly in the descent, all went well with us. and we entered Arosa at half-past eleven, having taken exactly seven hours over our journey. The resi-



ASTONISHING THE NATIVES.

comfortable luncheon at the Seehoff. I when one is trying a new experiment on ski,

dents at Arosa, who knew that we were would not grudge them any innocent amusecoming, had calculated that we could not ment, but still I was just as glad that my possibly get there before one, and turned own little performance was over before out to see us descend the steep pass just they assembled with their opera glasses. about the time when we were finishing a One can do very well without a gallery

LA TOUSSAINT.

A STORY FROM THE MEMOIRS OF A MINISTER OF FRANCE.

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN,

Author of "A Gentleman of France," "My Lady Rotha," etc.

TOWARDS the autumn of 1601, I was one day leaving the hall at the Arsenal, after giving audience to such as wished to see me, when Maignan came after me and detained me; reporting that a gentleman who had attended early, but had later gone into the garden, was still in waiting. While Maignan was still speaking, the stranger himself came up, with some show of haste, but none of embarrassment; and, in answer to my salutation and inquiry what I could do for him, handed me a letter. He had the air of a man not twenty, his dress was a trifle rustic; but his strong and handsome figure set off a face that would have been pleasing but for a something fierce in the aspect of his eyes. Assured that I did not know him, I broke the seal of his letter and found that it was from my old flame Madame de Bray, who, as Mademoiselle de St. Mesmin, had come so near to being my wife.

The young man proved to be her brother, whom she commended to my good offices, the impoverishment of the family being so great that she could compass no more regular method of introducing him to the world, though the house of St. Mesmin is truly respectable and, like my own, allied to several of the first consequence. "So you have come to Paris to make your fortune?" I said.

"Yes, sir," he answered.

"And what are the tools with which you propose to do it?" I continued, between iest and earnest.

"That letter, sir," he answered simply; "and failing that, two horses, two suits of him, within the week, he was fashionably clothes, and two hundred crowns."

"You think that those will suffice?" I said, laughing.

"With this, sir," he answered, touching

his sword; "and a good courage."

I could not but stand amazed at his coolness; for he spoke to me as simply as to a brother.

"Well," I said, after considering him, "I do not think that I can help you much immediately. I should be glad to know, however, what plans you have formed for vourself.

"Frankly, sir," he said, "I thought of this as I travelled; and I decided that fortune can be won by three things—by gold, by steel, and by love. The first I have not, and for the last I have a better use. Only the second is left. I shall be Crillon."

I looked at him in astonishment; for the assurance of his manner exceeded that of his words. But I did not betray the "Crillon was one in a million," I feeling. said dryly.

"So am I," he answered.

I confess that the audacity of this reply silenced me. Bidding him come to me in a week, I hinted that in Paris his crowns would find more frequent opportunities of leaving his pockets than his sword its sheath.

He parted from me with this, seeming perfectly satisfied with his reception; and marched away with the port of a man who expected adventures at every corner, and was prepared to make the most of them. Apparently he did not take my hint greatly to heart, however; for when I next met dressed, his hair in the mode, and his com-

pany as noble as himself. I made him a into words what many had known for sign to stop, and he came to speak to me. years and some made their advantage of.

jocularly.

"Fifty," he answered, with perfect readi-

"What!" I said, pointing to his equipment with something of the indignation I felt, " has this cost the balance?

"No," he answered. "On the contrary, I have paid three months' rent in advance and a month's board at Zaton's; I have added two suits to my wardrobe, and I have lost fifty crowns on the dice.'

"You promise well!" I said.

He shrugged his shoulders quite in the fashionable manner. "Always courage!"

he said; and he went on, smiling.

I was walking at the time with M. de Saintonge, and he muttered, with a sneer, that it was not difficult to see the end, or that within the year the young braggart would sink to be a gaming-house bully. I said nothing, but I confess that I thought otherwise; the lad's disposition of his money and his provision for the future seeming to me so remarkable as to set him above ordinary rules.

From this time I began to watch his career with interest, and I was not surprised when, in less than a month, something fell out that led the whole court to regard him with a mixture of amusement

and expectancy.

One evening, after leaving the King's closet, I happened to pass through the east gallery at the Louvre, which served at that time as the outer antechamber, and was the common resort as well of all those idlers who, with some pretensions to fashion, lacked the entree, as of many who with greater claims preferred to be at their ease. My passage for a moment stilled the babel which prevailed. But I had no sooner reached the farther door than the noise broke out again; and this with so sudden a fury, the tumult being augmented by the crashing fall of a table, as caused me at the last moment to stand and turn. A dozen voices crying simultaneously, "Have a care!" and "Not here! not here!" and all looking the same way, I was able to detect the three principals in the fracas. They were no other than M. de St. Mesmin, Barradas—a low fellow, still remembered, who was already what Saintonge had prophesied that the former would become—and young St. Germain, the eldest son of M. de Clan.

I rather guessed than heard the cause of name. the quarrel, and that St. Mesmin, putting

"How many crowns are left?" I said had accused Barradas of cheating. latter's fury was, of course, proportioned to his guilt; an instant challenge while I looked was his natural answer. This, as he was a consummate swordsman, and had long earned his living as much by fear as by fraud, should have been enough to stav the greediest stomach; but St. Mesmin was not content. Treating the knave, the word once passed, as so much dirt, he transferred his attack to St. Germain, and called on him to return the money he had won by betting on Barradas.

St. Germain, a young spark as proud and headstrong as St. Mesmin himself, and possessed of friends equal to his expectations, flung back a haughty refusal. He had the advantage in station and popularity; and by far the larger number of those present sided with him. I lingered a moment in curiosity, looking to see the accuser with all his boldness give way before the almost unanimous expression of disapproval. But my former judgment of him had been correctly formed. So far from being browbeaten or depressed by his position, "You must return my money!" he kept on saying monotonously. must return my money. This man cheated, and you won my money. You must pay or fight.

"With a dead man?" St. Germain replied, gibing at him.

" No, with me."

"Barradas will spit you!" the other scoffed. "Go and order your coffin, and do not trouble me."

"I shall trouble you. If you did not know that he cheated, pay; and if you did know, fight."

"I know?" St. Germain retorted fiercely. "You madman! Do you mean to say that I knew that he cheated?"

"I mean what I say!" St. Mesmin re-"You have won my turned stolidly. money. You must return it. If you will not return it, you must fight."

I should have heard more, but at that moment the main door opened, and two or three gentlemen who had been with the King came out. Not wishing to be seen watching the brawl, I moved away and forgot St. Mesmin for the time, and only recalled him next morning when Saintonge. being announced, came into my room in a state of great excitement, and almost with his first sentence brought out his

"Barradas has not killed him then?"



I said, reproaching myself in a degree for my forgetfulness.

"No! He, Barradas!" Saintonge answered.

" No?" I exclaimed.

"Yes!" he said "I tell you, M. le Marquis, he is a devil of a fellow-a devil of a fellow! He fought, I am told, just like Crillon; rushed in on that rascal and fairly beat down his guard, and had him pinned to the ground before he knew that they had crossed swords ! "

"Well," I said, "there is one scoundrel the less. That is all."

"Ah, but that is not all!" my visitor replied more seriously. "It should be, but it is not; and it is for that reason I am come to you. You know St. Germain?"

"I know that his father and you arewell, that you take opposite sides," I said

smiling.

"That is pretty well known," he answered coldly. "Anyway, this lad is to fight St Germain to-morrow; and now I hear that M de Clan, St. Germain's father, is for shutting him up; getting a lettre de cachet, or anything else you please, and away with him."

"What! St. Germain!" I said.

" No!" M de Samtonge answered, prolonging the sound to the utmost. Mesmin!"

"Oh," I said, "I see."
"Yes," the Marquis retorted pettishly, "but I don't. I don't see. And I beg to remind you, M. de Rosny, that this lad is my wife's second cousin through her stepfather, and that I shall resent any interference with him. I have spent enough and done enough in the King's service to have my wishes respected in a small matter such as this; and I shall regard any severity exercised towards my kinsman as a direct offence to myself. Whereas M. de Clan, who will doubtless be here in a few minutes, is-

"But stop," I said, interrupting him, " I heard you speaking of this young fellow the other day. You did not tell me then

that he was your kinsman,"

"Nevertheless he is; my wife's second cousin," he answered with heat.

" And you wish him to-----'

"Be let alone 1" he replied, interrupting me in his turn more harshly than I approved. "I wish him to be let alone. If

he will fight St. Germain, and kill or be St. Mesmin, fighting with the same fury as interfere? I ask for no interference," M. de Saintonge continued bitterly, "only for thwart the King, for him to come now, and -faugh! it makes me sick."

"Yes," I said dryly; "I see."

"You understand me?"

"Yes," I said, "I think so."
"Very well," he replied haughtily—he had gradually wrought himself into a passion—"be good enough to bear my request in mind then; and my services also. ask no more, M. de Rosny, than is due to me and to the King's honor."

And with that, and scarcely an expression

of civility, he left me.

Saintonge could scarcely have cleared the gates before his prediction was fulfilled. His enemy arrived hot foot, and entered to me with a mien so much lowered by anxiety and trouble that I hardly knew Saintonge had rightly anticipated his request; the first, he said, with a trace of his old pride, that he had made to the King in eleven years; his son, his only son and only child—the single heir of his name!

"But," I said, "your son wishes to fight,

M. de Clan?"

He nodded.

"And you cannot hinder him?"

He shrugged his shoulders grimly. "No," he said; "he is a St. Germain."

"Well, that is just my case," I answered. "You see this young fellow St. Mesmin was commended to me, and is, in a manner, of my household; and that is a fatal ob-rage. jection. I cannot possibly act against him in the manner you propose. You must see less than your son regards yours.'

M. de Clan rose, trembling a little on old eyes. "Very well," he said, "it is as much as I expected. Times are changed under the same bush with Antoine St. Germain on the night before Cahors! I wish

you good-day, M. le Marquis."

I need not say that my sympathies were him if I could; but believing that he who places any consideration before the King's cried. serious, but not dangerous, wound which in the Bastille for a month or two."

killed, is that the King's affair that he need in the morning, contrived to inflict on his

opponent.

For some weeks after this I saw little of fair play and no favor. And for M. de the young firebrand, though from time to Clan, who has never done anything but time he attended my receptions and invariably behaved to me with a modesty which proved that he placed some bounds to his presumption. I heard, moreover, that M. de Saintonge, in acknowledgment of the triumph over the St. Germains which he had afforded him, had taken him up; and that the connection between the families being publicly avowed, the two were much together.

> Judge of my surprise, therefore, when one day, a little before Christmas, M. de Saintonge sought me at the Arsenal, and, drawing me aside into the garden, broke into a furious tirade against the young

fellow.

"But," I said, in immense astonishment, "what is this? I thought that he was a young man quite to your mind; and -

"He is mad!" he answered.

"Mad?" I said.

"Yes, mad!" he repeated, striking the ground violently with his cane. "Stark mad, M. de Rosny. He does not know himself! What do you think—but it is inconceivable. He proposes to marry my daughter! This penniless adventurer honors Mademoiselle de Saintonge by proposing for her!"

He has, of course, seen Mademoiselle?"

M. de Saintonge nodded.

"At your house, doubtless?"

"Of course!" he replied, with a snap of

"Then I am afraid it is serious," I said. He stared at me, and for an instant I that; and for my wishes, he respects them thought that he was going to quarrel with Then he asked me why.

I was not sorry to have this opportunity his legs, and glaring at me out of his fierce of at once increasing his uneasiness, and requiting his arrogance. "Because," I said, "this young man appears to me to be very and faiths—since the King of Navarre slept much out of the common. Hitherto, whatever he has said he would do, he has done. If you will take my advice, you will proceed with caution."

M. de Saintonge, receiving an answer with him, and that I would have helped so little to his mind, was almost bursting with rage. "Proceed with caution!" he "You talk as if the thing could be service is not fit to conduct it, I did not see entertained, or as if I had cause to fear my way to thwart M. de Saintonge in a the coxcomb! On the contrary, I intend matter so small. And the end justified my to teach him a lesson. A little confinement inaction; for the duel, taking place that will cool his temper. You must give me evening, resulted in nothing worse than a a letter, my friend, and we will clap him

"Impossible," I said firmly. impossible, M. le Marquis."

M. de Saintonge looked at me, frowning. "How?" he said arrogantly. "Have my that?"

"You forget," I replied. mind you that less than a month ago you asked me not to interfere with St. Mesconfine him. You were then all for noninterference, M. de Saintonge, and I cannot blow hot and cold. Besides, to be plain with you," I continued, "even if that were not the case, this young fellow is in a manner under my protection; which renders it impossible for me to move against him. If you like, however, I will speak to

"Speak to him!" M. de Saintonge cried. He was breathless with rage. He could say no more.

Within a week M. de St. Mesmin's pretension to the hand of Mademoiselle de Saintonge was first in the attention of all Paris. The young lady, whose reputation and the care which had been spent on her breeding, no less than her gifts of person and character, deserved a better fate, attained in a moment a notoriety far all on the side of the pretender.

Wherever Mademoiselle's presence was to be expected, St. Mesmin appeared, dressed in the extreme of the fashion, and wearing either a favor made of her colors or a glove which he asserted that she had given him. Throwing himself in her road on every occasion, he expressed his passion by the most extravagant looks and gestures; and protected from the shafts of ridicule alike by his self-esteem and his prowess, did a hundred things that rendered her conspicuous and must have he answered furiously. "But I will have covered another than himself with inextinguishable laughter.

In these circumstances M. de Saintonge off his opponent's armour were making him himself all his life on a stately dignity and a pride almost Spanish, was rapidly becomuous refusal which would have sent an- worst.

"Ouite other suitor about his business, was of no avail here; he had no son, while St. Mesmin's recklessness rendered the boldest unwilling to engage him. Saintonge found services earned no better answer than himself, therefore, at his wits' end, and in this emergency bethought him again of a "Let me re- lettre de cachet, But the King proved as obdurate as his minister.

Thus repulsed, the Marquis made up his min; and at your instance I refused to mind to carry his daughter into the counaccede to M. de Clan's request that I would try; but St. Mesmin meeting this with the confident assertion that he would abduct her within a week, wherever she was confined, Saintonge, desperate as a baited bull, and trembling with rage—for the threat was uttered at Zamet's and was repeated everywhere—avowed equally publicly that since the King would give him no satisfaction he would take the law into his own hands.

At this juncture, however, an unexpected ally, and one whose appearance increased Saintonge's rage to an intolerable extent, took up St. Mesmin's quarrel. This was young St. Germain, who, quitting his chamber, was to be seen everywhere on his antagonist's arm. The old feud between the St. Germains and Saintonges aggravated the new; and more than one brawl took place in the streets between the two parties. St. Germain never moved without from enviable; rumor's hundred tongues four armed servants; he placed others at alleging, and probably with truth—for his friend's disposal; and wherever he what father can vie with a gallant in a went he loudly proclaimed what he would maiden's eyes?—that her inclinations were do if a hair of St. Mesmin's head were injured.

> This seemed to place an effectual check on M. de Saintonge's purpose; and my surprise was great when, about a week later, the younger St. Germain burst in upon me one morning, with his face inflamed with anger and his dress in disorder; and proclaimed, before I could rise or speak, that St. Mesmin had been murdered.

> "How?" I said, somewhat startled. "And when?"

> "By M. de Saintonge! Last night!" justice; I will have justice, M. de Rosny,

or the King-

I checked him as sternly as my surprise began to find that the darts which glanced would let me; and when I had a little abashed him—which was not easy, for his their butt; and that he, who had valued temper vied in stubbornness with St. Mesmin's-I learned the particulars. About ten o'clock on the previous night St. Mesing the laughing-stock of the Court. His min had received a note, and, in spite of rage may be better imagined than de- the remonstrances of his servants, had scribed, and doubtless his daughter did not gone out alone. He had not returned nor go unscathed. But the ordinary contempt- been seen since, and his friends feared the ished to find that that was all.

"What!" St. Germain cried, flaring up do-do, I say? What he has done!"

tion, and the rogue is late in returning."

"An assignation, yes," St. Germain re-

"But on what grounds?" I said, aston-river, in a place where there were marks of a struggle; and his friends were furious,

Before noon next day M. de Clan, whose again, "Do you ask on what grounds? interference surprised me not a little, was When M. de Saintonge has told a hundred with me to support his son's petition; and what he would do to him! What he would at the King's levele next day St. Germain accused his enemy to the King's face, and "Pooh!" I said, "It is some assigna- caused an angry and indecent scene in the chamber.

When a man is in trouble foes spring up.



RUSHED IN ON THAT RASCAL AND FAIRLY BEAT DOWN MIS GUARD "

return.

torted; "but one from which he will not as the moisture rises through the stones before a thaw. I doubt if M. de Saint-"Well, if he does not, go to the Cheva- onge was not more completely surprised lier du Guet," I answered, waving him off. than any by the stir which ensued, and "Go! do you hear? I am busy," I con- which was not confined to the St. Gertinued. "Do you think that I am keeper mains' friends, though they headed the of all the young sparks that bay the moon accusers. All whom he had ever offended, under the citizens' windows? Be off, sir!" and all who had ever offended him, clam-He went reluctantly, muttering ven- ored for justice; while St. Mesmin's faults geance; and I, after rating Maignan being forgotten and only his merits resoundly for admitting him, returned to membered, there were few who did not my work, supposing that before night I bow to the general indignation, which the should hear of St. Mesmin's safety. But young and gallant, who saw that at any the matter took another turn, for while I moment his fate might be theirs, did all in was at dinner the captain of the watch their power to foment. Finally, the arcame to speak to me. St. Mesmin's cap rival of St. Mesmin the father, who came had been found in a by-street near the up almost broken-hearted, and would have first opportunity, roused the storm to the have protection and justice, M. de Saintwildest pitch. I saw the King and gave onge. And do you, young sir, be silent. him advice. This was to summon Saint- Be silent, do you hear! We have had too onge, the St. Germains, and old St. Mesmin to his presence and effect a reconciliation; or, failing that, to refer the matter and particularly the hour at which St. to the Parliament.

He agreed with me and chose to receive them next day at the Arsenal. I communicated his commands, and at the hour named we met, the King attended by Roquelaure and myself. But if I had flattered myself that the King's presence would secure a degree of moderation and reasonableness I was soon undeceived.

"For shame, gentlemen, for shame!" the King said, gnawing his mustachios after a fashion he had when in doubt. "I take Heaven to witness that I cannot say who is right! But this brawling does no good. The one fact we have is that St. Mesmin has disappeared."

"Yes, sire; and that M. de Saintonge predicted his disappearance," St. Germain "To the day and cried, impulsively.

almost to the hour."

"I gather, M. de Saintonge," the King said, turning to him, mildly, "that you did use some expressions of that kind.

"Yes, sire, and did nothing upon them," But he trembled he answered resentfully. as he spoke. He was an older man than his antagonist, and the latter's violence shook him.

"But does M. de Saintonge deny," St. Germain broke out afresh before the King could speak, "that my friend had made him a proposal for his daughter? and that he rejected it?'

"I deny nothing!" Saintonge cried, fierce and trembling as a baited animal. had had her!" he contined bitterly.

"Ay, so you say now," the irrepressible St. Germain retorted, "when you know that he is dead!"

"I do not know that he is dead," Saintonge answered. "And, for that matter, if he were alive and here now, he should have her. I am tired; I have suffered

"What! Do you tell the King," the young fellow replied incredulously," that if St. Mesmin were here you would give

him your daughter?"

"I do—I do!" the other exclaimed passionately. "To be rid of him, and you, and all your crew!"

flung himself at the King's feet on the betides, I will answer for it, you shall much noise introduced into this already."

> He proceeded then to ask certain details. Mesmin had been last seen. Notwithstanding that these facts were in the main matters of common agreement, some wrangling took place over them; which was only brought to an end at last in a manner sufficiently startling. The King with his usual thoughtfulness had bidden St. Mesmin be seated. On a sudden the old man rose; I heard him utter a cry of amazement, and following the direction of his eyes I looked towards the door. There stood his son!

> At an appearance so unexpected a dozen exclamations filled the air; but to describe the scene which ensued or the various emotions that were evinced by this or that person, as surprise or interest or affection moved them, were a task on which I am not inclined to enter. Suffice it that the foremost and the loudest in these expressions of admiration was young St. Germain; and that the King, after glancing from face to face in puzzled perplexity, began to make a shrewd guess at the truth.

"This is a very timely return, M. de

St. Mesmin," he said dryly.

"Yes, sire," the young impertinent answered, not a whit abashed.

"Very timely, indeed."

"Yes, sire. And the more as St. Germain tells me that M. de Saintonge in his clemency has reconsidered my claims; and has undertaken to use that influence with Mademoiselle which-

But on that word M. de Saintonge, com-"For that matter, I would to Heaven he prehending the ruse by which he had been overcome, cut him short; crying out in a rage that he would see him in perdition first. However, we all immediately took the Marquis in hand, and made it our business to reconcile him to the notion; the King even making a special appeal to him, and promising that St. Mesmin should never want his good offices. Under this pressure, and confronted by his solemn undertaking, Saintonge at last and with reluctance gave way. At the King's instance, he formally gave his consent to a match which effectually secured St. Mesmin's fortunes, and was as much above anything the young fellow could reasonably expect as his audacity and coolness "Tut, tut!" the King said. "Whatever exceeded the common conceit of courtiers.

THE NEW TREATMENT OF DIPHTHERIA.

BY HERMANN M. BIGGS, M.D., OF THE NEW YORK HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

standards it seems hardly possible to attach effects, and may be administered without

too much importance to this discovery, for it is a reduction to a practical form, in the treatment of disease, of the results obtained from many long series of experimental investigations. It is not only the most important application of some of the discoveries of modern bacteriology to the specific treatment of disease, but it also forms a foundation upon which, possibly, may be built up a system for both the prevention and specific treatment of all infectious diseases.

The announcement of the discovery of tuberculin (Koch's lymph) for the treatment of tuberculosis aroused, perhaps,

citement, than the announcement of the treatment. discovery of diphtheria anti-toxine, and

EW subjects related to modern medi- disease, tuberculosis, or consumption, was cine have aroused greater interest or to be cured by temporarily intensifying the attracted wider attention than the discov- morbid process by the use of a substance ery of the new method for the treatment which, in itself, was capable of doing great of diphtheria, and, from a humanitarian harm. In the other case, on the contrary standpoint, few discoveries have been so (the diphtheria anti-toxine), the remedy not full of promise as this. Judged by scientific only is apparently quite devoid of injurious

> any apprehension as to the results. but, in favorable cases, it almost at once renders the individual insusceptible to the poison which causes the disease, and thus arrests it. In the one case (tuberculin) the remedy was a poison produced by the tubercle bacillus in its growth; in the other (diphtheria anti-toxine), the remedy is obtained from animals which have been inoculated with the poison produced by the diphtheria bacillus. In the latter instance, the harmful effects which the diphtheria poison produces, are borne by the animals which are inoculated, and which furnish anti-toxine, and not by

PROPESSOR BEHRING.

greater interest, and produced greater ex- human beings who are subjected to the

Sufficient time has not yet elapsed to the new remedy has been constantly com- form an accurate estimate of the exact pared in its nature and action to tuber- value of the diphtheria anti-toxine in the culin, very much to its discredit. There is prevention and treatment of diphtheria, but really only the most superficial resemblance that it is of great value, and constitutes an between tuberculin and diphtheria anti- immense advance upon any other method toxine. In the one case (tuberculin) the of treatment, has been fully demonstrated,







ADMINISTERING THE DIPHTHERIA ANTI-TOXINE,

its employment diphtheria may be brought body, and diphtheria, or a disease resemalmost absolutely under control.

THE EXPERIMENTS THAT LED TO THE DISCOVERY.

There is good reason to believe that with Klebs were more carefully studied by a fuller knowledge of the best methods for Loeffler, were cultivated outside the living bling it, was reproduced in animals by inoculating them with the cultures of this germ. Loeffler was unable, however, to reproduce the various forms of paralysis which frequently follow diphtheria, but A number of series of experimental ob- Roux and Yersin, in Paris, in 1888, sucservations regarding the nature and causa- ceeded in reproducing artificially, by the tion of diphtheria preceded the discov- inoculation of animals with cultures of the ery of the new remedy. These began diphtheria bacillus, a perfectly characterwith the discovery of the diphtheria bacil- istic diphtheritic paralysis, and they were lus by Klebs in 1883. In the following also successful in separating from the year, 1884, the organisms described by cultures of this organism a poison (the Behring and Kitasato, in Berlin, found sive inoculations with a virus of constantly that by the inoculation of animals with the increasing strength, the first inoculations poison obtained from cultures of the diph- being made with a virus having little or no theria bacillus they could be gradually ren- virulence. In this case the virus is obdered extraordinarily insusceptible to both tained from the spinal cords of rabbits the poison and the diphtheria bacilli them- which have died from rabies after inoculaselves. They further showed that this tion. The virulence of the virus in the insusceptibility or immunity was due to cords is attenuated by drying for varying the formation and presence in the blood of periods of time. A spinal cord which has some substance which it has not been pos- been dried for fourteen days is by this prosible to separate chemically, and which is cess deprived known as the diphtheria anti-toxine, or, of its virulence, from its wonderful action, the curative andthose which serum. Then followed experiments by have been dried Behring, Ehrlich, and other observers in a shorter peri-Germany, and Roux in Paris, experiments od have prodesigned to make this discovery practically portionately available for the prevention and treatment greater viruof diphtheria in the human being.

The first important results of these experiments were published in the early part duction of the of last year, and they showed a striking diphtheria antidiminution in the mortality, in a series of toxine, a high cases of diphtheria subjected to the new degree of imtreatment. The results obtained in these munity is first first cases have been more than confirmed conferred by subsequent experiences in the treat- animals by sucment of this disease. In order to gain an cessive mocuintelligent conception of the nature of the lations with new treatment, it is necessary to know larger and larger amounts of the diphimmunity to the disease.

lating them with cultures of the anthrax tially or completely arrested. germ, whose virulence had been partially

diphtheria toxine) with which they also Pasteur's prophylactic treatment for hydro-produced paralysis in animals. Then phobia, immunity is conferred by succes-

lence.

In the pro-



DR ROUX.

something of certain facts regarding the theria toxine, the smaller doses giving infectious diseases which underlie it. It tolerance to the succeeding larger doses; has been long known that in many infect this tolerance being due to the formatious diseases one attack grants a more or tion in the blood of anti-toxine. In the less complete insusceptibility, or, as it is prevention of diphtheria by the use of called, immunity, to future attacks. The the anti-toxine, a certain proportion of the same individual rarely has two attacks of immunity which has been conferred upon small-pox or scarlet fever, because the animals, is transferred from the immunized first attack has given nearly or complete animal to the individual. This is done by the injection under the skin of a given It has been the endeavor in many bac- amount of blood serum, curative serum, teriological studies of different infectious which contains the anti-toxine, and which diseases, to devise or to discover some is derived from an immunized animal. The means or method by which immunity to amount of insusceptibility conferred by these diseases can be artificially induced these injections is proportionate to the in animals and in man. These investiga- amount of blood serum that is thus introtions have met with considerable success. duced, and the degree of insusceptibility to In vaccination for small-pox, immunity diphtheria which the animal from which it to small-pox is produced in human beings was obtained has acquired. In the treatby moculation, through vaccination, with ment of diphtheria by anti-toxine, the same the virus of cow-pox, which is a closely immunity is transferred, and is almost imallied disease occurring in cattle. Pasteur mediately produced in the individual, by the some years ago succeeded in conferring introduction of this curative serum; and immunity on cattle and sheep to anthrax, as the individual by its introduction is or splenic fever (a disease which some- rendered relatively or absolutely immune times occurs in human beings), by inocu- to the disease, the disease is at once par-

The results which have been obtained attenuated by the application of heat. In from the treatment of diphtheria by the of diphtheria occurring in children under of remedies on it. five years of age die. With the new method no more remarkable than are the immeditime, at intervals of twelve to twenty-four

new remedy, are far better than have ever ate effects frequently seen in individual been obtained by any other method. Speak- cases produced by the administration of ing generally for the children's hospitals the curative serum. The results are so exin Europe and in this country, it has been traordinary as to seem almost incredible to found that, with other methods of treat- those who have been familiar with the ment, from 40 to 55 per cent, of the cases usual course of diphtheria and the effects

In the large majority of cases, when the of treatment, this mortality has been re- anti-toxine is administered during the first duced first to 25 per cent., then to 15 per twenty-four or forty-eight hours of the discent., to 13 per cent., 11 per cent., and it ease, and sometimes also during the third has been said that in the last series of cases or fourth day, the effects are most striking. treated by Roux the mortality was only 8. If the temperature has been elevated to perper cent. The striking influence upon the haps one hundred and three or one hundred mortality from this disease brought about and four degrees, it falls to normal or by the use of anti-toxine, is shown in the nearly normal within a few hours, the exreduced death-rate in Paris during the last tension of the membrane in the throat is few months as compared with the corres- arrested, and the swelling and soreness in ponding months of previous years. Tables part or entirely disappear. If the memare appended which show the number of brane is only on the surface, is of recent deaths from diphtheria for each week dur- formation and is not very thick, and has ing 1804, and the mortality for each month not as yet involved the substance of the during the last five years.* The influence of tissue, it will often entirely separate within the use of this agent on the death-rate from the first twenty-four hours after the injecdiphtheria, as shown by these tables, con- tion, and convalescence is at once estabstitutes, in my opinion, an exhibit of the lished. In the most severe cases, and in saving of life by a new remedy so extraor- those where the remedy is not administered dinary as to be without a parallel in the until later in the course of the disease, history of medicine. No such results have the influence is usually less marked, and ever before been obtained, and the cumula- it becomes necessary to administer the tive results, as shown by these statistics, are remedy a second, a third, or even a fourth

| • DEATES | 216 | PARIS | FROM | DIPHTHERIA | UNC! UDING | CROUP) |
|-----------|-----|-------|------|------------|------------|--------|
| DE 1894 L | | | | | | |

| Week | ending | January | 6 | , | 42 |
|------|--------|-----------|-----|---------------|------|
| ** | 61 | 61 | 13 | 1 4 1 1 4 4 1 | 50 |
| 4.2 | 66 | 45 | 30 | *** ** * | 37 |
| 15 | 65 | | 27 | | 88 |
| | ** | February | 3 | 11 14 | 29 |
| 4.6 | | 11 | IΩ | | 32 |
| 41 | 14 | | 17 | | 29 |
| | E s | 4. | 24 | | 30 |
| 1.6 | - 11 | March | 3 | | 37 |
| 16 | 14 | *+ | 10 | | 40 |
| *1 | ы | 1.6 | 17 | | 36 |
| 1.1 | b- | 14 | 24 | 111 7 7 7 | 45 |
| 81 | 14 | 8-6 | 31 | ******** | 33 |
| 44 | 8.1 | April | 7 | | 46 |
| | 14 | TA . | 14 | | 37 |
| 11 | 84 | 4.0 | 21 | | 27 |
| 59 | 6.5 | 4.6 | 28 | | 38 > |
| 14 | 4.6 | May | 5 | | 33 |
| 8.9 | 4.6 | 4.7 | 13 | | 31 |
| h h | F 6 | +6 | 10 | | 29 |
| ** | 44 | 4.4 | 20 | A 4 (1) | 33 |
| N. | - 11 | lune | 0 | | 22 |
| 6+ | 10 | 4.0 | o | | 90 |
| 4.0 | 9.0 | 0.4 | 16 | | 28 |
| | 64 | 46. | 23 | | 90 |
| E-p | 96 | 6.9 | 30 | | 10 |
| 48 | 44 | Tuly | 7 | ******** | 16 |
| 84 | h n | 41 | 54 | | 39 |
| 24 | 6.6 | 6.5 | 23 | | 90 |
| 81 | 0.0 | 4.9 | аB | | 69 |
| 46 | 8.6 | August | 4 | ***** | 27 |
| 4.6 | ++ | 6.6 | ET. | ****** | 10 |
| h ly | 49 | 1.6 | 18 | | 15 |
| 8.0 | 64 | 41 | 25 | | 10 |
| 64 | 66 | September | - 3 | | 15 |
| 94 | 6-9 | + 1 | B | | TS |
| 46 | 44 | 44 | 15 | | 10 |
| 44 | 40 | 8-9 | 92 | | 20 |
| M | 64 | 1.6 | 90 | | 4 |
| 10 | 84 | October | 10 | ******* | 10 |
| 86 | 10 | 040004 | _ | ******** | 6 |
| 86 | di | 60 | 13 | 4444444 | 7 |
| | | | 90 | *** ***** | 7 |

| Week | ending | October November | 27 3 | **** | | 9 |
|------|--------|---------------------|---------|--------|-------|----|
| 60 | 66 | ** | 10 | | + 1 | 9 |
| 0.0 | 88 | 44 | 27 | ****** | | 14 |
| 6.0 | ti- | December | T | | | 9 |
| 64 | 16 | 4.6 | 8 | | | 15 |
| 50 | 44 | 11 | 15 | ** *** | 1 4 4 | 25 |
| 64 | 14.7 | 41 | 20 | | *** | 11 |
| 4.6 | 44 | Jan. 5, 3 | 895 | | 1111 | 15 |

The general use of anti-toxine was not begun until about September 1, 1894, although it had been employed to a considerable extent in the hospitals previous to this time, beginning in April and May, 1894. The effect of anti toxine is shown in the decreasing mortality. In the tourth week of September, 1894, there were only four deaths in the entire city of Paris from diphtheria, and two of the four were not residents of Paris.

DEATHS FROM DIPHTHERIA IN PARIS FOR EACH MONTH DURING THE LAST FIVE YEARS—TAKEN FROM OFFICIAL RE-POETS :

| | 288g | 1890 | 1891 | 1892 | 1893 | 1894 |
|--|---|--|-------|---|--|--|
| February. February. March April May June. July September October November December | 185 919 174 184 148 128 135 | 136 183 4 169 144 147 131 114 195 134 | # 202 | 120 135 16n 131 153 124 108 115 99 106 134 170 | 162 128 178 162 143 135 97 91 74 65 87 | 175 121 171 155 138 88 85 72 139 †34 †45 |

Data wanting

⁺ Partly estimated.



PROFESSOR EHRITCH

severe, and in the cases which are treated early they are almost entirely obviated.

ported. In Germany, up to the present time, the case with diphtheria.

the largest supplies come from two sources: that produced under the supervision of Pro-

There are, however, a few cases fessors Behring and Ehrlich, and that proof diphtheria, especially those complicated duced under the supervision of Dr. Aronson. with septic infection, which die, even if The former has been produced either at the the remedy is used early in the course of Institute for Infectious Diseases in Berlin the disease. The complications which are (the amount there being only limited in common during the course of diphtheria quantity, and intended for experimental and following it, with other methods of purposes, and for use in the hospitals contreatment, are far less frequent and less nected with the institution), or by a manufacturing firm at Hoechst-am-Main. The latter, that produced under the supervision of Dr. Aronson, comes from the pharmacentical house of Schering. Almost all that has reached this country within the last three months is the Behring product, and up to the 20th of January altogether amounted to perhaps one thousand two hundred vials. Larger consignments are now expected. In this country, measures were taken some months ago by the New York City Health Department, and more recently by the health departments of other cities, and by some private parties, for the home production of anti-toxine. prepared in this country under the supervision of the New York City Health Department has, at the time of writing, been already employed in more than one hundred and fifty cases, and the mortality in cases thus treated has been about twelve per cent.

It does not seem, with such knowledge The production of anti-toxine requires as we now have, as if too great enthusiconsiderable time, a high grade of tech- asm regarding the importance of this nical skill, and is attended with very con- discovery were possible. It apparently siderable expense. The cost of the rem- places at once within our control the means edy in this country up to the present time. for the restriction of the most dreaded and has been excessive. Where it could be ob- most fatal disease of childhood—a disease tained at all, the price has been from three, which appeared only a few years ago, and to twelve dollars a dose, depending upon which has been rapidly increasing in frethe strength of the scrum. The prices have quency and mortality all over the civilized now been very much reduced, and probably world. In New York City alone, during there will be a still further reduction, as 1894, there were over two thousand two the supply is more nearly equal to the de- hundred deaths reported as due to this malmand; but under all conditions it must be adv. Aside from the direct practical ada comparatively expensive remedy. In vantage which is to be derived from the France, the production of it has already use of anti-toxine, the discovery of this been placed under the control of the gov- new method for the treatment of an infecernment. It is produced only at the Pas- tious disease opens a great field for study teur Institute in Paris, under the super- and investigation, where there is the vision of Dr. Roux, and it is furnished from brightest promise that other discoveries this institution to the whole of France, may be made which will place all infecunder certain restrictions and regulations, tious diseases as completely within our without charge. It cannot be bought or ex- control as it seems probable now will be



SYRINGE USED IN ADMINISTRRING THE ANTI-TOXINE, SHOWN AT AGOUT HALF ITS REAL SIZE,

DIPHTHERIA ANTI-TOXINE—ITS PRODUCTION.

By WILLIAM H. PARK, M.D., OF THE NEW YORK HEALTH DEPARTMENT

HE anti-toxine of diphtheria is a sub-been in contact with diphtheria, the bottling of the curative serum

THE PREPARATION OF THE DIPHTHERIA VIDUALLY. TOXINES.

compounds produced and set free by the are not bacteriologists, by stating that a

growth of the diphtheria bacilli. They are powerful irritants to the livmg cells of the body. It is owing to their poisonous action that the general system is so prostrated in diphtheria, and the membrane produced in the throat. Chemically they are such complicated substances that it has been impossible to secure them in a pure state. The first step in the preparation of the toxines is to secure a number of pure cultures of diplithema bacilli, These baculli, proven by Loeffler and other investi-

found uniformly in the gray membrane determine, by the presence or absence of seen in the throat in diphtheria, and they the bacilli, which of the cases were, and persist for a time in the healthy throats which were not, diphtheria. A few of the of persons convalescent from that disease, tubes which contain abundant bacilli, and Recent investigation has also shown that which appear to have been inoculated they are frequently present in the throat from severe cases, are selected to furnish secretions of healthy persons who have bacilli for the toxine. By the method of

stance derived from the blood of remain here mactive till some disturbance animals, chiefly horses, which have been makes the lining membrane of the throat rendered immune to the action of the vulnerable to their attack, much as grains diphtheria bacilli, through repeated in- of wheat would remain unchanged upon a jections of their toxines. The first steps dry soil until a rain produced the proper in its preparation are carried on in the conditions for their growth. The first of bacteriological laboratory, ending with the the photographs shows us a number of final storage of the perfected toxines; colonies of diphtheria bacilli, slightly and the later ones in the stables and lab- magnified, growing on the surface of nuoratories connected with them, ending with trient agar jelly. The many thousands of bacilli contained in each of the colonies are too slightly magnified to be seen indi-The following three photographs show the bacilli from three different cases of diphtheria. The amount of mag-The toxines are the poisonous chemical mification can be appreciated by those who

> man equally maginfied would appear twice as large as Mount Washington,

If a visitor should stop at our laboratory any morning at an early hour, he would notice a large number of little tubes containing sterilized solid blood serum. If be looked closely, he would see on the surface of the serum in each of the tubes a growth of bacteria. Upon inquiry he would find that each of the tubes had been inoculated the previous day from the membrane in the throat of a suspected case of diphtheria, and that

gators to be the cause of diphtheria, are they were now being examined in order to



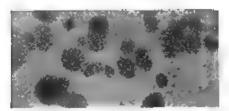
EXAMINING CULTURES PROM SUSPECTED CAMES OF DIPMINERIA. NEW YORK CITY MEALTH DEPARTMENT,

each of the tubes are obtained free from the cultures is needed to destroy the life mixture with other bacteria. A number of the animal. When this has been deterof test tubes, which have been previously mined, we select four or five of the most filled with nutrient alkaline bouillon, virulent cultures to use for the production plugged with cotton and sterilized, are of the toxines. We have to try a number now inoculated with the bacilli, several tubes being injected with the bacilli derived from each of the cases. These tubes are now placed in an incubator and kept at the temperature of the human body, and allowed to develop for two days.

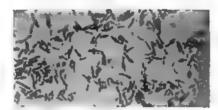
Experience has demonstrated that strong

plate cultures, the diphtheria bacilli from containing the living bacilli from each of of cultures, because it is found that among bacilli of equal virulence in animals, some will produce more toxines than others in the bouillon.

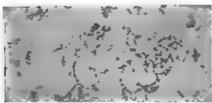
To produce the toxines, the bacilli must have access to the oxygen of the air. The usual method of cultivating in flasks toxines are most apt to be produced from plugged with cotton does not give as free bacilli which have great virulence or dis- passage to the air as is desirable for the ease-producing power. From the appear- quick production of the toxines. A more ance of the bacilli it is impossible to tell rapid process, recommended by Roux, is the amount of virulence which they pos- therefore adopted for many of the cultures. sess, and we are therefore forced to use It consists in growing the bacilli in a

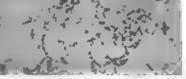


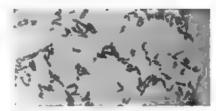
PSECOO-DIPHTHERIA COLONY, ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FOUR TIMES THE NATURAL SIZE,



INFHIHERIA BACILLI, ONE THOUSAND TIMES THE NATURAL SIZE,







CHARACTERISTIC DIPHTHERIA BACALAN, ONE THOCSAND TIMES THE NATURAL SIZE.

the diphtheria germs.

scribed for future identification a number containing the living diphtheria bacilli. In grams (about half a pound) we would in a third one-quarter of this quantity.

just how large a quantity of the bouillon method.

living animals to obtain this information draught of moist air. For this purpose For this purpose guinea-pigs are used, since large flat-bottom flasks, provided with side they possess the qualifications of being tubes for the inlet and exit of air, are filled easily raised and of reacting always in to a depth of one inch with bouillon and about the same degree to a given dose of sterilized in a steam chamber. Into each of the flasks are then injected a few cubic cen-Having, then, selected, weighed, and de- timetres of very virulent bacilli. The flasks are finally placed in one of the many large of these guinea-pigs, we inject, under the incubators and kept at thirty-seven degrees skin of each, a certain quantity of the broth centigrade for twenty-four hours. If a good growth develops, the flasks are connected a little animal weighing three hundred by one of the side-tubes with an exhaust pump. The air which is drawn out one inject, perhaps, one one-hundredth of a side is sucked in at the other, first having cubic centimetre, or one-fifth of a drop; been moistened by passing through a in another would be injected one-half, and layer of water in a wash bottle. Strong toxines may be prepared in this way in By keeping the animals under observa- from two to four weeks, about half the tion a few days, we are enabled to detect time needed by the older but much simpler



A CORNER OF THE ANIMAL ROOM, SHOWING THE GLINEA PIGS IN THEIR CAGES

of the bouillon containing the toxines are trained veterinarians.

carbolic acid has been added for a preservative, and stored in a dark room at an even temperature until needed.

SOWING TOXINE IN HORSES TO PRODUCE ANTI-TOXINE.

This toxine is now ready for injection into the horses, or other animals, which are to be used for the production of anti-toxine.

Upon entering the stable in which the horses having been longest under treatment are

kept, and which are furnishing the supply of anti-toxine, we notice the stalls are large and well ventilated, and that the horses look well and seem comfortably housed. At present there are fortytwo horses under treatment The expenses are shared equally by the Health Department of New York City, and by the New York "Herald," These horses are as carefully tended as patients in a hospital. Twice a day their temperature is taken, and frequently their pulse also. They are taken out daily for exercise, and they are weighed once a week. Their general health is

At the end of this time, small quantities watched over with the greatest care by

withdrawn and tested in guinea-pigs. The The horses selected must be perfectly toxines are tested in the animal in ex- healthy, but may have slight deformities actly the same way as the bacilli. The or blemishes, which, although detracting bouillon contained in those flasks which from their value for other purposes, do not has been proven to contain sufficient tox- in any way injure the purity of their blood, ine is removed from the incubator and, or diminish their ability to furnish antiafter filtering, is placed in large dark-col- toxine. Having selected then a number ored glass jars to which one-half per cent. of horses, we begin by injecting a small



INJECTING TOXINE INTO A HORSE.

amount, say one-half of a cubic centimetre tube six inches long is attached.

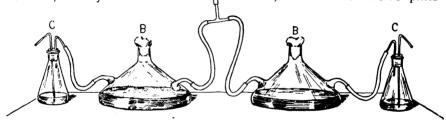
The horses differ greatly in their reac- and sterilized by dry heat. tion to the injections. Some have a marked and sore, and show, in every way, that they have been profoundly affected. son, show little or no disturbance. doses of toxine can be more quickly inof anti-toxine. Some horses are so sensitive through the connective tissue covering the that they succumb to even very small doses vein, and through the walls of the vein

and as soon as the temperature has fallen good stream of blood will immediately to the normal, and the local swelling has subsided, a slightly larger dose of the toxine is injected. Thus from week to week, the injections increase

(ten drops), of the toxine, which, when in- ceive the blood we use small flasks conjected to the amount of one-tenth of a cubic taining from one to four pints. The mouths centimetre, is sufficient to kill a half-grown of these flasks have previously been covguinea-pig in thirty-six to forty-eight hours, ered with paper, or plugged with cotton,

When we are all ready to bleed the horse, rise of temperature, refuse their food, de- the animal is led into a well-lighted and velop a large local swelling, become stiff clean room, held both by the bridle and by the small twitch which is twisted about the Other upper lip. Before introducing the canula horses receiving the same amount of poi- into the jugular vein of the horse, a small The incision about two inches in length is made directly over the vein. While an assistant creased in horses which show no reaction presses upon the jugular lower down in than in those more sensitive, and they are the neck, to cause it to fill with blood, the thus more fitted for the quick production sharp-pointed end of the canula is pushed of toxine, if they are frequently repeated, itself until it has passed well within the From day to day the horses are observed, lumen of the vessel. When this occurs a

flow through the canula and rubber tube into the vessel held to receive the blood. Vessel after vessel is thus filled, until six to twelve pints have



ARRANGEMENT OF FLASKS IN INCLUDITOR. THE AIR, PASSING THROUGH THE WATER IN THE WASH BOTTLES C C, BECOMES MOISTENED BEFORE PASSING INTO THE FLASKS B B, WHERE THE BACILLI ARE GROWING IN BOUILLON.

in size and frequency until, in the course been procured. its producing any local or constitutional during the process. When we can introduce from symptoms. metres of strong toxine into the horse without producing serious symptoms, we can feel pretty certain that the horse's blood contains anti-toxine in sufficient amount to be used for healing purposes.

The horse is prepared for bleeding by having the skin of the neck over the jugular vein shaved, cleansed with soap and water, and as thoroughly as possible disinfected. To obtain the blood we use a small canula about one-fourth of an inch in diameter, having a sharp-pointed end. To the opposite end is attached a rubber tube of moderate size, about two feet in length. At the end of this a small glass vised by Professor Behring. In this meth-

The amount of blood of three to five months, we are enabled depends upon the size and condition of to inject the less sensitive horses with a the horse. The horse itself hardly minds thousand times the original dose, without the operation, frequently nibbling its hay

These flasks containing the blood are two hundred to three hundred cubic centi- now stored for from two to four days in the ice-chest in the laboratory connected with the stable, until the clot has thoroughly squeezed out the serum. This serum contains dissolved in it the anti-toxine. It must always be remembered that it is the anti-toxine, and not the serum which contains it, that is curative in diphtheria.

> There are a number of ways employed by different investigators to determine the amount of anti-toxine contained in any given sample of blood serum. There are two principal methods, of which the others are mostly modifications. The first is chiefly employed in Germany and was de

receives the same amount of toxine, but a be used in treatment. different amount of serum.

a ten-fold normal solution.

bacilli to kill an unprotected animal in none.

thirty-six hours. Here by injecting the anti-toxine before the bacilli, we immunize the animals, and it is found that we are enabled to protect the lives of the guinea-pigs by very much smaller quantities of anti-toxine than if we injected the anti-toxine and bacilli together. The strength of the anti-toxine in the serum is estimated upon the percentage of serum required to protect the life of the guinea-pig compared to its weight. Thus, if we found that a guinea-pig weighing five hundred grams (the size usually selected by Roux) required one five-hundredth of its weight of the serum (one cubic centimetre) to be protected

od we take a sufficient amount of bouillon from the poisonous effects of the test containing the poison or toxine of the dose, we would label the strength of . diphtheria bacilli, which has been proven that anti-toxine serum at five hundred, by numerous tests to be ten times the because one part of this serum proamount sufficient to kill a guinea-pig weigh- tected , five hundred parts of animal. If ing two hundred and fifty to three hundred another sample of serum contained one grams. To this amount of poison we add hundred times as much anti-toxine, one varying amounts of the serum to be tested part would protect fifty thousand parts as to its strength in anti-toxine. The tox- of guinea-pigs, and the strength of this ine and anti-toxine are thus injected to- serum would be fifty thousand, Serum gether. Each animal of a series, therefore, of this strength is the weakest that should

If we consider closely the results ob-After a few days we are enabled to tell tained in testing anti-toxine, we may learn from the results of these injections just a truth which is of great importance. It how much of the given sample of serum has been found, that a very small quanwas sufficient to save the life of a guinea- tity of anti-toxine suffices to save the life pig which had received ten times a fatal of an animal, when injected some hours dose. If one-tenth of a cubic centimetre before the introduction of the poison of of this sample of serum sufficed to save the diphtheria. A much larger quantity is life of a guinea-pig, it was called by Beh-necessary when the poison and anti-toxine ring a normal anti-toxine solution, and one are injected together, and a still greater cubic centimetre of this comprised one unit quantity is required if the poison is inof anti-toxine. If one-tenth of this amount jected before the anti-toxine. If the curaor one one-hundredth of a cubic centimetre live anti-toxine is delayed too long, no was sufficient to produce this curative re- amount will suffice to rescue the animal. sult this solution of anti-toxine was called The evidence thus brought out experimentally has proven true at the bedside. The other method is one chiefly em- Cases of diphtheria injected with antiployed by Dr. Roux and his co-laborers, toxine in the first twenty-four hours of the In this method we inject into a number of disease, recovered in a manner almost maranimals varying amounts of the serum con-vellous. Those injected during the height taining the anti-toxine; twelve hours after- of the disease show usually marked imward we inject into these animals a suf- provement, while those injected toward ficient quantity of living virulent diphtheria the end of the disease show little or



DEAWING FROM THE HORSE THE BLOOD CONTAINING THE ANTI-TOXINE,

THE LORD'S DAY.

BY THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE, M. P.

one another. view the revealed sanction and the prop-The other peculiarity is this: that very many of those defenders whose moideas of the subject, and, what is more, large portions of the day, if not to secusecular thought and conversation. is done without deliberate or conscious insincerity; yet we must all feel that when the margin between profession and practice has become, and is allowed to remain, enormous, real insincerity lies perilously near.

As to the first head, we have a class, or more than a class, who view the subject entirely from the natural or secular side. but who still believe, with a greater or less vivid clearness of conviction, that a periodical day of rest, which they reasonably associate with the one day in seven now become so venerable from its associations as well as its origin, is a necessity of health, as well for the brain of man as for the general fabric of his body; but at any rate, health and vigor as commonly understood. I assume, and also very strongly believe, this to be generally true, although I am has been altered, by translation of the Comnot aware that the opinion has ever been made the subject of sanitary statistics. It week to the first; the second, by impartfound practicable, to test the question addition to its originally negative and through the case of that limited propor-tion of the British community who do not that restricted signification has been re-in one way or another enjoy at the least laxed—and it has certainly been kept in

THE citadel of Christianity is in these some considerable amount of relief from days besieged all round its circuit. labor, bodily and mental, on the conse-There is one point, however, in that cir- crated day, by a definite exhibition of cumference where the defence presents to results on health, through comparing their us certain particularities. That point is experiences with those of the community the article of Sabbath, or, more properly, at large. This idea seems to be largely of Lord's Day, observance. And the parheld among the masses of the people, ticularities are two, widely separated from apart from, as well as in connection with, The first is, that among the the ideas of religious duty and of spiritual forces employed in defence there are im- health. Even the most devout may thus portant auxiliaries who put wholly out of think and feel without any inconsistency. It is probably both knowledge of, and erly Christian motive; who are not, and participation in, this conception, which has do not profess to be, available for the work greatly helped the continuance of Sabbath of active defence in other parts of the pre- legislation, nay, the increase of its stringency, in the particular of public-houses, and the notable caution and self-restraint tive and profession are not secular, but of the House of Commons as to adminisdistinctly religious, are singularly ill-trative changes recommended on the ground equipped with consistent or perspicuous of mental recreation and improvement for the people. There can be no reason why that in their ordinary practice they sys- the firmest believers in the Christian chartematically and very largely make over acter and obligation of the day should not thankfully avail themselves of the aid lar occupations and amusements, yet to derived from alliance with this secondary This but salutary sentiment.

When we approach the second head, it becomes needful to separate between ideas and practice. As to ideas, it can hardly be said that in our own country, of which alone I speak, the general mind is possessed with any conception, at once accurate and clear, of the religious ground on which we are to observe the Sunday. There is a hazy, but still practical and by no means superficial, impression that in some way or other it has to do with the original command delivered through Moses, so often recited in our churches, and backed there by the definite petition that God will incline our hearts "to keep this law." We do not in due proportion weigh or measure two facts which bear materially on and in the highest degree, for corporeal the case. Two changes have indeed been imported into this law; one of them into its form, the other into its spirit. The first mandment, from the seventh day of the would, however, be interesting, if it were ing to it a positive and affirmative, in very full view by the Church and by the tenacity of life, probably greater than in State of England-but the ascent that any other Christian country. If we measthe Fourth Commandment of the Deca- ure things not as they were divinely inlogue has made, and the development and tended, nor as they are in themselves, but expansion that it has received under the as they are subjectively entertained, it Christian dispensation, have not been so might be a question whether the Scottish prominently put forward. Hence, perhaps, it is that we have but imperfectly grasped what is implied in what we familiarly call vital, and more influential fact in the the observance of Sunday. Possibly there Christianity of the country, than the annual, may have been a concurring cause for this or sometimes semi-annual, celebration of defect in the indisposition of many minds, after the crisis of the Reformation, to recognise any action of the Church apart from that when, half a century ago, ships were Scripture. It is difficult, in a tranquil survey of the whole case, to exclude from it some admission of such action. But, so far as it has existed, it has been in obvious furtherance of the mind of the Bible, and it may equitably be considered not as raising any question as between clergy and with regard to a fundamental article of relaity, but as expressing the harmonious ligion like the Sabbath, every one was of cooperation of the entire Christian community.

Testament supplies to support the Fourth Commandment is ample. And it was fortified by secondary institutions, such as the "preparation of the Sabbath," and the limitation of the Sabbath Day's journey. It was not relaxed by our Lord, who lived deposed from its title to obligatory reliobediently under the conditions of the gious observance, and its prerogative has older covenant, and whom we are evidently to understand, on some marked occasions, not as impairing the Commandment, but as protesting against and cancelling an artificial and extravagant stiffness in its interpretation. Cruden (in loc.) observes that the word "Sabbaths" included the great festivals of the Jews. But the obligatory force of the Fourth Christian community took upon itself to Commandment as touching the seventh alter the form of the Jewish ordinance; day is destroyed by the declaration of St. Paul (Colossians ii. 16) that we are liable to be judged or coerced by none in respect of Sabbath days. This command was addressed, as is obvious, especially to Jews who had become Christians; so that it applies with an even enhanced force to us who have never been under the obligations of the Mosaic law.

The opinion which required a great sabbatarian strictness, has in all likelihood been largely consequent upon the Reformation; and, without much critical investigation of the case, has rested practically arise at once out of the great movement, even in Scotland, where it eventually at-

Sabbath was not for two hundred years a greater Christian sacrament, a larger, more the Lord's Supper, or the initiatory rite of baptism, or both together. I remember despatched from Scottish ports to South Australia, then in its infancy, laden with well-organized companies of emigrants, I read in the published account of one of them that perfect religious toleration was established as the rule on board, but that course required to observe it. Many anecdotes might be given which illustrate the The auxiliary evidence which the Old same idea; an idea open to criticism, but one with which the Presbyterian Church cannot well afford to part, without some risk to the public power and general influence of religion.

The seventh day of the week has been been carried over to the first; under no direct precept of Scripture, but yet with a Biblical record of facts, all supplied by St. John, which go far towards showing that among the Apostles themselves, and therefore from apostolic times, the practice of divine worship on the Lord's Day has been continuously and firmly established. The but this was with a view to giving larger effect to its spiritual purpose. The seventh day had been ordained as the most appropriate, according to the Decalogue, for commemorating the old creation. advent of our Lord introduced us to a chain of events, by which alone the benefits of the old creation were secured to us, together with the yet higher benefits of the The series of these events culnew. minated in the Resurrection. With the Resurrection began for the Saviour Himself a rest from all that was painful in the process of redemption, as on the seventh upon the Fourth Commandment of the Dec- day there had begun a rest from the conalogue as it stands. It did not, however, structive labors that had brought the visible world into existence and maturity,

The seventh day was the festival of the tained to a pitch of rigor, and exhibited a old life, accompanied with an exemption from its divinely appointed burdens. iovous exercise. exercise. The act of the Church or Christian community in altering the day was founded on this broad and solid analogy; and was also, as has been said, warranted by the evidence of apostolic practice.

On the day of Resurrection itself, in the evening, the disciples were solemnly assembled, with the doors shut for "fear of the Jews" (St. John xx. 19), and the Lord, in His risen body, appeared among them, to confer on them their great mission (xx. 21-23). Again, on the eighth day, or, as we should term it, seven days after the great day of the Resurrection, we have a similar assembly, and a like appearance, which records the confirmation of the faith of St. Thomas (xx, 26-28). The same Apostle who had linked together thus markedly these three occasions, introduces the Apocalypse to us with a proem that shows his they had to deal with the Fourth Comdeep sense of its dignity and importance; and next proceeds to localize it, first in place, by describing the isle of Patmos as the scene, and then in time, by specifying that he was "in the Spirit on the Lord's Day" (Rev. i. 9, 10). We may, after all this, admit that the aggregate of evidence for the obligation of meeting together for worship on the Christian Sabbath, or Lord's Day, is not literally homogeneous; but we must assert and insist that its several parts are in keeping one with another, and that its combined force is conclusive. No Christian can entertain a reasonable doubt as to the solidity of the foundations on which the established tradition and practice rest.

But it remains to consider the portion of the subject on which the prevailing side, has also reason at its back. The old conceptions are the most lame and incom-

plete.

We dismiss the question of the authority for the Lord's Day. There remains the in its character, for its fundamental confurther question, What is the nature and amount of the religious observance due to man was not to do. The Redeemer, like it? Is it, apart from works of charity and the Creator, had His work, and had His necessity, which I set aside and cover by rest from His work; this was on the Resan assumption all along, the setting aside urrection Day, and the Apostles and the of worldly business, either in part or altogether? worship, in quantity penuriously admitted, the beginning) appointed the festival of frugally and jealously doled out? Is the the old. demand of duty, is the religious appetite tual or less) to a single service, by thus becoming what an old friend of mine wit- *"Indian Church Quarterly Review," October, 1894, p. 388.

The tily calls "a oncer; or can our bounty first day was the festival of the new life, stand the drain on attention, and on availand was crowned with its constant and able hours, of two regular services of the The ordinances of joint Church? Are we to deal with the quesworship exhibit one particular form of that tion how much of the Lord's Day shall be given to service associated with its name in the spirit in which the commander of a capitulating fortress deals with the incoming force, when he works for a maximum of indulgence, a minimum of concession, and tempers his thrift only by a prudent care to avoid a rupture? Or, if the question be not too audacious, is all this haggling and huxtering upon quantities and portions beside the purpose, and is there not open to us, for the determination of all controversy, and for marking out the lines of duty, "a more excellent way" a way not to be ascertained by embarking on any vovage of fanciful investigation, but simply by examining the first elements of the case?

May it not be that the Apostles, and the community which they guided, saw that mandment, and that the course dictated to them by the essential bearings of the case was not to abrogate, nor to contract, nor in any manner to disparage it, but (so to speak) to transform it from within outwards; to stand upon the analogy which it suggested, and to supply the obvious application to the enlarged and altered position? The change from the seventh day to the first was one which could not be arbitrarily made. So it appears, as we were justly told at the recent Parliament of Religions in America by the representative of one leading strain of Jewish thought, M. Pereira Mendez; who, on behalf of the strict Mosaists, declared that they could not accept a first day "Sabbath."* can; and the authority which is on our Sabbath was the festival of rest from labor with the hand; a festival of the body, or natural life; a festival negative ception was simply a conception of what Church instituted the festival of the new Is it an attendance on public life, as the Creator had (and surely from

The festival of the new life! Not merely satisfied, by the resort (be it more punc- of the act of our Lord's rising, which had

ments of the life, which in His Resurrection body He then began. Here comes into view a point not only of difference, but the subject disparages the Christian life of The Fourth Commandment of contrast. enjoined not a life, but a death; and all that may now be thought to require a living observance of the day is not read in, but (as the lawyers say) read into it. But the celebration of the Lord's Day is the unsealing of a fountain-head, a removal of the grave-clothes from the man found to be alive, the opening of a life spontaneous and continuous. It reminds me of the arm of a Highland river which the owner of the estate dammed up with a sluice on all ordinary days, but on special days he removed the barrier, and the waters flowed. And flowed how long? Until the barrier was replaced. Not for a measured half hour or hour, but as long as they were free to flow; and not by propulsion from without, but by native impulse from within. And in like manner the question for the Christian is not how much of the Lord's Day shall we give to service directly divine. If there be any analogous question it is, rather, how much of it shall we withhold? A suggestion to which the answer obviously is, as much, and as much only, as is required by necessity and by charity or mercy. These are undoubtedly terms of a certain elasticity, but they are quite capable of sufficient interpretation by honest intention and an enlightened conscience. If it be said that religious services are not suited for extension over the whole day, and could only lead to exhaustion and reaction, I would reply that the business of religion is to raise up our entire nature into the image of God, and that this, properly considered, is a large employment—so large; that it might be termed as having no bounds. But the limit will be best determined by maintaining a true breadth of distinction between the idea of the new life and the work of the old. All that admits the direct application of the new spirit, all that most vividly brings home to us the presence of God, all that savors most of emancipation from this earth and its biscentum catenæ, is matter truly proper to the Lord's Day; and what it is in each case the rectified mind and spirit of the Christian must determine. What is essential is that to the new life should belong the flower and vigor of the day. We are born on each Lord's Day morning into a new climate, a new atmosphere; and in that new atmosphere (so to speak), by the law

for its counterpart the act of the Creator's of a renovated nature, the lungs and heart resting; but of the life, and the employ- of the Christian life should spontaneously and continuously drink in the vital air.

It may perhaps be said that this view of the other six days of the week. objection, if only the fact were so. But I believe that, if we search the matter to the bottom, it is found difficult or impossible to reach any other firm foundation for the observance of the Lord's Day. The counter idea is to give a certain portion of the day to work associated with the new life, and to withhold the rest. On what authority, what groundwork of principle, does such an idea rest for its warrant? There is no allocation of a portion, of a quantum, of time weekly for such a purpose, commanded in the Old Testament, none in the New, none in the known practice and tradition of the Church. Would it not seem that this plan savors of will-worship, rather than the other? The observance of the Lord's Day by spiritual service rests, in its inner soul and meaning, not on a mere injunction, but on a principle.

Does, then, that principle import any dishonor to the general law of love, obedience, and conformity to the divine commands, which embraces all days alike without preference or distinction of degree? nothing of the kind. The service of God in this world is an unceasing service, without interval or suspense. But, under the conditions of our physical, intellectual, and social life, a very large portion of that service is necessarily performed within the area which is occupied by this world and its concerns, and within which every Christian grace finds perpetual room for its exercise: but for its exercise under circumstances not allowing the ordinary man, unless in the rarest cases, that nearness of access to the things of God, that directness of assimilation to the divine life, which belongs to a day consecrated by spiritual service. So the grace and compassion of . our Lord have rescued from the open ground of worldly life a portion of that area and have made upon it a vineyard seated on a very fruitful hill, and have fenced it in with this privilege, that, whereas for our six days' work the general rule of direct contact must for the mass of men be with secular affairs, within this happy precinct there is provided, even for that same mass of men, a chartered emancipation; and the general rule is reversed in favor of a direct contact with spiritual things.

I do not enter upon the question how

far the considerations here stated bear it is the bliss of immortality.* Its funda-They do not, all of them, sanctification. Lord's Day. minor commemorations. case of the Lord's Day, though by analogy they are carried very near its substance, the great annual festivals of the Israelites are held to be sometimes comprised under the description of Sabbaths.

own insular case, to diversities of idea Christian Church other than our own.

Lord's Day which has here been sugin a shape more sharply defined. I can-tion. **not here** do better than take refuge under doctors of the Church, I mean Saint Augus-In many places he touches upon the Sabbath. Our Sabbath, he says, is in attention. the heart; in the peace of Christian hope. It is the work of God, not our own.* Our "Sabbatism" is an entry upon that life "which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath the heart of man conceived;

*St. Augustine Enarr. in Psalms xci.

upon the case of festivals other than the mental idea is "rest"—rest inhabited by Ibi sanctificatio, quia ibi seem to fall into the same category, one Spiritus Dei.† The soul can have rest only with another, by reason of the great differ- in God; and the love of God is perfect ence between the determining epochs of sanctification, the Sabbath of Sabbaths. the incarnate life of our Lord and some "Even now my Father works," says our None of them Lord. Yes, but not in carnal work; and are in precise correspondence with the here is the removal of the veil.§ This is case of the Lord's Day, though by analogy the rest promised to the faithful in doing good works, and walking in newness of and fully correspond with its occasion; life, even as God works while He rests. so that we are at once reminded of that What chiefly brings the people together on similar case in the Hebrew records, where the day of rest is hunger for the word of God. The fulness of divine benediction and sanctification is the highest Sabbath.** The Lord's Day anticipates the time when Neither do I advert, as I write for our we shall rest and see, see and love, love and praise, in the end that has no end. # It is and practice prevailing in branches of the undeniable that throughout Saint Augustine treats the day as a whole, that he postu-Finally, the very last idea that I should lates an entire withdrawal from worldly desire to convey is that the idea of the occupation, and that he regards this as the basis of a rest and of an activity which gested, is novel or original. The case is prefigure both of these in heaven. In rather thus: it is an idea which, through more than one place, too, censuring a conthe want of precision in the habitual temporaneous Jewish laxity, he declares thoughts of men, has fallen into the shade, that useful labor on the Day of Rest would and given place to other ideas presented be preferable to the frivolities of recrea-And now, having brought Saint Augustine before the reader to explain the the authority of one of the very greatest basis of Lord's Day observance, I feel that there can be no more appropriate moment for withdrawing myself from his

> * Ibid, Serm. 250, on the Octave of Easter. † Serm. 8, on the Ten Plagues. Serm. 33. on Psalm cxliii. § Pe Genesi, Book I. † Pe Genesi, ad litt., Book IV. ** Peciv. Dei, xxii. 4. 11 Ibid., 5.





"HUMAN DOCUMENTS."

THE RIGHT HON, W. E. GLADSTONE, M. P.

on account of his advanced age, he was serving in it

MR. GLADSTONE was born at Liverpool, December 29, 1809. He has been a member of the House of Commons almost continuously since 1832; and when he resigned the office of prime minister a year ago, teen years, and as in England a prime minister retires the moment the country is not with him, they for the fourth time. His first premiership extended from December, 1868, to February, 1874; the second, has been.



GLADSTONE AT ABOUT SIX YEARS OF AGR, WITH HIS SISTER. From a miniature.





From a painting by George Hayter, reproduced by the kind permission of Sir John Gladstone, Bart. This year Mr. Gladstone had just entered Lincoln's Inn as a student of law, and was serving his first months in Parliament, having received his first election in December, 1832.



MR, GLADSTONE IN 1839. AGE 29.

From a life portrait by Bradley. At this time Mr. Gladstone was of the Opposition in the House of Commons, and acting under the leadership of Sir Robert Peel.

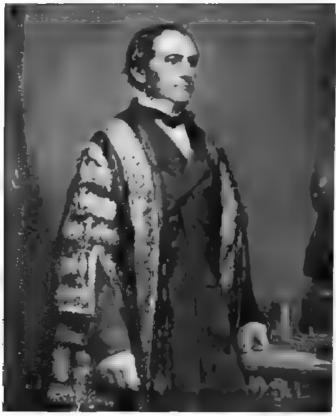
NR. GLADSTONE IN 1842. AGE 31

From a photograph by Fradelle & Young, London, of a chalk drawing by W. B. Richmond In 1841 Sir Robert Peel returned to power, and Mr. Gladstone took office under him as Vice President of the Board of Trade and Master of the Mint.



MR, GLADSTONE IN 1852 AGE 42

From a photograph by Samuel A. Walker, London In 1851 Mr. Gladstone left the Conservative, or Tory party, with which he had theretofore acted, and this year, 1852, in the "Coalition" Ministry of Lord Aberdeen, he became for the first time Chancellor of the Exchequer, an office for which he has many times proved unequalled fitness.

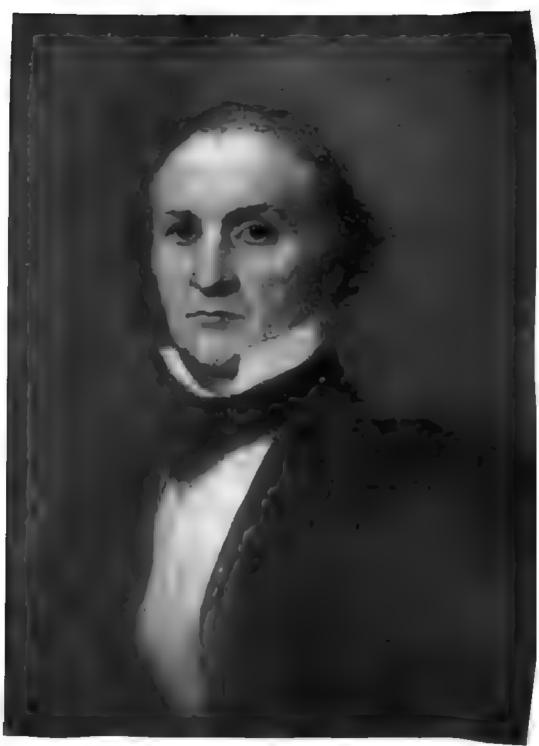


MR. G. ALSTONE IN 1859. AGE 49.

From a photograph by Samuel A. Walker, London. This year, under Lord Palmerston, Mr Gladstone became a second time Chancellor of the Exchequer

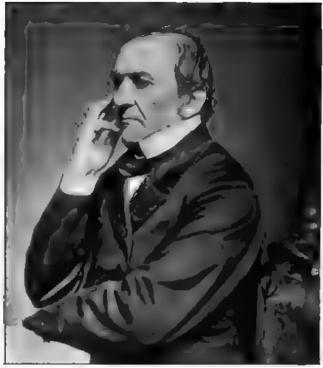


HR. GLADSTONE IN 1865. AGE 55.
From a photograph by Samuel A. Walker, London.



MR. GLADSTONE IN 1865. AGB 55.

From a photograph by Frederick Hollyer, London, of a portrait painted by Sir G. F. Watts. It was the latter part of 1865, on the death of Lord Palmerston, that Mr. Gladstone first became leader of the House of Commons.



MR GLADSTONE IN 1866. AGE 56.

From a photograph by Samuel A. Walker, London. June 18, 1866, Mr. Gladstone, then in his first experience as lender of the House of Commons, suffered defeat on a reform bill, by the Tories under Disraels



MR. GLADSTONE IN 1868. AGE 58.

From a photograph by Samuel A. Walker, London In 1868 Mr. Gladatone secured the defeat of the Diarnell ministry on the disestablishment of the Irish Church, and himself became prime minister for the first time.



MR. GLADSTONE IN 1880, AGE 70.

From a photograph by Samuel A Walker, London This year the Liberals recovered a lost majority in Parliament, Mr Gladstone himself making a famous campaign, and securing election by a famous majority, in Midlothian. Disraeli (now Lord Beaconsfield) and his cabinet resigned, and Mr Gladstone again became prime minister.



MR, GLADSTONE AND HIS GRANDSON (SOK OF HIS ELDEST SON, THE LATE W. H GLADSTONE), 1890, AGE 80.

From a portrait painted by McClure Hamilton, and presented by the ladies of England. Scotland, Wales, and Ireland to Mrs. Gladstone as a souvenir of hers and Mr. Gladstone's golden wedding, celebrated the year before (1884).



MR, GLADSTONE AT 83, WITH HIS GRANDDAUGHTER DOROTHY DREW,

From a photograph by Valentine & Sons, Dundee, taken at Hawarden (Mr Giadstone's country home), October 13, 1893. At this time Parliament was adjourned for a month or two after long and excited debates on the subject of Home Rule for Ireland.



From a photograph by Valentine & Sons, Dundee

A BLIZZARD.

By Mrs. E. V. WILSON.

the broad prairie, with not a tree or a house. Somehow, she felt depressed. harnessed two good horses, the wife standing near, one chubby babe in her arms, dress, and coaxing to "go with papa."

husband, picking up the reins and settling himself comfortably. "Never mind, baby," to the little one, "papa will bring someknow we must have coal and other things.

Good-by."

"Good-by, Tom," said the wife; so, with a word to the horses, her husband drove rapidly off in the direction of the little town, ten miles distant, where they procured

their necessary supplies.

For a little while Margaret Grant Then, as it disapwatched the wagon. peared from her sight behind one of the the door behind her, and, sitting down, employed she did not notice until the striking clock warned her of the flight of time. The baby had fallen asleep in her lap; the other little one, a three-year-old, was busy piling cobs and then upsetting them on the floor. She laid the sleeping child on the bed, and replenishing the fire, which was burning low, went to the door, and, opening it, looked out long and earnestly. Surely the wind was rising and the sky growing gray with clouds. Her heart sank. "He ought not to have gone," she murmured; "but then the coal is nearly out, and the flour, too." She sighed, and, closing the door, went about her work.

West, built their home, cultivated a little of them. Going to the opposite window, patch of ground, entered their one hundred the same great, brown, horned beasts

T was a sod house, a little two-roomed and sixty acres, and, with youth and health affair, with a low roof, and-narrow, and loving hearts, resolved to make to deep-set windows and doors. Far as the themselves an abiding place. Her thoughts eye could reach, on either side, stretched went back to the home they had left. in sight. Yet the group gathered in front not homesick, surely. Tom had often left of the lone house seemed happy enough, her and the children for a day, and now There were four persons—husband, wife, she knew he had been compelled to go, and their two children. The husband was for they must have fuel and food. The seated in a big wagon to which were weather had been so fine, and he so busy breaking ground for his spring crop, that he had already put it off too long. She another, a wee toddler, clinging to her opened the door again. A few flakes of snow were falling. It was getting colder; "Well, Maggie, I must be off," said the the wind was higher. Her heart grew heavy. The baby woke and cried, and the little girl was hungry. She tenderly cared for them, but she could not eat. The food thing pretty to his girlie. Don't be lone- choked her. How dark it was getting, some, wife; I'll be back before night. You and the clock said two P. M.! She looked from the window. How fast the snow was falling! She could see nothing else. "Oh, Tom," she thought, "what a cold, cold ride you will have!" Only a cold ride; no thought of danger crossed her mind. She had heard of the terrible storms on the prairies, but this snowfall, surely, surely, it was not dangerous. But how cold it was getting. She poured more fuel into the stove, and opening the back door, thought great billows that, wave-like, cover the she would go to the little sod stable and great plains, she entered the room, closing attend to the cow before night came on; but she could not see; the snow blinded ployed herself with caring for her little her. Then a sudden feeling of helplessones. How long she had been thus em- ness and terror filled her. Closing the door she sank on her knees and tried to pray.

Night came without bringing her husband. Toward morning she sank into an uneasy slumber, and was awakened by strange noises, a stamping as of many feet, and the air seemed filled with strange, unearthly sounds. She sprang up and opened the door. The snow was still falling, but all round her door it was tramped down by the hoofs of the great crowd of cattle that struggled and bellowed, pushing their way forward, drifting with the wind. They did not notice the open door. She could only see those in front of her, but Only the spring before they had come she knew by the sounds there were many greeted her eyes. It seemed to her hours it up, he read with a faltering voice;

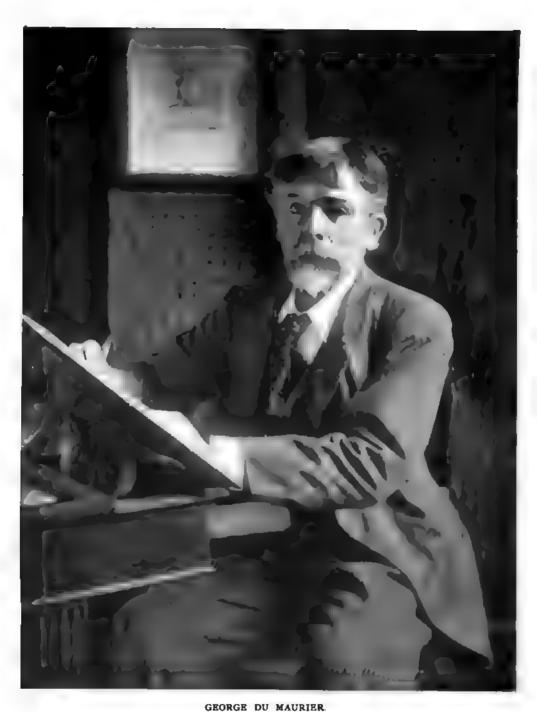
by step through great drifts, they went, his voice could have been heard if he had making, in spite of every effort, but a called aloud. couple of miles; then they were compelled the attention of one of the men. Picking true!

passed before the noise died away, and "Good-by, Tom, I have done all I could, then, how awful the silence that reigned! If you are out in this dreadful storm, God Days passed. A week went by. The help you. I will go to bed with the chil-storm ceased, the sun shone, and the dren." The letters were straggling and dwellers in the little town ten miles away faint, as if the stiffening fingers could bethought them of the settler who had scarcely be guided. Tears rose to the driven out of town with a load of coal at eves of the men as they looked at the bed, noon the day the blizzard set in. They and then out on the snow-covered plain, had warned him, but he would go Wife Somewhere out there, they knew, the body and children were alone, he said, with of the husband and father lay. And a few scanty supply of food and fuel. Men weeks later he was found, not a hundred shook their heads and women sighed, but yards from his home. He had striven to while the storm—an unusual one even reach his loved ones, for he had taken the there-lasted, nothing could be done, and horses from the wagon, ridden on some for some days the deep snow was im- distance, then had dismounted, and tried passable. But when at last a morning to make his way on foot. But all in vain, dawned bright and mild, a half dozen The flying snow had blinded him. There sturdy fellows set out on their difficult were no landmarks. Confused, frozen, he task. On foot, working their way step had fallen and died so near his house that

Ah! these great wide plains! Since the to return home exhausted and half frozen. days when first men crossed them going in Next day they set out again, and just search of gold, leaving the bones of combefore nightfall reached their destination, rades to bleach upon them, how many No sign of life was there They knocked, tragedies have been enacted there, trage-No answer came. Pushing the door open thes of which the world knows nothing! they entered, and, oh, sorrowful sight! on Some day, "when the waste places bloom the bed, dead babies held close in her arms, and the desert has become a garden," lay the dead mother. A scrap of paper on children will listen with wondering eyes the table, with a pencil near it, attracted to tales like this, and ask can they be







From a photograph by Fradelle & Young, taken for McClure's Magazine at Mr. Du Maurier's home.

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THE AUTHOR OF "TRILBY."

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHIC INTERVIEW WITH MR. GEORGE DU MAURIER.

The illustrations in this article are from photographs made especially for McClure's Magazine.

By Robert H. Sherard.



with an inspired

you envy even those who seem most to be pared you admirably. It was pricis writenvied in this world, for in even the hap-ing, and gave you conciseness and repartee piest life . . ." and that was all.

Du Maurier's house is in a quiet little the writer of fiction.' And," added Du street that leads from the open heath Maurier, "I believe Anstey was quite down to the township of Hampstead, a right, now that I come to think of it." street of few houses and of high walls, which is to the left of the entrance door the Venus's armless embrace. stands a large tree. The front door, which opens straight on to the street, is painted white, and is fitted with brass knockers of polished brilliance. As one enters the

I crossed the heath, I just after the threshold is crossed, the passed a group of original of one of Du Maurier's drawings devout people to in "Punch," a drawing concerning two whom, standing "millionnairesses," with the text written among them, a Sal- beneath the picture in careful, almost vation Army girl, lithographic penmanship.

"That was where I received my trainface, was preaching ing in literature," said Du Maurier. "So with great fervor. Anstey pointed out to me the other day, I did not stay to when I told him how surprised I was at listen to her, for the success of my books, considering that George du Maurier I had never written before. 'Never writhad appointed me ten!' he cried out. "Why, my dear Du to meet him at his Maurier, you have been writing all your house at three on life, and the best of writing-practice at that Sunday after- that. Those little dialogues of yours, noon. But as I which week after week you have fitted went my way, I heard the words: "Never to your drawings in 'Punch,' have preand appositeness, and the best qualities of

The waiting-room, or hall, is under an with trees everywhere, and an air of seclu- arch, to the right of the passage which sion and quiet over all. The house stands leads from the door to the staircase, a on the left hand as one walks away from cosy corner on which a large model of the the heath, and is in the angle formed by Venus of Milo looks down. "There is the quiet street and a lane which leads my great admiration," said Du Maurier in down to the high road. It is a house of the evening, as he pointed to the armless bricks overgrown with ivy, with angles goddess, and went on to repeat what Heine and protrusions, and in the little garden has said, and mentioned Heine's desire for

DU MAURIER IN HIS STUDY.

It was in his study that Du Maurier house, one notices on the wall to the left, received me, a large room on the first floor,

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with a square bay window overlooking the century, and still standing in Anjou or quiet street on the right, and a large winlooking in the direction of the heath, facthe light from which is toned down by stands, comfortably equipped and tidy. On a large blotting-pad lay a thin copybook, open, and one could see that the frame stood a large photograph of Du Maurier, and on the other side of the inkstand was a pile of thin copy-books, blue and red. "A fortnight's work on my new novel," said Du Maurier.

A luxurious room it was, with thick carpets and inviting arm-chairs, the walls covmany of the master's drawings in quiet frames. In one corner a water-color por- French saving: trait, by Du Maurier, of Canon Ainger, and, from the same brush, the picture of a lady with a violin, on the wall to the left of the decorative fireplace, from over which, in the place of honor, another, smaller, model of the armless Venus looks down. To the right is a grand piano, and elsewhere other furniture of noticeable style, and curtains, screens, and ornaments. A beautiful room, in fact, and within it is none of the litter of the man of letters or of the painter.

It was here that I first saw Du Maurier, a quiet man of no great stature, who at the first sight of him impresses one as a man who has suffered greatly, haunted by some evil dream or disturbing apprehension. His welcome is gentle and kindly, but he does not smile, even when he is saving a clever and smile-provoking thing,

"You must smoke. One smokes here. It is a studio." Those were amongst the first words that Du Maurier said, and there was hospitality in them and the freemasonry of letters.

DU MAURIER'S FAMILY.

"My full name is George Louis Palmella Busson du Maurier, but we were of very My name Palmella was small nobility. given to me in remembrance of the great friendship between my father's sister and the Duchesse de Palmella, who was the wife of the Portuguese ambassador to France.

Maine, but a brewery to-day. It belonged dow almost reaching to the ceiling, and to our cousins the Auberys, and in the seventeenth century it was the Auberys ing the door. It is under this window, who wore the title of Du Maurier; and an Aubery du Maurier who distinguished himbrown curtains, that Du Maurier's table self in that century was Louis of that name, who was French ambassador to Holland. and was well liked of the great king. The Auberys and the Bussons married and interright page was covered with large, round-married, and I cannot quite say without hand writing, whilst on the left page there referring to family papers—at present at were, in smaller, more precise penmanship, my bank—when the Bussons assumed the corrections, emendations, addenda. In a territorial name of Du Maurier; but my grandfather's name was Robert Mathurin Busson du Maurier, and his name is always followed, in the papers which refer to him. by the title Gentilhomme verrier-gentleman glass-blower. For until the Revolution glass-blowing was a monopoly of the gentilhommes; that is to say, no commoner ered with stamped leather, and hung with might engage in this industry, at that time considered an art. You know the old

> ' Pour souffler un verre Il faut être gentilhomme."

"A year or two ago," continued Du Maurier, "I was over in Paris with Burnand and Furniss, and we went into Notre Dame, and as we were examining some of the gravestones with which one of the aisles is in places laid, I came upon a Busson who had been buried there, and on the stone was carved our coat-of-arms, but it was almost all effaced, and there only remained, clearly distinguishable, the black lion, my black lion." It may be added that the Busson genealogy dates from the twelfth century. Du Maurier, though, does not take the subject of descent too seri-"One is never quite sure," he says, ously. with the shadow of a smile, "about one's descent. So many accidents occur. I made use of many of the names which occur in the papers concerning my family history, in 'Peter Ibbetson.'

" My father was a small rentier, whose income was derived from our glass-works in Anjou. He was born in England, for his father had fled to England to escape the guillotine when the Revolution broke out, and they returned to France in 1816. My grandmother was a bourgeoise. Her name was Bruaire, and she descended from Jean Bart, the admiral. My grandfather was not a rich man. Indeed, whilst he was Our real family name is Busson; the 'Du in England he had mainly to depend on Maurier' comes from the Chateau le the liberality of the British Government, Maurier, built some time in the fifteenth which allowed him a pension of twenty



MR. DIS MAI STRE'S HOUSE ON HAMPSTRAD BRATH.

pounds a year for each member of his illusion which comes upon me with equal family. He died in the post of school- force at each new visit, for I remember the master at Tours.

CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

was married to my father at the British Francis. I used to ask him to take me in Embassy in Paris, and I was born in Paris, his arms and to carry me down-stairs to look on March 6, 1834, in a little house in the at some beautiful birds. I used to think Champs-Elysées. It bore the number 80. that these were real birds each time that I It was afterwards sold by my father, and looked at them, although, in fact, they has since been pulled down. I often look were but painted on the panes, and I had at the spot when I am in Paris and am been told so. I remember another childish walking down the Champs-Elysées, and hallucination. I used to sleep in my parwhat I most regret at such times are the ents' room, and when I turned my face to pine trees which in my childhood used to the wall, a door in the wall used to open, be there—very different from the miser- and a charbonnier, a coal-man, big and black, able, stumpy avenue of to-day. It is a dis- used to come and take me up and carry

trees, and the trees only. Indeed, I only lived in the house of my birth for two years, for in 1836 my parents removed to Belgium, and here I remember with peculiar vivid-"My mother was an Englishwoman, and ness a Belgian man-servant of ours, called

me down a long, winding staircase, into a kitchen, where his wife and children were. and treated me very kindly. In truth, there was neither door, nor charbonnier, It was an hallucination: yet nor kitchen.

it possessed me again and again.

"We stayed three years in Belgium, and when I was five years old I went with my parents to London, where my father took a house—the house which a year later was my home invaded. taken by Charles Dickens—1 Devonshire I best remember that I used to go out riding in the park, on a little pony, escorted by a groom, who led my pony by a strap, and that I did not like to be held in leash this way, and tried to get away. One day when I was grumbling at the groom, he said I was to be a good boy, for there was the Queen surrounded by her lords; and he added: 'Master Georgie, take off your hat to the Queen and all her lords.' And then cantered past a young woman surrounded by horsemen. I waved my hat, and the young woman smiled and kissed her hand to me. It was the Queen and her equer-

Terrace, for my father grew very poor. He was a man of scientific tastes, and lost his money in inventions which never came to anything. So we had to wander forth again, and this time we went to Boulogne, and there we lived in a beautiful house at the top of the Grande Rue. I had sunny hours there, and was very happy. It is a part of my life which I shall describe in one of my books.

the 'Swiss Family Robinson,' and next, 'Robinson Crusoe.' I used to devour

these books.

DU MAURIER A LATE SPEAKER.

"I was a late speaker. My parents must have thought me dumb. And one day I surprised them all by coming out with a long sentence. It was, 'Papa est allé chez le boucher pour acheter de la viande pour maman,' and so astonished everybodv."

George du Maurier has recently again astonished everybody in a similar way, coming forth loud and articulate and strong, after a long silence, which one fancied was to be forever prolonged.

both languages.

"From Boulogne we went to Paris, to live in an apartment on the first floor of the house No. 108 in the Champs-Elysées. The house still stands, but the ground floor is now a café, and the first floor is part of it. I feel sorry when I look up at the windows from which my dear mother's face used to watch for my return from school, and see waiters bustling about and

"I went to school at the age of thirteen, Terrace, Marylebone Road. Of my life here in the Pension Froussard, in the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne. It was kept by a man called Froussard, a splendid fellow. whom I admired immensely and remember with affection and gratitude. He became a deputy after the Revolution of 1848. He was assisted in the school-work by his son, who was also one of the heroes of my youthful days, another splendid fellow. was a lazy lad, with no particular bent, and may say that I worked really hard for one year. I made a number of friends, of course, but of my comrades at the Pension Froussard, only one distinguished himself in after life. He was a big boy, two years my senior. His name was Louis Becque "We only stayed a year in Devonshire de Fouquière. He distinguished himself in literature, and edited André Chénier's poems. His life has recently been written

by Anatole France.

"Yes, I am ashamed to say that I did not distinguish myself at school. I shall write my school life in my new novel 'The Martians.' At the age of seventeen I went up for my bachot, my baccalaureate degree, at the Sorbonne, and was plucked for my written Latin version. It is true "Much of my childhood is related in that my nose began to bleed during the 'Peter Ibbetson.' My favorite book was examination, and that upset me, and, besides, the professor who was in charge of the room had got an idea into his head that I had smuggled a 'crib' in, and kept watching me so carefully that I got neryous and flurried. My poor mother was very vexed with me for my failure, for we were very poor at that time, and it was important that I should do well. father was then in England, and shortly after my discomfiture he wrote for me to join him there. We had not informed him of my failure, and I felt very miserable as I crossed, because I thought that he would be very angry with me. He met me at the landing at London Bridge, and, at the sight of my utterly woe-begone face, guessed the truth, and burst out into a roar of laughter. I think that "We used to speak both French and this roar of laughter gave me the great-English at home, and I was brought up in est pleasure I ever experienced in all my

A CONTEST FOR DU MAURIER BETWEEN indeed, never once alluded to it. He had SCIENCE AND THE ARTS.

"You see my father was a scientific man, and hated everything that was not science, Chemical Laboratory of University Coland despised all books, the classics not less than others, which were not on scientific subjects. I, on the other hand, was fond most unsatisfactory pupil, for I took no of books-of some books, at least. When interest at all in the work, and spent almost I was quite a boy, I was enthusiastic about all my time in drawing caricatures. Byron, and used to readout 'The Giaour' and drew all my life, I may say; it was my 'Don Juan' to my mother for hours together, I knew the slupwreck scene in 'Don Juan' by heart, and recited it again and again; tory student at chemistry, but he was and though my admiration for Byron has greatly amused with my caricatures, and passed, I still greatly delight in that magson, for whom my admiration has never burne was a revelation to me. When his

for my failure in the bachot examination, made up his mind that I was intended for a scientist, and determined to make me one, So he put me as a pupil at the Birkbeck lege, where I studied chemistry under Dr. Williamson I am afraid that I was a favorite occupation and pastime. Dr. Williamson thought me a very unsatisfacwe got on very well together,

nificent passage. I can recite every word "My ambition at that time was to go of it even now. Then came Shelley, for in for music and singing, but my father whom my love has lasted, and then Tenny-objected very strongly to this wish of mine, and invariably discouraged it. My wavered, and will last all my life, though father, I must tell you, possessed himself now I qualify him with Browning. Swin- the sweetest, most beautiful voice that I have ever heard; and, if he had taken up 'Poems and Ballads' appeared, I was lit-singing as a profession, would most certainly erally frantic about him, but that has worn have been the greatest singer of his time, Indeed, in his youth he had studied music "My father, then, never reproached me for some time at the Paris Conservatoire,



THE DRAWING-ROOM IN MR. DU MAURIER'S HOUSE. From a photograph by Fradelle & Young, London.

but his family objected to his following the profession, for they were Legitimists and strong Catholics, and you know in what contempt the stage was held at the beginning of this century. It is a pity, for there were millions in his throat

"We were all musical in our family: my father, my sister (the sister who married Clement Scott, a most gifted pianiste), and then invself. I was at that time crazy about music, and used to practise my voice wherever and whenever I could, even on the tops of ommbuses. But my father always discouraged me. I remember one night we were crossing Smithfield Market together, and I was talking to my father about music 'I am sure that I could become a singer, I said, and if you like I will prove it to you. I have my tuning-fork in my pocket. Shall I show you my \?'

"'Yes,' said my father, 'I should like to hear your idea. of an A.' So I sang the note My father laughed 'Do you call that an A? Let me show you how to sing it' And then and there rang out a note. of music, low and sweet at the outset, and swearing as it went, till it seemed to fill al. Smith-

est sound that my ears have ever heard.

been a great delight to me, and until spoiled my voice by eigarette-smoking.

world almost with music on his lips,

for two years, that is to say till (854, when report likely to further tempt the public.



MR OF MAULIER AT HIS DRAW NOTABLE. From a phot graph by Fradelle & Young, London.

field with divine melody. I can never for- my father, who was still convinced that I get that scene, rever; the dark night, the had a great future before me in the pursuit lonely place, and that wave of the sweet- of science, set me up on my account in a chemical laboratory in Bard's Yard, "Sometime later my father relented and Bucklersbury, in the city. The house is still gave me a few masic lessons. I won him there; I saw it a few days ago. It was a over by showing him a drawing which I fine laboratory, for my father being a poor had produced in Wilhamson's class-room, man naturally fitted it up in the most in which I was represented bowing grace- expensive style, with all sorts of instrufully in a knowledgment of the applause ments. In the midst of my brightly-polof an andience whom I had electrified with ished apparatus here I sat, and in the long my musical talents. Music has always intervals between business drew and drew,

"The only occasion on which the sage recently I could sing well. But I have of Bard's Yard was able to render any real service to humanity was when he was "My poor father, I may add, as I am engaged by the directors of a company for speaking of his musical powers, died-in working certain gold mines in Devonshire my arms—as he was singing one of Count, which were being greatly 'boomed,' and de Segur's drinking songs. He left this to which the public was subscribing heavily, to go down to Devonshire to assay the ore. "I remained at the Birkbeck Laboratory I fancy they expected me to send them a If this was their expectation they were my joyous Quartier Latin days, spent in mistaken; for after a few experiments, I the charming society of Poynter, Whistler, went back to town and told them that Armstrong, Lamont, and others. I have there was not a vestige of gold in the ore. described Gleyre's studio in 'Trilby.' For The directors were of course very dissatisfied with this statement, and insisted on my returning to Devonshire to make further investigation. I went and had a good time of it down in the country, for the miners were very jolly fellows; but I was unable only one year, for in 1857 we went to to satisfy my employers, and sent up a report which showed the public that the werp Academy under De Keyser and Van whole thing was a swindle, and so saved a Lerius. And it was on a day in Van Lerigood many people from loss,

ADOPTS ART AS A PROFESSION-THE LOSS OF HIS EYE.

"My poor father died in 1856, and at the age of twenty-two I returned to Paris and went to live with my mother in the Rue Paradis-Poissonnière. We were very poor, and very dull and dismal it was. However, it was not long before I entered upon what was the best time of my life, That is when, having decided to follow art as a profession, I entered Gleyre's studio eye, I learned what had happened. My

Glevre I had a great admiration, and at that time thought his 'Illusions Perdues' a veritable masterpiece, though I hardly think so now.

"My happy Quartier Latin life lasted Antwerp, and here I worked at the Antus's studio that the great tragedy of my life occurred."

The voice of Du Maurier, who till then had been chatting with animation, suddenly fell, and over the face came an indefinable expression of mingled terror and anger and sorrow.

"I was drawing from a model, when suddenly the girl's head seemed to me to dwindle to the size of a walnut. I clapped my hand over my left eye. Had I been mistaken? I could see as well as ever, But when in its turn I covered my right to study drawing and painting. Those were left eye had failed me; it might be alto-



MR. DU MAURIER'S STUDIO IN HIS HOUSE AT HAMPSTEAD HEATH, From a photograph by Fradelle & Young, London.

I was as thunderstruck. Seeing my diswhat might be the matter; and when I told a photographer's studio. had had that himself, and so on. And a doctor whom I anxiously consulted that same day comforted me, and said that the accident was a passing one. However, my eye grew worse and worse, and the fear of total blindness beset me constantly."

It was with a movement akin to a shudder that Du Maurier spoke these words, and my mind went back to what I had heard from the girl-preacher as I crossed the heath, as in the same low tones and with the same indefinable expression he continued:

"That was the most tragic event of my It has poisoned all my existence."

Du Maurier, as though to shake off a troubling obsession, rose from his chair, and walked about the room, cigarette in hand.

"In the spring of 1859 we heard of a great specialist who lived in Düsseldorf, and we went to see him. He examined my eyes, and he said that though the left eye was certainly lost, I had no reason to fear losing the other, but that I must be very careful, and not drink beer, and not eat cheese, and so on. It was very comforting to know that I was not to be blind, CONNECTION WITH "PUNCH"—A GLIMPSE but I have never quite shaken off the terror of that apprehension.

MAKING HIS OWN WAY IN LIFE.

"In the following year I felt that the time had come for me to earn my own living, and so one day I asked my mother to give me ten pounds to enable me to go to London, and told her that I should never ask her for any more money. She did not want me to go, and as to never asking for money, she begged me not to make any such resolution. Poor woman, she would have given me her last penny. But it happened that I never had occasion to ask her assistance; on the contrary, the time came when I was able to add to the comforts of her existence.

Newman Street, where I shared rooms with fused. I was too diffident. I was so Whistler. I afterwards moved to rooms in little, and he was so great. But all that Earl's Terrace, in the house where Walter evening I remained as close to him as Pater died. I began contributing to 'Once possible, greedily listening to his words. a Week' and to 'Punch' very soon after my I remember that during the evening an

gether lost. It was so sudden a blow that drawing was at the time. My first drawing in 'Punch' appeared in June, 1860, and may, Van Lerius came up and asked me represented Whistler and myself going into The photoghim, he said that it was nothing, that he rapher is very angry with us for smoking. and says that his is not an ordinary studio. where one smokes and is disorderly.

"My life was a very prosperous one from the outset in London. I was married in 1863, and my wife and I never once knew financial troubles. My only trouble has been my fear about my eyes. Apart from that I have been very happy."

As Du Maurier was speaking, his second son, Charles, a tall, handsome youth of distinguished manners, entered the room.

"Ah, that is the 'Mummer,' as we call him," said Du Maurier. "Charles is playing in 'Money' at the Garrick, and doing well. He draws three pounds a week, and that's more than my eldest son, who is in the army, is earning."

The conversation turned on the stage. "When I went to consult my old friend John Hare about letting Charles go on the stage," said Du Maurier, "Hare said that provided one can get to the top of the tree, the stage is the most delightful profession; but that for the actor who only succeeds moderately, it is the most miserable, pothouse existence imaginable.

OF THACKERAY.

"Most of the jokes in 'Punch' are my own, but a good many are sent to me, which I twist and turn into form, Postlethwaite, Bunthorne, Mrs. Ponsonby Tomkyns, Sir Georgeous Midas, and the other characters associated with my drawings, are all my own creations.

"I have made many interesting friends during my long life in London, and the lecture which I have delivered all over England contains many anecdotes about them. I never met Charles Dickens to speak to him, and only saw him once; that was at Leech's funeral. Thackeray I also met only once, at the house of Mrs. Sartoris. Mrs. Sartoris, who was Adelaide Kemble, and Hamilton Aïdé, who knew of my immense admiration for Thackeray, "My first lodging in London was in wanted to introduce me to him, but I rearrival in London, and shockingly bad my American came up to him-rather a common sort of man-and claimed acquaint- write are curious. I was walking one cordially, and invited him to dinner. I the High Street in Bayswater-I had envied that American. And my admira- made James's acquaintance much in the tion for Thackeray increased when, as it same way as I have made yours. James was getting late, he turned to his two said that he had great difficulty in finding daughters, Minnie and Annie, and said to plots for his stories, 'Plots!' I exclaimed, them, 'Allons, mesdemoiselles, il est temps de 'I am full of plots;' and I went on to s'en aller,' with the best French accent I tell him the plot of 'Trilby,' 'But you have ever heard in an Englishman's ought to write that story, cried James, mouth.

mates; my master, I may say, for to some extent my work was modelled on his. I spent the autumn of the year which preceded his death with him at Whitby. He was not very funny, but was kind, amiable, and genial, a delightful man.

"I shall never forget the scene at his funeral. Dean Hole was officiating, and as the first sod fell with a sounding thud on the coffin of our dear, dear friend, Millais. who was standing on the edge of the grave, burst out sobbing. It was as a signal, for, the moment

memorable sight."

NOVEL-WRITING-THE PLOT OF "TRILBY" chapter of 'Peter Ibbetson." OFFERED TO HENRY JAMES.

The circumstances under which I came to deed, this 'boom' rather distresses me

Thackeray received him most evening with Henry James up and down 'I can't write,' I said, 'I have never writ-"Leech was, of course, one of my inti- ten. If you like the plot so much you may

> take it.' But lames would not take it: he said it was too valuable a present, and that I must write the story myself.

> "Well, on reaching home that night I set to work, and by the next morning I had written the first two numbers of 'Peter Ibbetson.' It seemed all to flow from my pen, without effort, in a full stream. But I thought it must be poor stuff, and I determined to look for an omen to learn whether anv success would attend this new departure. So I walked out into the garden.



AN ALCOVE IN THE DRAWING-BOOM OF DE MAUNIFIE'S HOUSE From a photograph by Fradelle & Young, London.

after, each man in that great concourse and the very first thing that I saw was a of mourners was sobbing also. It was a large wheelbarrow, and that comforted me and reassured me; for, as you will remember, there is a wheelbarrow in the first

"Some time later I was dining with Osgood, and he said, 'I hear, Du Maurier, Then, going on to speak of his literary that you are writing stories,' and asked work, Du Maurier said, "Nobody more me to let him see something. So 'Peter than myself was surprised at the great Ibbetson' was sent over to America and success of my novels. I never expected was accepted at once. Then 'Trilby' anything of the sort. I did not know followed, and the 'boom' came, a 'boom' that I could write. I had no idea that I which surprised me immensely, for I never had had any experiences worth recording, took myself an strienx as a novelist. Inwhen I reflect that Thackeray never had a 'boom,' And I hold that a 'boom' means nothing as a sign of literary excellence, nothing but money."

Du Maurier writes at irregular intervals, and in such moments as he can snatch from his "Punch" work. "For," he says, "I am taking more pains than ever over my drawing' And so saying, he fetched an album in which he showed me the elaborate preparation, in the way of studies

ally write on the top of the piano, standing, smile. and I never look at my manuscript as I will be finished.

A summons from Mrs, du Maurier to one seemed to recognize. Over the mantel comes every Friday, three portraits of Da Maurier's children, "Punch," "It has been hawked round all to him the gates of a new career, over America and England," said Du Mauplaces, but nobody would buy it."

A MAN AT HIS BEST AFTER FORTY.

the conversation touched on many things, present good fortune.



D. MAURIER'S 25 NATURE 1 48 CARSES, MONG WITH THE SIG-NAT RES OF OTHER MEMBERS OF THE "PUNCH" STAFF, ON THE TABLE FROM WHICH THE WEEKLY "TENCH" DINNER IS BATEN.

"Every book which is worth anything," said Du Maurier, "has had its original life." And again, "I think that the best years in a man's life are after he is forty. So Trollope used to say. Does Daudet say so too? A man at forty has ceased to hunt the moon. I would add that in order to enjoy life after forty, it is perhaps necessary to have achieved, before reaching that age, at least some success," He spoke of the letters he has been receiving since the "boom."

and sketches, for a cartoon which was to and said that on an average he received appear in a week or two in his paper. One five letters a day from America, of a most figure, from a female model, had been flattering description, "Some of my corredrawn several times. There was here the spondents, however, don't give a man his infinite capacity for taking pains. "I usu- 'du'," he remarked, with a shadow of a

Du Maurier speaks willingly and enthuwrite, partly to spare my eyes, and partly siastically about literature. He is an because the writing seems literally to flow ardent admirer of Stevenson, and quoted from my pen. My best time is just after with gusto the passage in "Kidnapped" lunch. My writing is frequently inter- where the scene between David Balfour rupted, and I walk about the studio and and Cluny is described, "One would have smoke, and then back to the manuscript to look at one's guests," he said, "before once more. Afterwards I revise, very care-inviting them, if not precisely satisfied fully now, for I am taking great pains with with one's hospitality, to step outside and my new book 'The Martians' is to be a take their measure. Imagine me proposing very long book, and I cannot say when it such an arrangement to a giant like Val Prinsep,"

The day on which he is able to devote the drawing-room, where tea was served, most time to writing is Thursday. "Cest here interrupted the conversation. A com- mon grand jour." On Wednesdays he is fortable room, with amiable people whom engaged with a model; a female model

It is characteristic of the man that he by himself "Les voilà," he said, not with- should work with such renewed applica-Above these a water-color from at his old craft, in spite of the fact picture of the character of the drawings in that circumstances have thrown wide open

He reminds one as to physique, and in rier of this picture, "at exhibitions and certain manifestations of a very nervous temperament, of another giant worker, whose name is Emile Zola,

But he is altogether original and himself, a strong and striking individuality, a Over the fire in the comfortable room man altogether deserving of his past and

RECOLLECTIONS OF CAPTAIN WILKIE.

A STORY OF AN OLD OFFENDER.

By A. CONAN DOYLE.

Dover Railway.

I had been so full of the fact that my be a good long-range marksman. bidly sensitive about their travelling companions. It was rather an agreeable surprise to me to find that there was some I therefore pulled my tedious journey. from beneath it at my vis-a-vis, and repeated to myself: "Who can he be?"

able to spot a man's trade or profession by a good look at his exterior. I had the adart, who used to electrify both his patients and his clinical classes by long shots, sometimes at the most unlikely of pur-"Well, my man," I have heard him say, "I can see by your fingers that you play suggestive of samples." some musical instrument for your livelihood, but it is a rather curious one; something quite out of my line." The man afterwards informed us that he earned a few coppers by blowing "Rule Britannia" on a coffee-pot, the spout of which was pierced to form a rough flute. Though a novice in the art, I was still able to astonish my ward companions on occasion, and I never lost an opportunity of practising. of me.

gar; fairly opulent and extremely self-pos- tion; so I formed a provisional diagnosis

TX/HO can he be?" thought I, as I sessed; looks like a man who could outwatched my companion in the sec- chaff a bargee, and yet be at his ease in ond-class carriage of the London and middle-class society. Eyes well set together and nose rather prominent; would long-expected holiday had come at last, flabby, but the softness of expression reand that for a few days, at least, the gay- deemed by a square-cut jaw and a well-set eties of Paris were about to supersede the lower lip. On the whole, a powerful type. dull routine of the hospital wards, that we Now for the hands-rather disappointed were well out of London before I observed there. Thought he was a self-made man that I was not alone in the compartment. by the look of him, but there is no callous In these days we have all pretty well in the palm and no thickness at the joints. agreed that "three is company and two is Has never been engaged in any real physnone" upon the railway. At the time I ical work, I should think. No tanning on write of, however, people were not so mor- the backs of the hands; on the contrary, they are very white, with blue projecting veins and long, delicate fingers. Couldn't be an artist with that face, and yet he has chance of whiling away the hours of a the hands of a man engaged in delicate manipulations. No red acid spots upon cap down over my eyes, took a good look his clothes, no ink stains, no nitrate of silver marks upon the hands (this helps to negative my half-formed opinion that he I used rather to pride myself on being was a photographer). Clothes not worn in any particular part. Coat made of tweed, and fairly old; but the left elbow, Coat made of vantage of studying under a master of the as far as I can see it, has as much of the fluff left on as the right, which is seldom the case with men who do much writing. Might be a commercial traveller, but the suits; and never very far from the mark. little pocketbook in the waistcoat is wanting, nor has he any of those handy valises

I give these brief headings of my ideas merely to demonstrate my method of arriving at a conclusion. As yet I had obtained nothing but negative results; but now, to use a chemical metaphor, I was in a position to pour off this solution of dissolved possibilities and examine the residue. I found myself reduced to a very limited number of occupations. He was neither a lawyer nor a clergyman, in spite of a soft It was not mere curiosity, then, which led felt hat, and a somewhat clerical cut about me to lean back on the cushions and an- the necktie. I was wavering now between alyze the quiet middle-aged man in front pawnbroker and horsedealer; but there was too much character about his face for I used to do the thing systematically, the former, and he lacked that extraorand my train of reflections ran somewhat dinary equine atmosphere which hangs in this wise: "General appearance, vul- about the latter even in his hours of relaxa-

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deference to his hat and necktie.

Pray, do not think that I reasoned it out root. like this in my own mind. It is only now, had formed my conclusion within sixty the whiff of your weed. Tell me, ejaculation with which my narrative begins. stock of me so carefully before you spoke?"

I did not feel quite satisfied even then ing question would—to pursue my chemical analogy—act as my litmus paper, I determined to try one. There was a neglected.

No you mind my looking at your

paper?" I asked.

urbanely, handing it across.

rested upon the list of the latest betting.

upon the favorite for the Cambridgeshire. time.' But perhaps," I added, looking up, "you are not interested in these matters?

"Snares, sir!" said he violently; "wiles of the enemy! Mortals are but given a few years to live; how can they squander them so? They have not even an eye to spirit. It's as if I was talking of some their poor worldly interests," he added in other man, you see." a quieter tone, "or they would never back field of thirty."

than in its perusal.

"You speak as if you understood the

matter, at any rate," I remarked.

"Yes, sir," he answered; "few men in England understood these things better in the old days before I changed my profession. But that is all over now."

interrogatively.

"Yes; I changed my name, too."

"Indeed?" said I.

fresh start when his eyes become opened, speak. Then he gets a fair chance.

There was a short pause here, as I call good men all through." seemed to be on delicate ground in touch-

of betting man of methodistical persua- ing on my companion's antecedents, and sions, the latter clause being inserted in he did not volunteer any information. I broke the silence by offering him a che-

"No, thanks," said he; "I have given sitting down with pen and paper, that I up tobacco. It was the hardest wrench can see the successive steps. As it was, I of all, was that. It does me good to smell seconds of the time when I drew my hat added suddenly, looking hard at me with down over my eyes and uttered the mental his shrewd gray eyes, "why did you take

"It is a habit of mine," said I. "I am with my deduction. However, as a lead- a medical man, and observation is everything in my profession. I had no idea

you were looking."

"I can see without looking," he an-"Times" lying by my companion, and I swered. "I thought you were a detective. thought the opportunity too good to be at first; but I couldn't recall your face at the time I knew the force."

"Were you a detective, then?" said I.

"No," he answered, with a laugh; "I "Certainly, sir, certainly," said he most was the other thing—the detected, you know. Old scores are wiped out now. I glanced down its columns until my eye and the law cannot touch me; so I don't mind confessing to a gentleman like your-"Hullo!" I said, "they are laying odds self what a scoundrel I have been in my

"We are none of us perfect," said I.

"No; but I was a real out-and-outer. 'fake,' you know, to start with, and afterwards a 'cracksman.' It is easy to talk of these things now, for I've changed my

"Exactly so," said I. Being a medical a single horse at such short odds with a man, I had none of that shrinking from crime and criminals which many men pos-There was something in this speech of sess. I could make all allowances for his which tickled me immensely. I sup- congenital influence and the force of pose it was the odd way in which he circumstances. No company, therefore, blended religious intolerance with worldly could have been more acceptable to me wisdom. I laid the "Times" aside with than that of the old malefactor; and as I the conviction that I should be able to sat puffing at my cigar, I was delighted spend the next two hours to better purpose to observe that my air of interest was

gradually loosening his tongue.

"Yes; I'm converted now," he continued, "and of course I am a happier man for that. And yet," he added wistfully, "there are times when I long for the old trade again, and fancy myself strolling out on a cloudy night with my "Changed your profession?" said I, jimmy in my pocket. I left a name behind me in my profession, sir. I was one of the old school, you know. It was very seldom that we bungled a job. We used "Yes; you see, a man wants a real to begin at the foot of the ladder, the rope ladder, if I may say so, in my younger so he has a new deal all round, so to days, and then work our way up, step by step, so that we were what you might

" I see," said I.

"I was always reckoned a hard-work- another job I was in. To this day. I ing, conscientious man, and had talent, cannot think about it without laughing. too; the very cleverest of them allowed that. I began as a blacksmith, and then to listen. did a little engineering and carpentering. and then I took to sleight-of-hand tricks. There are few of an office in the City. line of business, though."

"I suppose it is a matter of practice?"

I remarked.

"To a great extent. Still, a man never quite loses it, if he has once been an adept cigar ash on your coat," and he waved his hand politely in front of my breast, as if to brush it off. "There," he said, handing me my gold scarf pin, "you see I have not forgot my old cunning yet."

He had done it so quickly that I hardly saw the hand whisk over my bosom, nor did I feel his fingers touch me, and vet there was the pin glittering in his hand.

in its place.

"Oh, that's nothing! But I have been in some really smart jobs. I was in the gang that picked the new patent safe. You remember the case. It was guaranwithin a week of its appearance. It was done with graduated wedges, sir, the first so small that you could hardly see it against the light, and the last strong said I. 'I think I can lay my hands on it." enough to prize it open. It was a clever managed affair."

"I remember it," said I. "But surely some one was convicted for that?"

"Yes, one was nabbed. But he didn't split, nor even let on how it was done. We'd have cut his soul out if—" He sud--denly damped down the very ugly fires hard on you. Hand it over, and here is which were peeping from his eyes. "Perhaps I am boring you, talking about these old wicked days of mine?"

"On the contrary," I said, "you interest

me extremely."

"I like to get a listener I can trust. It's lighter after it. When I am among my brethren I dare hardly think of what has gone before. Now I'll tell you about

I lit another cigar, and composed myself

"It was when I was a voungster," said he. "There was a big City man in those and then to picking pockets. I remember, days who was known to have a very valwhen I was home on a visit, how my poor uable gold watch. I followed him about old father used to wonder why I was for several days before I could get a always hovering around him. He little chance; but when I did get one, you may knew that I used to clear everything out be sure I did not throw it away. He of his pockets a dozen times a day, and found, to his disgust, when he got home then replace them, just to keep my hand that day, that there was nothing in his fob. He believes to this day that I am in I hurried off with my prize, and got it stowed away in safety, intending to have them could touch me in that particular it melted down next day. Now, it happened that this watch possessed a special value in the owner's eyes because it was a sort of ancestral possession-presented by his father on coming of age, or something of that sort. I remember there was a long excuse me; you have dropped some inscription on the back. He was determined not to lose it if he could help it, and accordingly he put an advertisement in an evening paper, offering thirty pounds reward for its return, and promising that no questions should be asked. He gave the address of his house, 31 Caroline Square, at the end of the advertisement. The thing sounded good enough, so I set off for Caroline Square, leaving the watch "It is wonderful," I said as I fixed it again in a parcel at a public house which I passed on the way. When I got there, the gentleman was at dinner; but he came out quick enough when he heard that a young man wanted to see him. I suppose he guessed who the young man would teed to resist anything; and we managed prove to be. He was a genial-looking old to open the first that was ever issued, fellow, and he led me away with him into

"'Well, my lad,' said he, 'what is it?' "'I've come about that watch of yours,"

"'Oh, it was you that took it!' said he. "'No,' I answered; 'I know nothing whatever about how you lost it. I have been sent by another party to see you Even if you have me arrested about it. you will not find out anything.'

"'Well,' he said, 'I don't want to be

my check for the amount.

"'Checks won't do, said I; 'I must have it in gold.'

"'It would take an hour or so to collect

in gold,' said he.

"'That will just suit,' I answered, 'for a sort of blow-off, you know, and I feel I have not got the watch with me. I'll go back and fetch it, while you raise the money.'

"I started off and got the watch where

I had left it. When I came back, the old would be something to fall back upon gentleman was sitting behind his study

pushed it over.

"'Here is your watch,' said I.

"He was evidently delighted to get it back; and after examining it carefully, and assuring himself that it was none the worse, he put it into the watch-pocket of his coat with a grunt of satisfaction.

"'Now, my lad,' he said, 'I know it was you that took the watch. Tell me how you did it, and I don't mind giving you an

extra five-pound note.

"'I wouldn't tell you in any case,' said I; 'but especially I wouldn't tell you when you have a witness hid behind that curtain.' You see, I had all my wits about me, and it didn't escape me that the curtain was drawn tighter than it had been before.

your money, and that's an end of it. I'll mained in the young lady's pocket. take precious good care you don't get marched towards a cupboard. gentleman took to find it out, but in passpocket for the second time, and next morning the family heirloom was in the meltingpot, after all. That wasn't bad, was it?""

ance of his misdeeds. He seemed pleased glary." at the astonishment and amusement I ex-

pressed at his adroitness.

"Yes," he continued with a laugh, "it lies all the other way. Even the sharpest is tame in comparison! the time."

"Pray let me hear it," said I.

"Well, it is hard lines telling stories against one's self, but this was how it hap- the reverse," I remarked. pened: I had made a rather good haul,

when all the ready was gone and times table, with the little heap of gold in front were hard. I had just purchased it, and was going back to my lodgings in the om-"'Here is your money,' he said, and nibus, when, as luck would have it, a very stylishly-dressed young lady came in and took her seat beside me. I didn't pay much attention to her at first: but after a time something hard in her dress knocked up against my hand, which my experienced touch soon made out to be a purse. struck me that I could not pass the time more profitably or agreeably than by making this purse my own. I had to do it very carefully; but I managed at last to wriggle my hand into her rather light pocket, and I thought the job was over. Just at this moment she rose abruptly to leave the 'bus, and I had hardly time to get my hand with the purse in it out of her pocket without detection. It was not until she had been gone some time that I found out that in drawing out my hand in "'You are too sharp for us,' said he, that hurried manner the new and ill-fitting good-humoredly. 'Well, you have got ring had slipped over my finger and resprang out and ran in the direction in hold of my watch again in a hurry. Good which she had gone with the intention of night—no; not that door, he added as I picking her pocket once again. She had dis-'This is appeared, however; and from that day till the door,' and he stood up and opened it. this I have never set eyes on her. To make I brushed past him, opened the hall door, the matter worse, there was only four and was round the corner of the square in pence half-penny in coppers inside the no time. I don't know how long the old purse. Sarve me right for trying to rob such a pretty girl; still, if I had that two ing him at the door, I managed to pick his hundred quid now I should not be reduced to-Good heavens, forgive me! What am I saying?"

He seemed inclined to relapse into si-The old war-horse had evidently forgot-lence after this; but I was determined to ten all about his conversion now. There draw him out a little more, if I could poswas a tone of triumph in the conclusion of sibly manage it. "There is less personal his anecdote which showed that his pride risk in the branch you have been talking in his smartness far surpassed his repent- of," I remarked, "than there is in bur-

"Ah!" he said, warming to his subject once again, "it is the higher game which is best worth aiming at. Talk about sport. was a capital joke. But sometimes the fun sir, talk about fishing or hunting! Why, it Think of the of us come to grief at times. There was great country house with its men-servants one rather curious incident which occurred and its dogs and its firearms, and you with in my career. You may possibly have only your jimmy and your centre bit, and seen the anecdote, for it got into print at your mother wit, which is best of all. It is the triumph of intellect over brute force. sir, as represented by bolts and bars."

"People generally look upon it as quite

"I was never one of those blundering and invested some of the swag in buying life-preserver fellows," said my companion. a very fine diamond ring. I thought it "I did try my hand at garroting once; but it was against my principles, and I gave it up. I have tried everything. have been a bedridden widow with three young children; but I do object to phys-

"You have been what?" said L

"A bedridden widow. Advertising, you know, and getting subscriptions. I have tried them all. You seem interested in these experiences," he continued, "so I will tell you another anecdote. It was the narrowest escape from penal servitude that ever I had in my life. A pal and I had gone down on a country beat - it doesn't signify where it was -and taken up our headquarters in a little provincial town. Somehow it got noised abroad that we were there, and householders were warned to be careful, as suspicious characters had been seen in the neighborhood. We should have changed our plans when we saw the game was up; but my chum was a plucky fellow, and wouldn't consent to back down. Poor little Jim! He was only thirty-four round the chest, and about twelve at the biceps; but there is not a measuring-tape in England could have given the size of his heart. He said we were in for it, and we must stick to it; so I agreed to stay, and we chose Morley Hall, the country house of a certain Colonel Morley, to begin with.

" Now this Colonel Morley was about the last man in the world that we should have meddled with. He was a shrewd, coolheaded fellow, who had knocked about and seen the world, and it seems that he took a special pride in the detection of criminals. However, we knew nothing of all this at that time; so we set forth hopefully

to have a try at the house.

"The reason that made us pick him out among the rest was that he had a goodfor-nothing groom, who was a tool in our hands. This fellow had drawn up a rough plan of the premises for us. The place considerably small, as you may imagine. was pretty well locked up and guarded, and the only weak point we could see was a certain trap-door, the padlock of which was broken, and which opened from the roof into one of the lumber-rooms. If we could only find any method of reaching the roof, we might force a way securely from above. We both thought the plan rather a good one, and it had a spice of originality about it which pleased us. is not the mere jewels or plate, you know, that a good cracksman thinks about. The neatness of the job and his reputation for smartness are almost as important in his eyes.

"We had been very quiet for a day or two, just to let suspicion die away. Then we set out one dark night, Jim and I, and got over the avenue railings and up to the house without meeting a soul. It was blowing hard, I remember, and the clouds were hurrying across the sky. We had a good look at the front of the house, and then Jim went round to the garden side. He came running back in a minute or two in a great state of delight. 'Why, Bill,' he said, gripping me by the arm, 'there never was such a bit of luck! They've been repairing the roof or something, and they've left the ladder standing.' We went round together, and there, sure enough, was the ladder towering above our heads, and one or two laborers' hods lying about, which showed that some work had been going on during the day. We had a good look round, to see that everything was quiet, and then we climbed up, Jim first and 1 after him. We got to the top, and were sitting on the slates, having a bit of a breather before beginning business, when you can fancy our feelings to see the ladder that we came up by suddenly stand straight up in the air, and then slowly descend until it rested in the garden below. At first we hoped it might have slipped, though that was bad enough; but we soon had that idea put out of our heads,

"'Hullo, up there!' cried a voice from

"We craned our heads over the edge, and there was a man, dressed, as far as we could make out, in evening dress, and standing in the middle of the grass plot. We kept quiet,

"'Hullo!' he shouted again. 'How do you feel yourself? Pretty comfortable, You London rogues Ha! ha! ch? thought we were green in the country. What's your opinion now?"

"We both lay still, though feeling pretty

"" It's all right; I see you," he continued. Why, I have been waiting behind that lilac bush every night for the last week, expecting to see you. I knew you couldn't resist going up that ladder, when you found the windows were too much for you.—Joe! Toe!

"'Yes, sir,' said a voice, and another man came from among the bushes.

"' Just you keep your eye on the roof, will you, while I ride down to the station and fetch up a couple of constables? -Aurevoir, gentlemen! You don't mind waiting, I suppose?' And Colonel Morley-for it was the owner of the house himselfstrode off: and in a few minutes we heard colonel a couple of years before, and that the rattle of his horse's hoofs going down if the colonel would ride over they would the avenue.

may imagine. It wasn't so much having been nabbed that bothered us, as the feeling of being caught in such a simple trap. We looked at each other in blank disgust, and then, to save our lives, we couldn't help bursting into laughter at our own fix. However, it was no laughing matter; so we set to work going around the roof, and seeing if there was a likely water-pipe or anything that might give us a chance of escape. We had to give it up as a bad job: so we sat down again, and made up our minds to the worst. Suddenly an idea flashed into my head, and I groped my way over the roof until I felt wood under my feet. I bent down and found that the colonel had actually forgotten to secure the padlock! You will often notice, as you go through life, that it is the shrewdest most absurd mistakes; and this was an **example** of it. You may guess that we did not lose much time, for we expected to hear the constables every moment. dropped through into the lumber-room, slipped downstairs, tore open the library shutters, and were out and away before the astonished groom could make out There wasn't time what had happened. enough to take any little souvenir with us, worse luck. I should have liked to have seen the colonel's face when he came back with the constables and found that the birds were flown.

"Did you ever come across the colonel

again?" I asked.

"Yes; we skinned him of every bit of plate he had, down to the salt-spoons, a few years later. It was partly out of revenge, you see, that we did it. It was a very well-managed and daring thing, one of the best I ever saw, and all done in open daylight, too."

"How in the world did you do it?" I

asked.

"Well, there were three of us in it—Iim was one—and we set about it in this way: out of the way, so I wrote him a note purporting to come from Squire Brotherwick, who lived about ten miles away, and was the country, and they are clamoring for not always on the best of terms with the master of Morley Hall, I dressed myself up as a groom, and delivered the note myself. It was to the effect that the squire 'There's only this one rope to tie. the scoundrels who had escaped from the you?'

have little difficulty in securing them. "Well, sir, we felt precious silly, as you was sure that this would have the desired effect: so, after handing it in, and remarking that I was the squire's groom, I walked off again, as if on the way back to my master's.

"After getting out of sight of the house, I crouched down behind a hedge: and, as I expected, in less than a quarter of an hour the colonel came swinging past me on his chestnut mare. Now, there is another accomplishment I possess which I have not mentioned to you vet, and that is, that I can copy any handwriting that I see. It is a very easy trick to pick up if you only give your mind to it. I happened to have come across one of Colonel Morley's letters some days before, and I can write so that even now I defy an expert to detect a difference between the hands. This was a great assistance to me now, and most cunning man who falls into the for I tore a leaf out of my pocket-book and wrote something to this effect:

> " 'As Squire Brotherwick has seen some suspicious characters about, and the house may be attempted again, I have sent down to the bank, and ordered them to send up their bank-cart to convey the whole of the plate to a place of safety. It will save us a good deal of anxiety to know that it is in absolute security. Have it packed up and ready, and give the bearer a glass of beer.

> "Having composed this precious epistle. I addressed it to the butler, and carried it back to the Hall, saying that their master had overtaken me on the way and asked me to deliver it. I was taken in and made much of down-stairs, while a great packing case was dragged into the hall, and the plate stowed away, among cotton-wool and stuffing. It was nearly ready, when I heard the sound of wheels upon the gravel, and sauntered round just in time to see a business-like closed car drive up to the door. One of my pals was sitting very demurely on the box, while Jim, with an officiallooking hat, sprang out and bustled into the hall.

"'Now then,' I heard him say, 'look We wanted to begin by getting the colonel sharp! What's for the bank? Come on!' "'Wait a minute, sir,' said the butler.

"' Can't wait. There's a panic all over us everywhere. Must drive on to Lord Blackbury's place, unless you are ready.'

"'Don't go, sir!' pleaded the butler. thought he was able to lay his hands on it is ready now, You'll look after it, won't

"'That we will. You'll never have any more trouble with it now,' said Jim, helping to push the great case into the car.

"'I think I had better go with you and see it stowed away in the bank,' said the

butler.

"'All right,' said Jim, nothing abashed. 'You can't come in the car, though, for Lord Blackbury's box will take up all the spare room. Let's see; it's twelve o'clock now. Well, you be waiting at the bank door at half-past one, and you will just catch us.'

"'All right; half-past one,' said the

"'Good-day,' cried my chum; and away went the car, while I made a bit of a short cut and caught it around a turn of the road. We drove right off into the next county, got a down-train to London, and before midnight the colonel's silver was fused into a solid lump."

I could not help laughing at the versatility of the old scoundrel. "It was a

daring game to play," I said.

"It is always the daring game which

succeeds best," he answered.

At this point the train began to show carriage and disappeared. symptoms of slowing down, and my com-

"Yes."

" For the Continent?"

"Yes."

"How long do you intend to travel?"

"Only for a week or so."

"Well, I must leave you here. You will remember my name, won't you? John Wilkie. I am pleased to have met you. Is my umbrella behind you?" he added, stretching across. "No; I beg your par-Here it is in the corner; and with an affable smile, the ex-cracksman stepped out, bowed, and disappeared among the crowd upon the platform.

I lit another cigar, laughed as I thought of my late companion, and lifted up the "Times," which he had left behind him. The bell had rung, the wheels were already revolving, when, to my astonishment, a pallid face looked in at me through the window. It was so contorted and agitated that I hardly recognized the features which I had been gazing upon during the last couple of hours. "Here, take it," he said, "take it. It's hardly worth my while to rob you of seven pounds four shillings, but I couldn't resist once more trying my hand;" and he flung something into the

It was my old leather purse, with my panion put on his overcoat and gave other return ticket, and the whole of my travsigns of being near the end of his journey. elling expenses. His newly awakened "You are going on to Dover?" he said. conscience had driven him to instant resti-His newly awakened

tution

THE WIND AT SEA.

By Mrs. T. H. HUXLEY.

I WOKE in the night with the wailing Of voices, now shrill and now deep; I thought of the ships that were sailing, Of mothers and wives who must weep.

I saw the mad ocean let fly Its army of waters, and men Dragged down in their terror to die, Far, far away from our ken.

Thousands and thousands of cries From ages ago I can hear In the shrieks of the wind as it flies; I shudder and tremble with fear.

Wild Wind! that but late was consenting With Death in his dark jubilee, Sad voiced, you are surely lamenting The deeds you have done on the sea?



NAPOLEON AT FONTAINEBLEAU THE EVENING AFTER HIS ABDICATION, APRIL 12, 1814.

François, after Delaroche, 1845.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

By IDA M. TARBELL.

With engravings from the collection of the Hon. Gardiner G. Hubbard, who also furnishes the explanatory notes.

SIXTH PAPER.—LAST CAMPAIGNS: WATERLOO: ST. HELENA.

NATIONS.

F one draws a triangle, its base stretching along the Nieman from Tilsit to Grodno, its apex on the Elbe, he will have a rough outline of the "army of twenty nations" as it lay in June, 1812. Napoleon, some two hundred and twenty-five thousand men around him, was at Kowno, hesitating to advance, reluctant to believe that

Alexander would not make peace.

When he finally moved, it was not with the precision and swiftness which had characterized his former campaigns. When he began to fight it was against new odds. He found that his enemies had been studying the Spanish campaigns, and that they had adopted the tactics which had so nearly ruined his armies in the Peninsula: they re-dino, at a cost of some thirty thousand men, fused to give him a general battle, retreating constantly before him; they harassed his separate corps with indecisive contests: they wasted the country as they went. The people aided their soldiers as the Spaniards "Tell us only the moment, and we will set fire to our dwellings," said the said; he was inactive; but it was not slug-

By the 12th of August Napoleon was at Smolensk, the key of Moscow. At a cost of twelve thousand men killed and wounded, he took the town, only to find, instead of the well-victualled shelter he hoped, a smoking ruin. The French army had suffered frightfully from sickness, from for he could see but a portion of the field. scarcity of supplies, and from useless fighting on the march from the Nieman to Smolensk. They had not had the stimulus of a great victory; they began to feel that this steady retreat of the enemy was only a fatal trap into which they were falling. Every consideration forbade them to march into Russia so late in the year, yet on they went towards Moscow, over ruined fields and through empty villages. This terrible purnot allowed to engage the French, gave France.

THE ADVANCE OF THE ARMY OF TWENTY battle at Borodino, the battle of the Moskova as the French call it.

THE BATTLE OF BORODINO.

At two o'clock in the morning of this engagement Napoleon issued one of his stirring bulletins:

"Soldiers! Here is the battle which you have so long desired! Henceforth the victory depends upon you; it is necessary for us. It will give you abundance, good winter quarters, and a speedy return to your country! Behave as you did at Austerlitz, at Friedland, at Vitebsk, at Smolensk, and the most remote posterity will quote with pride your conduct on this day; let it say of you: He was at the great hattle under the walls of Moscow.

The French gained the battle of Borobut they did not destroy the Russian army. Although the Russians lost fifty thousand men, they retreated in good order. the circumstances, a victory which allowed the enemy to retire in order was of little use. It was Napoleon's fault, the critics gishness which troubled Napoleon at Borodino. He had a new enemy—a headache. On the day of the battle he suffered so that he was obliged to retire to a ravine to escape the icy wind. In this sheltered spot he paced up and down all day, giving his orders from the reports brought him,

THE BURNING OF MOSCOW.

Moscow was entered on the 15th of September. Here the French found at last food and shelter, but only for a few hours. That night Moscow burst into flames, set on fire by the authorities, by whom it had been abandoned. It was three days before the fire was arrested. It would cost Russuit lasted until September 7th, when the sia two hundred years of time, two hundred Russians, to content their soldiers, who millions of money, to repair the loss which were complaining loudly because they were she had sustained, Napoleon wrote to

lowed the disaster. But Napoleon would treating army were dead, not retreat. He hoped to make peace. Alexander. The closing paragraph ran:

"I wage war against your Majesty without animostly; a note from you before or after the list battle would have stopped my march, and I should even have liked to have sacrificed the advantage of

entering Moscow. If your Majesty retains some remains of your former sentiments, you will take this letter in good part. At all events, you will thank me for giving you an account of what is passing at Moscow,"

RETREAT FROM MOSCOW.

"I will never sign a peace as long as a single foe remains on Russian ground," the Emperor Alexander had said when he heard that Napoleon had crossed the Nieman, He kept his word in spite of ail Napoleon's overtures. The French position grew worse from day to day. No food, no fresh supplies; the cold increasing, the army disheartened, the number of Russians around Moscow growing larger. Nothing but a retreat could save the remnant of

the French. It began on October 19th, one "Who are you?" he was asked. "The thousand vehicles loaded with the sick and dier. with what supplies they could get hold of down as a storm of scythes. Before Smo- Grand Army was dead.

Suffering, disorganization, pillage, followsk was reached, thousands of the re-

Napoleon had ordered that provisions Moscow was still smoking when he wrote and clothing should be collected at Smoa long description of the conflagration to lensk. When he reached the city he found that his directions had not been obeyed. The army, exasperated beyond endurance by this disappointment, fell into complete and frightful disorganization, and the rest of the retreat was like the falling back

of a conquered mob.

There is no space here for the details of this terrible march and of the frightful passage of the Beresina. The terror of the cold and starvation wrung cries from Napoleon himself.

"Provisions, provisions, provisions," he wrote on November 29th from the right bank of the Beresina, "Without them there is no knowing to what horrors this undisciplined mass will not proceed."

And again: "The army is at its last extremity, It is impossible for it to do anything, even if it were a question of defending Paris."

The army finally reached the Nieman. The last man over was Marshal Ney.

hundred and fifteen thousand men leaving rear guard of the Grand Army," was Moscow. They were followed by forty the sombre reply of the poble old sol-

Some forty thousand men crossed the The route was over the fields devastated river, but of these there were many who a month before. The Cossacks harassed could do nothing but crawl to the hosthem night and day, and the cruel Russian pitals, asking for "the rooms where peocold dropped from the skies, cutting them ple die." It was true, as Desprez said, the



Published in England printed in Fig. 15b. French, and Germans. and distributed widely on the Continent about the time of the retreat from Russia. This is the only caricature of many I own that has seemed worthy of republication or of a place in my collection. A book entitled "English Caricature, A Satire on Napoleon," was published in London in 1584, containing illustrations.



PASSAGE OF THE DERENAN NOVEMBER, 1812.

Engraved by Adams, after Langlois. "The greater part of the army had crossed the river; the camp followers and straggiers remained beedless of the commands of Napoleon to retreat, when suddenly the Russian artiflery appeared on the hill in the rear, and began firling upon the camp followers. A rush was made for the bridge, and vast numbers were drowned."



This portrait has never been published before. It is from a drawing in the collection of Colonel John C. Ropes, of Boston, a study made in 1814 for a snuff-box

THE MALE CONSPIRACY,

It was on this horrible retreat that Napoleon received word that a curious thing abbé, both political prisoners, had escaped, and actually had succeeded in the prelimiernment.

They had carried out their scheme sim-

locked up the prefect of police, and had taken possession of the Hôtel de Ville.

The foolhardy enterprise went, of course, only a little way, but far enough to show had happened in Paris. A general and an Paris that the day of easy revolution had not passed, and that an announcement of the death of Napoleon did not bring at naries of a coup d'etat overturning the once a cry of "Long live the King of empire, and substituting a provisional gov- Rome!" The news of the Malet conspiracy was an astonishing revelation to Napoleon himself of the instability of ply by announcing that Napoleon was French public sentiment. He saw that the dead, and by reading a forged proclama- support on which he had depended most tion from the senate to the effect that the to insure his institutions, that is, an heir to imperial government was at an end and a his throne, was set aside at the word of a new one begun. The authorities to whom worthless agitator. The impression made these conspirators had gone had with but lit- on his generals by the news was one of tle hesitation accepted their orders. They consternation and despair. The emperor had secured twelve hundred soldiers, had read in their faces that they believed his



SALOTEON AND THE PURE IN CONFERENCE AT FONTAINEBLEAU. Engraved by Robinson, after a painting made in 1836 by Wilkie.

good fortune was waning He decided to the invasion of Russia. go to Paris as soon as possible.

after a perilous journey of twelve days reached the French capital.

EXPLAINING THE RETREAT FROM MOSCOW.

It took as great courage to face France now as it had taken audacity to attempt

The grandest army the nation had ever sent out was lying On December 5th he left the army, and behind him dead. His throne had tottered for an instant in sight of all France. Hereafter he could not believe himself invincible. Already his enemies were suggesting that since his good genius had failed him once, it might again.

No one realized the gravity of the posi-

tion as Napoleon himself, but he met his household, his ministers, the council of state, the senate, with an imperial self-confidence and a sang froid which are aweinspiring under the circumstances. horror of the situation of the army was not known in Paris on his arrival, but reports came in daily until the truth was clear to everybody. But Napoleon never The explanations neclost countenance. essary for him to give to the senate, to his allies, and to his friends, had all the serenity and the plausibility of a victor—a victor who had suffered, to be sure, but not through his own rashness or mismanage-The following quotation from a letter to the King of Denmark illustrates well his public attitude towards the invasion and the retreat from Moscow:

"The enemy were always beaten, and captured neither an eagle nor a gun from my army. On the 7th November the cold became intense; all the roads were found impracticable; thirty thousand horses perished between the 7th and the 16th. A portion of our baggage and artillery wagons was broken and abandoned; our soldiers, little accustomed to such weather, could not endure the cold. They wandered from the ranks in quest of shelter for the night, and, having no cavalry to protect them, several thousands fell into the hands of the enemy's light troops. General Sanson, chief of the topographic corps, was captured by some Cossacks while he was engaged in sketching a position. Other isolated officers shared the same fate. My losses are severe, but the enemy cannot attribute to themselves the honor of having inflicted them. My army has suffered greatly, and suffers still, but this calamity will cease with the cold.'

To every one he declared that it was the Russians, not he, who had suffered. It was their great city, not his, which was burnt; their fields, not his, which were devastated. They did not take an eagle, did not win a battle. It was the cold, the Cossacks, which had done the mischief to the Grand Army; and that mischief? Why, it would be soon repaired. "I shall be back on the Nieman in the spring.

But the very man who in public and private calmed and reassured the nation, was sometimes himself so overwhelmed at the thought of the disaster which he had just witnessed, that he let escape a cry which will which was carrying him through; that plauded it. his heart was bleeding. In the midst of a glowing account to the legislative body of his success during the invasion, he suddenly stopped. "In a few nights everything changed. I have suffered great losses. They would have broken my heart if I had been accessible to any other feelings than the interest, the glory, and the future dom. of my people."

PREPARATIONS FOR A NEW CAMPAIGN.

In the teeth of the terrible news coming The daily to Paris, Napoleon began preparations for another campaign. To every one he talked of victory as certain. who argued against the enterprise he silenced peremptorily. "You should say," he wrote Eugene, "and yourself believe, that in the next campaign I shall drive the Russians back across the Nieman." With the first news of the passage of the Beresina chilling them, the senate voted an army of three hundred and fifty thousand men: the allies were called upon; even the marine was obliged to turn men over to the land force.

> But something besides men was neces-An army means muskets and powder and sabres, clothes and boots and headgear, horses and cannons and caissons: and all these it was necessary to manufacture afresh. The task was gigantic: but before the middle of April it was completed, and the emperor was ready to join his army.

The force against which Napoleon went in 1813 was the most formidable, in many respects, he had ever encountered. strength was greater. It included Russia. England, Spain, Prussia, and Sweden, and the allies believed Austria would soon join An element of this force more them. powerful than its numbers was its spirit. The allied armies fought Napoleon in 1813 as they would fight an enemy of freedom. Central Europe had come to feel that further French interference was intolerable. The war had become a crusade. The extent of this feeling is illustrated by an incident in the Prussian army. In the war of 1812 Prussia was an ally of the French. but at the end of the year General Yorck, who commanded a Prussian division, went over to the enemy. It was a dishonorable action from a military point of view, but his explanation that he deserted as "a patriot acting for the welfare of his country" touched Prussia; and though the showed that it was only his indomitable king disavowed the act, the people ap-

Throughout the German states the feeling against Napoleon was bitter. A veritable crusade had been undertaken against him by such men as Stein, and most of the youth of the country were united in the Tugendbund, or League of Virtue, which had sworn to take arms for German free-

When Alexander followed the French



Engraved by Jules Jacquet, after Meissonier. In his preparation for this picture, we are told that "Meissonier, dressed in an old coat of the emperor's, and seated in a saddle on a house top, in the falling snow of a gloomy winter's day, studied himself in a mirror, and therefrom painted in the sombre tints laid by the winter atmosphere on the flesh of



THE ASDREAS ON OF ASPOSEON. SERVE AT FOR AMERICAN, AREA 11, 1814.

A very rare and fine proof. The form of the abdication was "The allied powers having proclaimed that the Emperor Napoleon Bonaparte is the only obstacle to the regstablishment of the peace of Europe. the Emperor Napoleon faithful to his oath, declares that he renounces, for himself and his heirs, the thrones of France and Italy, and that there is no personal sacrifice, even that of life, which he is not ready to make for the interest of France. Done at the palace of Fontamebleau, April 11, 1814."

came bringing "deliverance to Europe," the "common enemy," he found them quick to understand and respond.

Thus, in 1813 Napoleon did not go against kings and armies, but against peoples. No one understood this better than he did himself, and he counselled his allies that it was not against the foreign enemy alone that they had to protect themselves "There is one more dangerous to be feared-the spirit of revolt and anarchy."

THE CAMPAIGN OF 1813.

The campaign opened May 2, 1813, southwest of Leipsic, with the battle of of Bautzen, another incomplete victory for back to Rome, give up the protectorate of

across the Nieman, announcing that he Napoleon. The next day, in an engagement with the Russian rear guard, Marand calling on the people to unite against shall Duroc, one of Napoleon's warmest and oldest friends, was killed. It was the second marshal lost since the campaign began, Bessières having been killed at Lützen.

The French occupied Breslau on June 1st, and three days fater an armistice was signed, lasting until August 10th. It was hoped that peace might be concluded during this armistice. At that moment Austria held the key to the situation. The allies saw that they were defeated if they could not persuade her to join them. Napoleon, his old confidence restored by a series of victories, hoped to keep his Austrian father-in-law quiet until he had Lützen. It was Napoleon's victory, though crushed the Prussians and driven the Rushe could not follow it up, as he had no sians across the Nieman. Austria saw her cavalry. The moral effect of Lützen was power, and determined to use it to regain excellent in the French army. Among the territory lost in 1805 and 1809, and Metallies there was a return to the old dread ternich came to Dresden to see Napoleon. of the "monster." By May 8th the French Austria would keep peace with France, he occupied Dresden; from there they crossed said, if Napoleon would restore Illyria and the Elbe, and on the 21st fought the battle the Polish provinces, would send the Pope

the Confederation of the Rhine, restore Naples and Spain. Napoleon's amazement began. The French had in the field some and indignation were boundless,

"How much has England given you for playing this rôle against me, Metternich?"

he asked.

Prague soon after, but it was only a mockery. Such was the exasperation and sufonly be reached by large sacrifices on Napoleon's part. These he refused to make. There is no doubt but that France and his wisest counsellors advised him to do so. war again in six months. . . . These French in a body, and go over to the allies. things do not concern you." . The second campaign of 1813 opened

By the middle of August the campaign three hundred and sixty thousand men. This force was surrounded by a circle of armies, Swedish, Russian, Prussian, and Austrian, in all some eight hundred thou-A semblance of a congress was held at sand men. The leaders of this hostile force included, besides the natural enemies of France, Bernadotte, heir-apparent to the fering of Central Europe that peace could throne of Sweden, who had fought with Napoleon in Italy, and General Moreau, the hero of Hohenlinden. Moreau was on Alexander's staff. He had reached the allies begged him to compromise; that his army the night that the armistice expired, having sailed from the United States on the But he repulsed with irritation all such 21st of June, at the invitation of the Russuggestions. "You bore me continually sian emperor, to aid in the campaign against about the necessity of peace," he wrote France. He had been greeted by the allies Savary. "I know the situation of my with every mark of distinction. Another empire better than you do; no one is deserter on the allies' staff was the eminent more interested in concluding peace than military critic Jomini. In the ranks were myself, but I shall not make a dishonor-stragglers from all the French corps, and able peace, or one that would see us at the Saxons were threatening to leave the



NAPOLEON'S RETURN FROM THE ISLAND OF ELBA, MARCH, 1815.

Engraved by George Sanders, after Stueben. Soon after landing in France, Napoleon met a battalion sent from Grenoble to arrest his march. He approached within a few paces of the troop, and throwing up his surtout, exclaimed: "If there be amongst you a soldier who would kill his general, his emperor, let him do it now! Here I am!" The cry "Vive l'Empereur!" burst from every lip. Napoleon threw himself among them, and taking a veteran private, covered with chevrons and medals, by the whiskers, said, "Speak honestly, old moustache; couldst thou have had the heart to kill thy emperor?" The man dropped his ramrod into his piece to show that it was uncharged, and answered, "Judge if I could have done thee much harm; all the rest are the same,"



ві. Ренвк

Gebhard Leberecht von Blücher, Prince of Wahlstadt, was born in 1742, and died in 1819. He distinguished himself as a cavalry officer in the wars against the French, and was made major general. In 1813 he was appointed commander in chief of the Prussian army, and defeated Marshal Macdonald, and, later, Marshal Marmont. He was made field marshal in 1813, and he led the Prussian army which sixty thousand strong, invaded France in 1814. On the renewal of the war in 1815 he commanded the Prussian army, was deteated at Ligny, June 16th, but reached Waterloo in time to decide the victory

the amputation of his legs.

But there was something stronger than was sure to crush Napoleon in the long run. later the emperor was in Paris.

brilliantly for Napoleon, for at Dresden he. It was one laid out by Moreau; a general took twenty thousand prisoners, and cap- battle was not to be risked, but the corps tured sixty cannon. The victory turned the of the French were to be engaged one by anxiety of Paris to hopefulness, and their one, until the parts of the army were disfaith in Napoleon's star was further re- abled. This plan was carried out. In turn vived by the report that Moreau had fallen, Vandamme, Oudinot, Macdonald, Ney, both legs carried off by a French bullet. were defeated, and in October the remnants Moreau himself felt that fate was friendly of the French fell back to Leipsic. Here to the emperor. "That rascal Bonaparte the horde that surrounded them was sudis alway lucky," he wrote his wife, just after denly enlarged. The Bavarians had gone over to the allies.

The three days' battle of Leipsic exluck at work: the allies were animated by hausted the French, and they were obliged a spirit of nationality, indomitable in its to make a disastrous retreat to the Rhine, force, and they were following a plan which which they crossed November 1st. Ten days

THE CONDITION OF FRANCE.

1813 was deplorable. The allies lay on the his trouble with the Pope. right bank of the Rhine. The battle of

which remained with the French were not to be trusted. "All Europe was marching with us a year ago," Napoleon said; "today all Europe is marching against us." There was despair among his generals, alarm in Paris. Besides, there seemed no human means of gathering up a new army. Where were the men to come from? France was bled to death. She could give no more. Her veins were empty.

"This is the truth, the exact truth, and such is the secret and the explanation of all that has since occurred," says Pasquier. "With these successive levies of conscriptions, past, present, and to come, with the Guards of Honor, with the brevet of sublieutenant forced on the young men appertaining to the best families, after they had escaped the conscript lot, or had supplied substitutes in conformity with the provisions of the law, there did not remain a single family which was not in anxiety or in mourning."

Yet hedged in as he was by enemies, threatened by anarchy, supported by a

Fresh levies of troops were made. The Spanish frontier he attempted to secure by making peace with Ferdinand, recognizing The situation of France at the end of him as king of Spain. He tried to settle

While he struggled to simplify the situa-Vittoria had given the Spanish boundary to tion, to arouse national spirit, and to gather Wellington, and the English and Spanish reinforcements, hostileforces multiplied and armies were on the frontier. The allies closed in upon him. The allies crossed the



NAPOLEON THE EVENING BEFORE WATERLOO, CHARLET,

fainting people, Napoleon dallied over the Rhine. The corps législatif took advantage peace the allies offered. The terms were of his necessity to demand the restoration not dishonorable. France was to retire, as of certain rights which he had taken from the other nations, within her natural bound- them. In his anger at their audacity, the aries, which they designated as the Rhine, emperor alienated public sympathy by disthe Alps, and the Pyrenees. But the em- solving the body. "I stood in need of peror could not believe that Europe, whom something to console me," he told them, he had defeated so often, had power to con- "and you have sought to dishonor me. I fine him within such limits. He could not was expecting that you would unite in mind believe that such a peace would be stable, and deed to drive out the foreigner; you and he began preparations for resistance, have bid him come. Indeed, had I lost two

England and Austria

proposals of peace. It was too late. The with eagerness the oath he asked, idea had taken root that brance, with. The next day he left Paris. I in her natural pinits; that the only hope for Europe was to crash him completely most fanatical, and made any terms of hundred thousand. peace with him, impossible

CAMPAIGN OF 1814.

peror was ready to renew the struggle

battles, it would not have done brance court of the Tuilenes, and presented them any greater evil." To crown his evil day, to the National Guard. He was leaving Murat, Caroline's husband, now king of them what he held dearest in the world, Naples, abandoned him. This betrayal he told them. The enemy were closing was the more bitter because his sister ker- around; they might reach Paris; they self was the cause of it. Fearful of losing might even destroy the city. While he her little glory as queen of Naples, Caroline fought without to shield I rance from the watched the course of events until she was calamity, he prayed them to protect has certain that her brother was lost, and their priceless trust left within. The politike urged Murat to conclude a peace with and sincerity of the feeling that stirred the emperor were unquestionable; tears flowed This accumulation of reverses coming down the cheeks of the men to whom he upon him as he tried to prepare for battle, spoke, and for a moment every heart was drove Napoleon to approach the allies with animated by the old emotion, and they took

The pext day he left Paris. The army Napoleon at her head, would never remain the commanded did not number more than sixty thousand men. He led it against a force which, counting only those who had This hatred of Napoleon had become al- crossed the Rhine, numbered nearly six

In the campaign of two months which followed. Napoleon several times defeated the allies. In spite of the terrible disadvantages under which he fought, he nearly By the end of January, 1814, the em- drove them from the country. In every way the campaign was worthy of his genius. The day before he left Paris he led the But the odds against him were time treempress and the king of Rome to the mendous. The saddest phase of his situa-



"Sampholog" will be an manager of a core of the art of the life in the life of the core of P APPAR D MAR

Punted and engraved by lames Ward R A. The skeleton of Maringo is now preserved in the museum of the Regal United Service Institution. Lendon and atomic under the picture painted by Ward from which this engraving in taken. "A bird. I Marengo made into a soull bex makes its populty record after dinner at the Queen's Guard is St. James's Palace. In the lid is the legend. Head of Mareng. burb charger of Napole in ridden by time at Marengo. Austrelitz, Jens. Wagram, in the Russian company and tons, y at Waterioe ' Around the bof the legend or ninues . Marry, was wounded in the near tip at Waterloo when his master was on him in the hollow road in alvance of the French position. He had been wounded before in many buttles."



THE DUKE OF WELLINGSON

Engraved by Forster in 1818, after Gerard, 1814

everybody not under his personal influence seemed paralyzed. Augereau, who was at Lyons, did absolutely nothing, and the following letter to him shows with what energy and indignation Napoleon tried to sacks! The National Guards, say you, are pitiable. arouse his stupefied followers.

" NOGENT, 21st February, 1814

tion was that he was not seconded. The the field! Six hours' repose was sufficient. I won people, the generals, the legislative bodies, the action of Nangis with a brigade of dragoons I have four thousand here, in round hats, without knapsacks, in wooden shoes, but with good muskets, "Nogest, 21st February, 1814 and I get a great deal out of them. There is no money, you continue; and where do you hope to the first troops coming from Spain you were not in draw money from? You want wagons; take them reception of this letter, to take the field. If you are still Augereau of Castiglione, keep the command, but if your sixty years weigh upon you, hand over the command to your senior general. The country is in danger, and can be saved by boldness and goodwill alone. . . .

The terror and apathy of Paris exasperated him beyond measure. To his great disgust, the court and some of the counsellors had taken to public prayers for his safety. "I see that instead of sustaining the empress," he wrote Cambacérès, "you discourage her. Why do you lose your head like that? What are these miscreres and these prayers forty hours long at the chapel? Have people in Paris gone mad?"

The most serious concern of Napoleon in this campaign was that the empress and the king of Rome should not be captured. He realized that the allies might reach Paris at any time, and repeatedly he instructed Joseph, who had been appointed lieutenant-general in his absence, what to do if the city was threatened.

" Never allow the empress or the king of Rome to fall into the hands of the enemy. . . . As far

wherever you can. You have no magazines; this is as I am concerned, I would rather see my son slain too ridiculous. I order you, twelve hours after the than brought up at Vienna as an Austrian prince; and I have a sufficiently good opinion of the empress to feel persuaded that she thinks in the same way, as far as it is possible for a woman and a mother to do so. I never saw Andromaque represented without pitying Astyanax surviving his family, and without regarding it as a piece of good fortune that he did not survive his father.

> Throughout the two months there were negotiations for peace. They varied according to the success or failure of the emperor or the allies. Napoleon had reached a point where he would gladly have accepted the terms offered at the close of 1813. But those were withdrawn. France must come down to her limits in 1780. "What!" cried Napoleon, "leave France smaller than I found her? Never."

> The frightful combination of forces closed about him steadily, with the deadly precision of the chamber of torture, whose adjustable walls imperceptibly, but surely, draw together, day by day, until the victim is crushed. On the 30th of March Paris capitulated. The day before, the regent Marie Louise with the king of Rome and her suite had left the city for Blois. The allied sovereigns entered Paris on the 1st

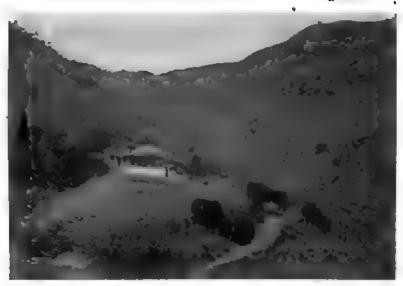


RAPOLEON KMBARKING ON THE " OFFICEROPRON," IN THE NIGHT OF JULY 13-14, 1815.

Designed and engraved by Baugeau. "The fate of war" said Napoleon, "has brought me to the boune of my bitterest for , but I count on his generosity." And he wrote to the regent of England . "Royal Highness: A prey to the factions which divide my country and to the enmity of the greatest powers of Europe, I have terminated my public career, and I come like Themistocles to seat myself at the hearth of the British people. I place myself under the protection of its laws, which I claim from your Royal Highness as the most powerful, the most constant, and the most generous of my enemies."



Engraved by Steele, after Orchardson.



HARS INCAMPED BY NAPARON ACSTOR & A 188 SEE BE OCSTAINS "LONGWOOD,"

From a recent photograph

streets, they saw multiplying, as they adgrandes dames of the Faubourg St. German. had been making in anticipation of the entrance of the foreigner, and the only cries which greeted them as they passed up the boulevards were, " Long live the Bourbons! Long live the sovereigns! Long live the Emperor Alexander?

NAPOLEON AT FONTAINIBLEAU,

The affres were in Paris, but Napoleon allies, had joined Alexander, whom he had release you from your oaths.' persuaded to announce that the allied bodies to this view.

of April. As they passed through the leyrand feared nothing; it was too exhausted to ask anything but peace. Their vanced, the white cockades which the most serious difficulty was the army. All over the country the cry of the common

soldiers was, "Let us go to the emperor."
"The army," declared Alexander, "is always the army; as long as it is not with you, gentlemen, you can boast of nothing. It is the army which represents the French nation, and if it is not won over, what can you accomplish that will endure?"

Every influence of persuasion, of bribery, of intimidation, was used with soldiers and generals. They were told in phrases which was not crushed. Encamped at Fontanie-could not but flatter them; "You are the bleau, his army about him, the soldiers most noble of the children of the country, everywhere faithful to him, he had still a and you cannot belong to the man who large chance of victory, and the allies looked has land it waste, has delivered it up withwith uneasiness to see what move he would out arms and defenceless, who has sought It was due largely to the wit to render your name a byword among naof Talleyrand that the standing ground tions, who would, perhaps, have comprowhich remained to the emperor was under- mised your glory, if a man who is not even mined. That wily diplomat, whose place a Frenchman could ever tarnish the honor it was to have gone with the empress to of your arms and the generosity of our Blois, had succeeded in getting himself soldiers. You are no longer the soldiers shut into Paris, and, on the entry of the of Napoleon; the senate and all France

The older officers on Napoleon's staff powers would not treat with Napoleon nor at Fontainebleau were unsettled by adroit with any member of his family. This was communications sent from Paris. They eliminating the most difficult factor from were made to believe that they were fightthe problem at the start. By his fine tact ling against the will of the nation and of Talleyrand brought over the legislative their comrades. When this disaffection had become serious, one of Napoleon's From the populace Alexander and Tal- oldest and most trusted associates, Marmont, suddenly deserted. He led the van- sooner was it decided that his future home guard of the army. This treachery took should be the island of Elba, and that its away the last hope of the imperial cause, affairs should be under his control, than and on April 11, 1814, Napoleon signed he began to prepare for the journey to his the act of abdication at Fontainebleau, little kingdom with the same energy and The act ran:

"The allied powers having proclaimed that the Emperor Napoleon Bonaparte is the only obstacle to the reëstablishment of peace in Europe, the Emperor Napoleon, faithful to his oath, declares that he re-nounces, for himself and his heirs, the thrones of France and Italy, and that there is no personal sacrifice, even that of his life, which he is not ready to make in the interest of France.

"Done at the Palace of Fontainebleau, 11th April,

FAREWELL TO THE OLD GUARD.

For only a moment did the gigantic will waverunder the shock of defeat, of treachery, and of abandonment. Uncertain of the fate of his wife and child, himself and his family denounced by the allies, his army scattered, he braved everything until Marmont deserted him, and he saw one after another of his trusted officers join his enemies; then for a moment he gave up the fight and tried to end his life. The poison he took had lost its full force, and he recovered from its effects. Even death would have none of him, he grouned.

zest which had characterized his triumphal journeys as emperor.

It was on the 20th of April that he left the palace of Fontamebleau. As he passed through the court of the Cheval Blanc he paused to say farewell to the members of his Guard, some twelve hundred men gathered there.

"Soldiers of the Old Guard [he said], I bid you farewell. For the last twenty years we have trod together the road of honor and glory. Recently, as in the days of prosperity, you have showed yourselves to be models of bravery and fidelity. With men like you our cause was not lost, but war would have been interminable, there would have been civil war, and the misfortunes of France would have been increased. I have, therefore, sacrificed all our interests to those of the country I leave you. My friends, continue to serve France. Her happiness was my only thought; it will always be the object of my wishes. Do not pity my fate; if I have consented to survive, it is to be useful to your glory. I wish to write the story of the great things which we have done together. Farewell, my children! I would gladay press you all to my heart . let me at least embrace your standard !

At these words, General Petit, seizing an eagle, advanced. Napoleon received But this discouragement was brief. No the general in his arms and kissed the



LONGWOOD, NAPOLEON'S HOUSE AT ST. HELENA.

Etching by Chienon

colors. voice :

"Farewell, once more, my old comrades! Let this last kiss pass into your hearts 11

NAPOLEON AT FLBA.

A week later, from Fregus, he sent his first address to the inhabitants of Elba:

"Circumstances having induced me to renounce the throne of France, sacrificing my rights to the interests of the country. I reserved for myself the sovereignty of the island of Elba, which has met with the consent of all the powers. I therefore send you General Drouot, so that you may hand over to him the said island, with the military stores and provisions, and the property which belongs to my nu-perial domain. Be good enough to make known this new state of affairs to the inhabitants, and the choice which I have made of their island for my sojoarn in consideration of the mildness of their manners and the excellence of their comate. I shall take the greatest interest in their welfare

" NAPOLION"

The Elbans received their new ruler with all the pomp which their means and experience permitted. The entire population celebrated his arrival as a fite. The new flag which the emperor had chosen-white ground with red bar and three yellow bees-was unfurled, and saluted by the forts of the nation and by the foreign vessels in port. The keys of the chief town of the island were presented to him, a Te Deum was celebrated If these honors seemed poor and con- out of their way to see him. The major-

The silence which the scene in- temptible to Napoleon in comparison spired was broken only by the sobs of the with the splendor of the fetes to which he soldiers. Napoleon, making a visible effort had become accustomed, he gave no sign, to stifle his emotion, continued with a firm and played his part with the same seriousness as he had when he received his

> His life at Elba was immediately arranged methodically, and he worked as hard and seemingly with as much interest as he had in Paris. The affairs of his new state were his chief concern, and he set about at once to familiarize himself with all their details. He travelled over the island in all directions, to acquaint himself with its resources and needs. At one time he made the circuit of his domain, entering every port, and examining its condition and fortifications. Everywhere that he went he planned and began works which he pushed with energy. Fine roads were laid out; rocks were levelled; a palace and barracks were begun. From his arrival his influence was beneficial. There was a new atmosphere at Elba, the island-

> The budget of Elba was administered as rigidly as that of France had been, and the little army was drilled with as great care as the Guards themselves. After the daily review of his troops, he rode on horseback, and this promenade became a species of reception, the islanders who wanted to consult him stopping him on his route. It is said that he invariably listened to their appeals.

Elba was enlivened constantly during Napoleon's residence by tourists who went



From a recent photograph.



NAPLER N'S LAST DAY

From a sculpture by Véla, in the Versailles Museum

from the premises as souvenirs,

the arrival of Madame mère and of the brate that event. Princess Pauline and the coming of twentysix members of the National Guard who had crossed France to join him. But his great desire that Marie Louise and the While to all appearances engrossed with king of Rome should come to him was the little affairs of Elba, Napoleon was in never gratified. It is told by one of his fact planning the most dramatic act of his

ity of these curious persons were English- companions on the island, that he kept men; with many of them he talked freely, carefully throughout his stay a stock of receiving them at his house, and letting fireworks which had fallen into his posthem carry off bits of stone or of brick session, planning to use them when his wife and boy should arrive, but, sadly His stay was made more tolerable by enough, he never had an occasion to cele-

FROM FLBA TO PARIS.

life. On the 26th of February, 1815, the They drew them from the inside of their emperor passed the foreign ships guarding Elba, and on the afternoon of the 1st of March landed at Cannes on the Gulf of At eleven o'clock that night he started towards Paris. He was trusting himself to the people and the army. If there never was an example of such audacious confidence, certainly there never was such a response. The people of the South received him joyfully, offering to sound the toesm and follow him en masse. But Napoleon refused; it was the soldiers upon whom he called.

"We have not been conquered [he told the army] Come and range yourselves under the standard of your chief, his existence is composed of yours, his interests, his honor, and his glory are yours. Victory will march at double-quick time. The eagle with the national colors will fly from steeple to steeple to the towers of Notre Dame. Then you will be able to show your scars with honor, then you will be able to boast of what you have done, you will be the liberators of the country, . . .

At Grenoble there was a show of resistance. Napoleon went directly to the soldiers, followed by his guard.

"Here I am; you know me If there is a soldier among you who wishes to kill his signed a treaty offensive and defensive.

emperor, let him do it." "Long live the emperor!" was the answer; and in a twinkle the six thousand. men had torn off their white cockades and

guard received an order to leave the island. caps, where they had been concealing them With a force of eleven hundred men the since the exile of their hero. "It is the same that I wore at Austerlitz," said one as he passed the emperor. "This," said another, "I had at Marengo,"

From Grenoble the emperor marched to Lyons, where the soldiers and officers went over to him in regiments. The royalist leaders who had deigned to go to Lyons to exhort the army found themselves ignored; and Ney, who had been ordered from Besançon to stop the emperor's advance, and who started out promising to "bring back Napoleon in an iron cage," surrendered his entire division. It was impossible to resist the force of popular opinion, he said.

From Lyons the emperor, at the head of what was now the French army, passed by Dijon, Autum, Avallon, and Auxerre to l'ontainebleau, which he reached on March 16th The same day Louis XVIII. fled

from Paris.

The change of sentiment in these few days was well illustrated in a French paper which, after Napoleon's return, published the following calendar gathered from the royalist press.

February 25,- "The exterminator has

It is not known with whom,

February 26 - "The Corsican has left the island of Elba

March 1,-" Bonaparte has debarked at replaced them by old and soiled tricolors. Cannes with eleven hundred men.



"From the original drawing of Captain Crokat, taken the morning after Napoleon's decease." July 18, 1321, in London.



BÉRTH MASK OF SAPOLFON, MADE BY DR. ANTOMMARCHI AT ST. HELENA, 1821.

Calamatta, 1834 Calamatta produced the mask from the cost taken by Dr. Antonmarchi, the physician of Napoleon at St. Helena, in 1834, grouping around it portraits (chiefly from Ingrés's drawings) of Madame Dudevant and others.

possession of Grenoble.

March 10.—"Napoleon has entered Lyons.
March 19.—The emperor reached Fontainebleau to-day.

March 7 .- "General Bonaparte has taken anniversary of the birth of the king of Rome."

> Two days before the flight of the Bourbons, the following notice appeared on the door of the Tuileries:

March 19.—"His Imperial Majesty is ex- "The emperor begs the king to send him no pected at the Tuilcries to-morrow, the more soldiers; he has enough."

WATERLOO.

"What was the happiest period of your life as emperor?" O'Meara asked Napoleon manage their affairs in their own way, it is once at St. Helena.

replied immediately.

Louise had succumbed to foreign influences and had promised never again to see her

If the allies had allowed the French to probable that Napoleon would have mas-"The march from Cannes to Paris," he tered the situation, difficult as it was. But this they did not do. In spite of his His happiness was short-lived. The promise to observe the treaties made after overpowering enthusiasm which had made his abdication, to accept the boundaries that march possible could not endure, fixed, to abide by the Congress of Vienna, The bewildered factions which had been the coalition treated him with scorn, affectsilenced or driven out by Napoleon's re- ing to mistrust him. He was the disturber appearance recovered from their stupor of the peace of the world, a public enemy: The royalists, exasperated by their own he must be put beyond the pale of society,



SACOLFON AS RELIAY IN LEAVING PRIVATOLE NOTE IS MORTICIBLE SMITT, 33

Dedicated, "with permission, to the Countess Bertrand, by her obliged and most obedient servant, William Rubulge Taken at St. Helena in presence of Councess Bertrand, Count Montholon, etc." Engraved by H. Meyer, London, after W. Rubidge, and published August, 18-1

among the liberals. It was only a short time before a reaction followed the delir- her own rulers. ium which Napoleon's return had caused in the nation. Disaffection, coldness, and himself on the declaration of war was one plots succeeded. In face of this revulsion of exceeding difficulty, but he mastered the of feeling, the emperor himself underwent opposition with all his old genius and rea change. The buoyant courage, the amaz- sources. Three months after the landing ing audacity which had induced him to re- at Cannes he had an army of two hundred turn from Elba, seemed to leave him. He thousand men ready to march. He led it became sad and preoccupied. No doubt against at least five hundred thousand much of this sadness was due to the refusal men, of Austria to restore his wife and child,

hight, reorganized, and the Vendée was and they took up arms, not against France, soon in arms. Strong opposition developed but against Napoleon. France, as it appeared, was not to be allowed to choose

The position in which Napoleon found

On June 15th, Napoleon's army met a and to the bitter knowledge that Marie portion of the enemy in Belgium, near

Brussels, and on June 16th, 17th, and 18th were fought the battles of Ligny, Quatre Bras, and Waterloo, in the last of which he was completely defeated. The limits and nature of this sketch do not permit a description of the engagement at Waterloo. The literature on the subject is perhaps richer than that on any other subject in military science. Thousands of books discuss the battle, and each succeeding generation takes it up as if nothing had been written on it. But while Waterloo cannot be discussed here, it is not out of place to notice that among the reasons for its loss are certain ones which interest us because they are personal to Napoleon. He whose great rule in war was "time is everything," lost time at Waterloo. He who had looked after everything which he wanted well done, neglected to assure himself of such an important matter as the exact position of a portion of his enemy. He who once had been able to go a week without sleep, was ill. Again, if one will compare carefully the Bonaparte of Guerin (see Mc-Clure's for November, page 473) with the Napoleon of Lefevre (March, page 325), he will understand, at least partially, why the battle of Waterloo was lost.

The defeat was complete; and when the emperor saw it, he threw himself into the battle in search of death. As eagerly as he had sought victory at Rivoh, Marengo, Austerlitz, he sought death at Waterloo. "I ought to have died at Waterloo," he said afterwards; "but the misfortune is that when a man seeks death most he cannot find it, Men were killed around me, before, behind—everywhere. But there was no bullet for me."

He returned immediately to Paris. There was still force for resistance in France. There were many to urge him to return to the struggle, but such was the condition of public sentiment that he refused. The country was divided in its al-



procession proceeded from old Longwood along the edge of Rupert s Valley, the troops stood drawn up with arms reversed, and by Captain Marryat, "As the passed, followed up in the rear." Drawn after it had i

legiance to him; the legislative body was Napoleon alone that they waged war. Under the title of Napoleon II.

SURRENDER TO THE ENGLISH.

to Malmaison, where Josephine had died than it was seized with a species of panic.

only thirteen months before. A few friends joined him-Queen Hortense, the Duc de Rovigo, Bertrand, Las Cases, and Méneval. He remained there only a few days. The allies were approaching Paris, and the environs were in danger. Napoleon offered his services to the provisional government, which had taken his place, as leader in the campaign against the invader, promising to retire as soon as the enemy was repulsed, but he was refused. The government feared Napoleon, in fact, more than it did the allies, and urged him to leave France as quickly as possible.

On June 20th, a week after his return to Paris from Waterloo, he left Malmaison for Rochefort. His desire was to go to the United States, but the coast was so guarded by the English that there was no escape. Two courses were open -to call upon the country and renew the conflict, or seek an asylum in England He resolved at last to give himself up to the English, and sent the following note to the regent :

"ROYAL HIGHNESS: Exposed to the factions which divide my country and to the hostility of the greatest powers of Furope, I have closed my political career, I come, like Themistocles, to seek the

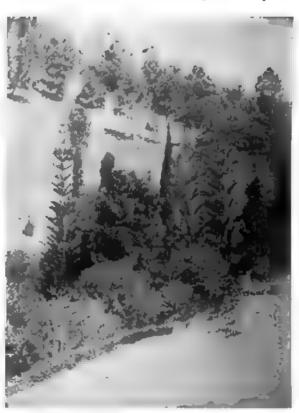
hospitality of the British nation. I place myself under the protection of their laws, which I claim from your Royal Highness as the most powerful, the most constant, and the most generous of my enemies. " Natoreov."

ENGLISH HOSPITALITY.

On the 15th of July he embarked on the week later be was at Plymouth.

Napoleon's surrender to the English was frightened and quarrelling; Talleyrand and made with full confidence in their hospi-Fouché were plotting. Besides, the alhes tality; but the "Bellerophon" was no proclaimed to the nation that it was against sooner in the harbor of Plymouth than it became evident that he was regarded not der these circumstances Napoleon felt that as a guest, but as a prisoner. Armed vesloyalty to the best interest of France re- sels surrounded the ship he was on; extraorquired his abdication, and he signed the dinary messages were hurried to and fro; act anew, proclaiming his son emperor un- sinister rumors ran among the crew. The Tower of London, a desert isle, the ends of the earth, were talked of as the hospitality England was preparing,

The British government no sooner real-Leaving Paris, the fallen emperor went ized that it had its hands on Napoleon



A VIEW GIVING A GLOUPSE, IN THE CENTRE, OF SAPOLEON'S TOME AT ST. HELFNA.

From a recent photograph

All sense of dignity, all notions of generosity, all feelings of hospitality, were drowned in hysterical resentment. The English people as a whole did not share the government's terror. The general feeling seems to have been similar to that which Charles Lamb expressed to Southev: "After all, Bonaparte is a fine fellow, as English ship, the "Bellerophon," and a my barber says, and I should not mind standing bare-headed at his table to do



THE TOMB OF NAPOLEON AT ST. HELENA

Engraved by Sutherland, after Captain Marryat. Napoleon " was interred, coording to his own request, under some willow trees, near a spring to which he had been accustomed to send daily for the water used at his table "

him service in his fall. They should have the laws of hospitality to send him into given him Hampton Court or Kensington, exile, and he would never submit voluntawith a tether extending forty miles round rily. When he became convinced that the London.'

But the government could see nothing but menace in keeping such a force as Napoleon within its limits. It evidently took Lamb's whimsical suggestion, that if Napoleon were at Hampton the people might some day eject the Brunswick in his favor, in profound seriousness. On July 30th, it sent a communication to General Bonaparte - the English henceforth refused him the title of emperor, though permitting him that of general, not reflecting probably that if one was spurious the other was, since both had been conferred by the same authority-notifying him that as it was necessary that he should not be allowed to disturb the repose of England any longer, the British government had chosen the island of St. Helena as his future residence, and that three persons with a surgeon would be allowed to accompany him. A week later he was transferred from the "Bellerophon" to the "Northumberland," and was en route for St. Helena, where he arrived in October, 1815.

The manner in which the British carried out their decision was irritating and unworthy. seemed to feel that guarding a prisoner meant humiliating him, and offensive and unnecessary restrictions were made which wounded and enraged Napoleon.

EFFECT OF EXILE ON NA-POLEON.

The effect of this treatment on Napoleon's character is one of the most interesting studies in connection with the man, and, on the whole, it leaves one with increased respect and admiration for him. He received the ana nouncement of his exile in indignation. He was not a prisoner, he was the guest of England, he said. It was an outrage against

British were inflexible in their decision, he



NAPOLEON'S TOMB AT ST. RELENA.

From a recent photograph.

forced then to leave their families. It was the easier because he had no scruples which opposed it. The idea was finally given up. A man ought to live out his destiny, he said, and he decided that his should be and of his son was kept from him. fulfilled.

in facing his new life was that he would have no occupation. He saw at once that St. Helena would not be an Elba. But he resolutely made occupations. He sought conversation, studied English, played games, began to dictate his memoirs. It is to this admirable determination to find something to do that we owe his clear, Turenne, and Frederick, his sketch of the after that his disease made rapid marches. Republic, and the vast amount of information in the journals of his devoted comrades, O'Meara, Las Cases, Montholon.

But no amount of forced occupation could hide the desolation of his position. The island of St. Helena is a mass of jagged, gloomy rocks; the nearest land is six hundred miles away. Isolated and inaccessible as it is, the English placed Napoleon on its most sombre and remote part—a place called Longwood, at the summit of a mountain, and to the windward. The houses at Longwood were damp and unhealthy. There was no shade. Water had to be carried some three miles.

The governor, Sir Hudson Lowe, was a tactless man, with a propensity for bullying those whom he ruled. He was haunted by the idea that Napoleon was trying to escape, and he adopted a policy which was more like that of a jailer than of an In his first interview with the officer. emperor he so antagonized him that Napoleon soon refused to see him. Napoleon's antipathy was almost superstitious. "I never saw such a horrid countenance," he told O'Meara. "He sat on a chair opposite to my sofa, and on the little table between us there was a cup of coffee. His impression upon me that I thought his evil eye had poisoned the coffee, and I ordered Marchand to throw it out of the window. I could not have swallowed it for the world."

Aggravated by Napoleon's refusal to see him, Sir Hudson Lowe became more annoying and petty in his regulations. All and the inhabitants of the island was cut tunate results of the invasion of France he

thought of suicide, and even discussed it off. The newspapers sent Napoleon were with Las Cases. It was the most conven- mutilated; certain books were refused; ient solution of his dilemma. It would in- his letters were opened. A bust of his son jure no one, and his friends would not be brought to the island by a sailor was withheld for weeks. There was incessant haggling over the expenses of his establishment. His friends were subjected to constant annoyance. All news of Marie Louise

It is scarcely to be wondered at that The most serious concern Napoleon felt Napoleon was often peevish and obstinate under this treatment, or that frequently. when he allowed himself to discuss the governor's policy with the members of his suite, his temper rose, as Montholon said, "to thirty-six degrees of fury." His situation was made more miserable by his illhealth. His promenades were so guarded by sentinels and restricted to such limits logical commentaries, his essays on Casar, that he finally refused to take exercise, and

DEATH IN MAY, 1821.

Before the end of 1820 it was certain that he could not live long. In December of that year the death of his sister Eliza was announced to him. "You see, Eliza has just shown me the way. Death, which had forgotten my family, has begun to strike it. My turn cannot be far off." was it. On May 5, 1821, he died.

His preparations for death were like him-methodical. During the last fortnight of April all his strength was spent in dictating to Montholon his last wishes. He even dictated, ten days before the end, the note which he wished sent to Sir Hudson Lowe to announce his death. articles he had in his possession at Longwood he had wrapped up and ticketed with the names of the persons to whom he wished to leave them. His will remembered numbers of those whom he had loved or who had served him. Even the Chinese laborers he had employed about the place were remembered. "Do not let them be forgotten. Let them have a few score of napoleons."

The will included a final word on certain physiognomy made such an unfavorable questions on which he felt posterity ought distinctly to understand his position. He died, he said, in the apostolical Roman religion. He declared that he had always been pleased with Marie Louise, whom he besought to watch over his son. To this son. whose name recurs repeatedly in the will, he gave a motto-All for the French people. He died prematurely, he said, assassifree communication between Longwood nated by the English oligarchy. The unfor-

attributed to the treason of Marmont, 1799, corrupt, crushed, hopeless, false to Augereau, Talleyrand, and Lafayette. He the great ideas she had wasted herself for, defended the death of the Duc d'Enghien, and watches Napoleon firmly and steadily "Under similar circumstance I should act bring order into this chaos, give the in the same way." This will is sufficient country work and bread, build up her evidence that he died as he had lived, courageously and proudly, and inspired her pocket and restore her credit, bind up by a profound conviction of the justice her wounds and call back her scattered of his own cause. In 1822 the French children, set her again to painting pictures courts, though, declared it void.

They buried him in a valley beside a spring he loved, and though no monument but a willow marked the spot, perhaps no other grave in history is so well known. Certainly the magnificent mausoleum which marks his present resting place in Paris has never touched the imagination and the heart as did the humble willow-shaded mound in St. Helena.

NAPOLEON'S CHARACTER.

The peace of the world was insured. Napoleon was dead. But though the echo of his deeds was so loud and so majestic in the ears of France and England that they tried every device to turn it into discord or to drown it by another and a newer sound, the ignoble attempt was never entirely successful, and the day will come when personal and partisan considerations will cease to influence judgments on this mighty man. For he was a mighty man. One may be convinced that the fundamental principles of his life were despotic; that he used the noble ideas of personal liberty, of equality, and of fraternity as a tyrant; that the whole tendency of his civil and military system was to concentrate power in a single pair of hands, never to distribute it where it belongs, among the people; one may feel that he frequently sacrificed personal dignity to a theatrical desire to impose on the crowd as a hero of classic proportions, a god from Olympus; one may groan over the blood he spilt. But he cannot refuse to acknowledge that no man ever comprehended more clearly the splendid science of war; he cannot fail to bow to the genius which conceived and executed the Italian campaign, which fought the classic battles of Austerlitz, Jena, and Wagram. These deeds are great epics. They move in noble, measured lines, and stir us by could handle men and materials as Napoleon did.

man. When one confronts the France of chivalrous lover until he was disillusioned;

. . . .

broken walls and homes, put money into children, set her again to painting pictures and reading books, to smiling and singing, he has a Napoleon greater than the war-

Nor were these civil deeds transient. France to-day is largely what Napoleon made her, and the most liberal institutions of continental Europe bear his impress. It is only a mind of noble proportions which can grasp the needs of a people, and a hand of mighty force which can supply

But he was greater as a man than as a warrior or statesman; greater in that rare and subtile personal quality which made men love him. Men went down on their knees and wept at sight of him when he came home from Elba-rough men whose hearts were untrained, and who loved naturally and spontaneously the thing which was lovable. It was only selfish, warped, abnormal natures, which had been stifled by etiquette and diplomacy and self-interest, who abandoned him. Where nature lived in a heart, Napoleon's sway was absolute. It was not strange. He was in everything a natural man; his imagination, his will, his intellect, his heart were native, untrained. They appealed to unworldly men in all their rude, often brutal, strength and sweetness. If they awed them, they won them.

This native force of Napoleon explains, at least partially, his hold on men; it explains, too, the contrasts of his character. Never was there a life lived so full of lights and shades, of majors and minors. It was a kaleidoscope, changing at every moment. Beside the most practical and commonplace qualities are the most idealistic. No man ever did more drudgery, ever followed details more slavishly; yet who ever dared so divinely, ever played such hazardous games of chance? No man ever planned more for his fellows, vet who ever broke so many hearts? No man ever made practical realities of so their might and perfection. It is only a many of liberty's dreams, yet it was by genius of the most magnificent order which despotism that he swept away feudal abuses and gave liberal and beneficent laws. No man was more gentle, none He is even more imposing as a states- more severe. Never was there a more a more affectionate husband even when reserve.

He was valorous as a god in danger, loved it, played with it; yet he would turn pale at a broken mirror, cross himself if which an enemy had looked.

He was the greatest genius of his time, faith had left him; yet no man ever tram- perhaps of all time, yet he lacked the pled more rudely on womanly delicacy and crown of greatness—that high wisdom born of reflection and introspection which knows its own powers and limitations, and never abuses them; that fine sense of proportion which holds the rights of others in he stumbled, fancy the coffee poisoned at the same solemn reverence which it demands for its own.

THE END.

Note. - With this paper the sketch of the life of Napoleon properly ends, though there are two papers yet to follow: one in the May number, on "The Second Funeral of Napoleon, in 1840," and one in the June number, on "Napoleon and America." In concluding the sketch, I want to acknowledge my indebtedness to the librarians of the Congressional Library, at Washington, D. C. These gentlemen labor at present under the greatest disadvantages, owing to the overcrowded condition of their rooms; nevertheless the student is served with an intelligence and good will for which I, at least, cannot be too grateful. My sincerest thanks are due also to Mr. Gardiner G. Hubbard, whose advice and suggestions have been invaluable.-I. M. T.

THE LIFE OF NAPOLEON

By MISS IDA M. TARBELL,

which has been running in this magazine. will be published complete in Number One of McCLURE'S QUARTERLY, and will

be ready in April. The volume will contain all of the articles, with much important additional matter, and many new pictures.

Miss Tarbell has proved herself to be a brilliant historical writer. THE TEXT. She has made skilful use of memoirs, letters and papers recently made accessible by the investigations of the best foreign Napoleon students. has told Napoleon's wonderful career as it has not been told before in popular form, and she has given pictures of his personal life, habits, methods of work and thought. that are masterly in simplicity and vividness.

There are over 200 illustrations from the works of the most THE PICTURES. eminent painters, sculptors and engravers of the century. including practically all of the masterpieces of art relating to Napoleon, his family and his military and political achievements. In illustrating this volume the publishers have supplemented the splendid set of Napoleon engravings generously placed at their service by the Hon. Gardiner G. Hubbard, with many new pictures from the State collections of France, the private galleries of the Bonaparte princes, and other collections no less notable.

THE NAPOLEON QUARTERLY forms a pictorial biography that cannot possibly be surpassed, for the publishers have had the unusual privilege of access to the great Napoleon collections of the world, and have therefore been able to select the most authentic, the most interesting, and the most beautiful Napoleon pictures that were made in Napoleon's lifetime or have been made since.

The book will be printed on specially made enamelled paper with wide margins and bound in paper covers of handsome design. It will be sold everywhere for fifty cents a copy.

THE POLLOCK DIAMOND ROBBERY.

STORIES FROM THE ARCHIVES OF THE PINKERTON DETECTIVE AGENCY.

BY CLEVELAND MOFFETT.

N a Friday night, November 4, 1892, with thirteen men in the smoker, a train on the Sioux City and Pacific Railroad drew out of Omaha at six o'clock, and started on its eastward run. Among these thirteen, sitting about half way down the aisle, enjoying a good cigar, was Mr. W. G. Pollock of New York, a travelling salesman for W. L. Pollock & Co., of the same city, one of the largest diamond firms in America. In the inside pocket of his vest he carried fifteen thousand dollars' worth disappeared under the seats like rats into of uncut diamonds, while a leather satchel on the seat beside him contained a quantity of valuable stones in settings.

On the front seat of the car, just behind the stove, sat a stolid-looking young man, who would have passed for a farmer's lad. He seemed scarcely over twenty, having neither beard nor mustache, and a stranger would have put him down as a rather stupid, Compared with Mr. inoffensive fellow. Pollock he was slighter in build, although an inch or so taller. As he sat there staring at the stove, the passenger in the seat behind him, J. H. Shaw, an Omaha welldigger, a bluff, hearty man of social instincts, tried to draw him into conversation; but the young fellow only shook his head sulkily, and the well-digger relapsed into silence. Presently, as the train was approaching California Junction, the young man on the front seat rose and started down the aisle. Curiously enough, he now wore a full beard of black hair five or six inches long. No one paid any attention to him until he stopped at Mr. Pollock's seat, drew a revolver, and said loud enough feet high, and disappeared. for everyone in the car to hear him:

"Give me them diamonds."

Then, without waiting for a reply, he shifted the revolver to his left hand, drew a slungshot from his coat-pocket, and struck Mr. Pollock with it over the head such a heavy blow that the bag burst, and the shot rolled upon the floor. Then he said again: "Give me them diamonds."

Realizing that the situation was desperate, Mr. Pollock took out his pocket-book and handed it to his assailant, saying: "I have only a hundred dollars; here it is."

Pushing back the pocket-book as if unworthy of his attention, the man aimed his revolver coolly at Mr. Pollock's right shoulder and fired. Then he aimed at the left shoulder and fired. Both bullets hit: and were followed by two more, which went whizzing by the diamond merchant's head on either side, missing him, perhaps by accident, but probably by design, as the men were not three feet apart.

By this, the other people in the car had their holes. To all intents and purposes Mr. Pollock was alone with his assailant. The latter evidently knew where the diamonds were secreted, for, ripping open his victim's vest, he drew out the leather wallet in which they were enclosed, and stuffed it into his pocket. Wounded though he was, Mr. Pollock now grappled with the thief, who, using the butt of his revolver as a weapon, brought down fearful blows on Pollock's head. The latter, however, was game to the end, and, getting into the aisle. fought the robber up and down the car, until a crushing blow at last laid Mr. Pollock senseless on the floor.

With perfect self-possession and without hurry the thief walked back down the aisle to Mr. Pollock's seat, and took one of the two leather bags lying there, by mistake choosing, though, the one that did not Then he contain the mounted diamonds. went to the end of the car, pulled the bellrope, and, as the train began to slacken its speed in response to this signal, jumped off the steps, rolled down a bank fifteen

Sharing apparently in the general consternation and terror inspired by the young fellow, the conductor, instead of holding the train to pursue the thief, signalled the engineer to go ahead, and no effort was made for a capture until the train reached California Junction, several miles farther Meanwhile the panic-stricken passengers recovered at their leisure their composure and their seats. Had but one of his fellow-travellers gone to the assistance of Mr. Pollock, the robber might easily have been overpowered. As it was, he of his diamonds, and escaped without the slightest interference. When his pistol was picked up, near the spot where he left the train, it was found that in the struggle the cylinder had caught, so that it would have been impossible to discharge the two chambers remaining loaded. Thus eleven able-bodied men were held in a state of abject terror by one slender lad, who at the last was practically unarmed.

At California Junction the wounded diamond merchant was carried from the train. and taken back to Omaha that same night. Mr. Pollock being a member of the Jewellers' Protective Union, a rich and powerful organization, established some years ago for the protection of jewelry salesmen against thieves, was entitled to its aid. The association keeps the Pinkerton Agency constantly retained for its service. And here it is worthy of note that there never has been a salesman robbed during the twelve years the association has been in existence that the stolen property has not been recovered and the thief sent to prison. One of the strictest rules of the association is to compromise or compound with a thief under no circumstances, but prosecute to the end. In this instance the case was immediately reported to Mr. William A. Pinkerton, at Chicago, with instructions to secure the robber and bring him to justice, no matter what the cost might be.

When the Pinkerton men reached the scene of the robbery, the robber had vanwhisked off to another planet. strange man sleeping in the woods, and of a desperate-looking character seen limping along the road. But all this came to probable, that the diamond thief had fled back to Omaha. A patient and exhaustive search in Omaha resulted in nothing. The man was gone, and the diamonds were gone; that was all anybody knew.

What made the case more difficult was the uncertainty as to the robber's personal appearance; for some of the passengers testified to one thing, and some to another. only one witness besides Mr. Pollock remembered that the man wore such a beard.

all but murdered his man, plundered him and whether it was dark or light in color. The fact is, the passengers had been so thoroughly frightened at the time of the assault that the credibility of their testimony was much to be questioned.

Mr. Pollock reported that for several weeks previous to the robbery he had suspected that he was being followed. He also reported that on the day of the robbery he had been in the shop of Sonnenberg, the largest pawnbroker in Omaha, and that while he was there two noted Western gamblers had entered the shop and been presented to him by Sonnenberg as possible customers. He had made a trade of some diamonds with one of the men, and in the course of the negotiations had shown his entire stock. While the trade was in progress a negro on the premises had noticed, lounging about the front of the shop, a man in a slouch hat, who suggested the robber. From these circumstances it was decided that the robbery might be the work of an organized gang, who had been waiting their opportunity for many days, and had selected one of their number to do the actual deed.

All his life it had been Mr. Pinkerton's business to study criminals and understand their natures. He knew that a crime like this one was as much beyond the power of an ordinary criminal as the strength of Sandow is beyond that of the ordinary man. Let a robber be ever so greedy of gold, reckless of human life, and indifferent to consequences, he would still think many ished as completely as if he had been times before declaring war to the death To be upon twelve men in a narrow car, on a sure, farmers in the neighborhood brought swiftly moving train. This was surely no rumors of the stealing of horses, of a novice in crime, reasoned Mr. Pinkerton. but a man whose record would already show deeds of the greatest daring; a brave fellow, though a bad one. And even among nothing, except to establish, what seemed the well-known experienced criminals there must be very few who were capable of this deed.

Mr. Pinkerton, therefore, set himself to studying the bureau's records and rogue's gallery to first pick out these few. after page of photographs was turned over, drawer after drawer of records was searched through, and at last a dozen or more men were decided upon as sufficiently preëmi-The black beard was a cause of confusion; nent to merit consideration in connection with the present case.

Photographs of these dozen or so were Mr. Pollock, however, was positive as to speedily struck off, and submitted by the this particular, and it seemed as if he detectives to all the men who had been in ought to know. It was also impossible the smoking-car at the time of the robbery, to decide, from conflicting statements, to the conductor of the train and the trainwhether the robber had a mustache or not, men, to other passengers, to farmers and



5 (60 Lillian) FIRST WOLLD'S COM-

Shaw, the Omaha well-digger, who had sat just behind the robber, selected the same photograph, and was positive it pictured the man he had tried to talk to. Other passengers also picked out this photograph, "class burglar, "Bylly " Boyce, as did various persons who had caught sight of the man as he escaped.

cord was that of Frank Bruce, one of the Bruce into custody, when the "shadows"

others who might have seen the robber only necessary now to find Bruce, to have while making his escape, and to various the problem solved. Many days were people in Omaha. The result was startling, spent, and hundreds of dollars, in searching Conductor D. M. Ashmore, without hesita- for him. Dozens of crites were visited, and tion, selected from the dozen or more pho--every concervable effort made to get on his tographs one as that of the robber. Mr. track, but it was not until his pursuers were almost weary of the chase that he was finally discovered living quietly in Chicago, on Cottage Grove Avenue, near 36th Street, where he was operating with another high-

Requisition papers were at once procured from the Governor of Jowa on the Gover-The portrait thus chosen by common accorder Allmois, and men were sent to take most desperate burglars of the younger reported that he and Boyce had left for generation in the country, and it seemed. Milwankee, where, of course, the requisition

same night they attempted a burglary in Milwaukee, for which they were arrested and held for ninety days. This gave the Chicago detectives abundant time to identify Bruce as the missing robber.

Mr. Pinkerton himself went at once to Milwaukee, saw Bruce in the jail, heard his story, verified its essential facts, and within two days, to his own complete disappointment, and in spite of himself, had proved a complete alibi for Bruce. То satisfy himself in this connection, Mr. Pinkerton brought Conductor Ashmore and Mr. Shaw to Milwaukee, and pointed Bruce out to them; and, after looking carefully at him, both men declared they had made a mistake in identifying his picture, and that in the whole great West was a question. Bruce was not the robber.

With Bruce clear, the detectives were again without a suspect, and almost without a clue. Just here, however, Mr. Pinkerton recalled that on a trip to the West, some three years previous, to investigate the case of a man arrested at Reno, Nevada, on a charge of "holding up" a faro bank, and while stopping over in Salt Lake City, Utah, he had run across some "sport-' men in that city with whom he was well acquainted, and, on his telling them where he was going and what his business was, one of them, whom Mr. Pinkerton had known for years, had said: "Why, the man at Reno is innocent. The men who committed that robbery are in this city. One of them is a smooth-faced boy, about twenty years of age, and the other is a heavy-set, dark-complexioned fellow, with a dark mustache. They are the intimate friends and companions of Jack Denton, the well-known gambler of Salt Lake; and only a short time ago, in Salt Lake, they entered a house through a rear door, wearing masks, and compelled two ladies, who were just returned from a ball, to give up a large amount of diamonds.'

Though not interested in this particular robbery, Mr. Pinkerton had mentally jotted down the intimacy of Jack Denton with this class of people; and he recalled it now in connection with the fact that Jack Denton was one of the two gamblers to whom Pollock had exposed his diamonds at Sonnenberg's pawnshop in Omaha. He at once decided to secure definite information in regard to the boy who had been with Denton at Salt Lake three years earlier. ceeding immediately to Salt Lake City, and making cautious inquiries, he learned that the boy in question, since he first heard of him, had been arrested and convicted of

papers were valueless. Fortunately, that robbery at Ogden, Utah, and sentenced to one year's term in the penitentiary. investigation at the penitentiary disclosed that the young man had given the name of James Burke, had served out his sentence under that name, and had been released about one month previous to the Pollock tobbery.

> Denton, in the meantime, had left Salt Lake and gone to Omaha to make it his home. The boy Burke, argued the detectives, had naturally followed his friend to that point. An accurate description of Burke was got from the records of the Utah penitentiary, and some idea of him and his friends was derived from the officials of the prison. But where to find him

> Inquiries at Salt Lake developed the further fact that Burke had had one intimate friend there, a man named Marshall P. Hooker. Hooker had now, however, left Salt Lake and removed to Denver. For a man of his class, Hooker was unusually talkative, and was known by "crooks" throughout the country as "Windy" Hooker. Plans were made for keeping a watch on him and on Jack Denton, in the hope, by "shadowing" the movements of these two, of ultimately locating Burke.

> Through the free talk of, Hooker, reported back to the detective, it was soon learned that Burke was known by the alias of "Kid" McCoy, and that he had recently been operating on the Pacific coast in "holding up" faro banks, and had also been concerned in two large robberies, one at Lincoln, Nebraska, and the other at Sacramento, California. His whereabouts at that time, however, were unknown.

> Much time had now elapsed since the robbery, and the sensation caused by it had died out. Jack Denton and his friends seldom spoke of it, and Hooker never spoke of it unless the subject was introduced to Both men were extremely shy of strangers, and it was almost impossible for a detective to draw them out, as anybody who introduced the subject of the robbery was at once looked upon with suspicion. For the purpose of creating further talk upon the subject, Mr. Pinkerton caused to be inserted in the Omaha papers an advertisement as follows:

> "Five hundred dollars will be paid for any information leading up to the identification of the party who robbed William G. Pollock on the Sioux City and Pacific train, November 4, 1892. [Signed] WILLIAM A. PINKERTON, Paxton House, Omaha, Nebraska."

This at once attracted the attention of

the local newspaper men, and when Mr. window by a daring thief. regard to the robbery. Thus interest in done by Burke. the robbery was at once renewed. Dencommenced talking of the matter again, none more freely than Hooker.

Denver superintendent of the Pinkerton Agency, to send for him, and say to him that he had understood that he (Hooker) could throw some light on the robbery, and that a large sum of money would be could get any trace, through him, of the paid him for the information he gave. Mr. Pinkerton explained to Mr. McParland that Hooker would lie to him, and endeavor to get the money by giving him false information, but to listen patiently to what he had to say, and lead him on as far as possible without giving him any money. This done, Mr. Pinkerton further predicted Hooker would go back to his cronies and boast of the way he was fooling Pinkerton, and how much money he expected to get; and that eventually, tools in his possession, and was then in through his boastings, he would prove the jail at Leadville, Colorado. means of locating Burke, alias McCoy.

robber; that after committing the robbery there had gone to Denver. From Denver he went to Salt Lake, and visited a prisoner in the Salt Lake penitentiary with some money, and went from Salt Lake west to the Pacific coast.

Mr. Pinkerton next instructed that the record be examined for daring "hold-ups" that might have occurred in the country lately traversed by Burke. It was then found that a faro bank at Colorado City, a small place between Manitou Springs late at night by a masked robber, who compelled the dealer and other persons to hold up their hands, took the money in the drawer and escaped; that later on a similar robbery had been perpetrated at the pool house of James Malone, a noted the Texas prisoner. gambler at Tacoma, Washington, had been and a tray of diamonds snatched from the Ashmore and Messrs. Shaw and Pollock

Pinkerton arrived in Omaha he was inter- these deeds, Mr. Pinkerton learned ultiviewed by all the papers in the city in mately through Hooker's talk, had been

The watch on Denton at Omaha develton and the other persons under suspicion oped little, if anything, except that a close companionship existed between him and Sonnenberg, the pawnbroker.

The latter was then in Denver. Mr. During the summer of 1893, learning Pinkerton instructed Mr. James McParland, that an intimate friend of Burke's, a burglar who had served time with him in the Utah penitentiary, was confined in jail at Georgetown, Texas, Mr. Pinkerton decided to go and interview this man and see if he robber. In the meantime he instructed the detectives at Omaha and Denver to keep a particularly close watch on Jack Denton and Hooker.

> On Mr. Pinkerton's arrival in Austin, Texas, he found awaiting him despatches from Superintendent McParland of the Denver Agency, stating that through Hooker's talk they had learned that "Kid McCoy, or Burke, had been arrested at Eagle, Colorado, with a kit of burglar

Mr. Pinkerton at once telegraphed to And so, precisely, it fell out. Some of have Conductor Ashmore and Mr. Shaw Hooker's companions were Pinkerton de- the well-digger sent to Leadville to see if tectives, although Hooker did not know they could identify the prisoner. Word them as such, and they in time reported was also sent to New York for Mr. Pollock back that Burke was really the Pollock to do the same. He also instructed Superintendent McParland at Denver to send he had gone back to Omaha, and from his assistant, J. C. Fraser, to watch the case, so that if McCoy gave bail, or attempted to escape from the Leadville jail, they could be ready with a warrant whom he was intimate, gave this prisoner for his arrest on account of the Pollock robbery.

Having wired these instructions. Mr. Pinkerton proceeded on his journey to Georgetown, Texas, where he called on McCoy's former prison associate in the Utah penitentiary, but was unable to get him to tell anything about McCoy, though he volunteered, if Mr. Pinkerton would and Colorado Springs, had been entered furnish him a bond and get him out of his Texas scrape, to go to Omaha and compel the "fence" who had received the diamonds to turn back the property. the rule of the Jewellers' Protective Union was to get the thief first and the property San Bernardino, California; that later still afterwards; so no treaty was made with

Mr. Pinkerton now went to Kansas City, treated in the same manner; and, finally, and found awaiting him there despatches that a light or pane of glass in a jewelry from Superintendent McParland of the store at Sacramento had been smashed in, Denver Agency, stating that Conductor by Mr. Pollock. Requisition papers were obtained from the Governor of the State of Iowa on the Governor of Colorado, and the Colorado offence being a minor one, Burke was turned over to Assistant Superintendent Fraser and another detective, to

had positively identified the prisoner James confidentially warned by the sheriff of the Burke, alias "Kid" McCov, as the man county that he could not be too careful of who assaulted and robbed Mr. Pollock of his prisoner; for that Burke, through a his diamonds. Birke winced perceptibly friend of the sheriff, had made a proposiwhen he saw Conductor Ashmore and Mr. tion to the sheriff to pay him a thousand Shaw, and went fairly wild when confronted dollars if he would secretly furnish him with a revolver when he left the jail, his design being, with this revolver, to either "hold up" or kill the two detectives who had him in custody, and make his escape from the train,

On trial at Logan, Iowa, the man was be taken to Logan, Harrison County, Iowa, easily convicted, and was sentenced to im-Before leaving Leadville, Mr. Fraser was prisonment for a term of seventeen years,

MR. HALL CAINE.

MR. HALL CAINE, whose novel "The ten the first half volume four times at the novels that made the year 1894 a particularly brilliant one in English fiction, is himself a Manxman by descent, though reared in Liverpool. He was born in 1853, and, like his brother novelist, Thomas Hardy, was educated for an architect. But at about twenty he turned to journalism. When he was about twenty-five, and while he was yet in Liverpool, he came into a close friendship with Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and this led, a year or two later, to his going up to London. One of his first books was his "Recollections of Rossetti," which was followed by various ventures in literary criticism, including "Cobwebs of Criticism," "Sonnets of Three Centuries," and by a "Life of Coleridge." While producing these early works Mr. Caine was reviewing on the "Athenaum" and the "Academy," and writing leaders daily in "The Liverpool Mercury." But in time he grew discontented with reviewing, as most men do on whom it devolves as a constant task, and, deciding "that nobody would go on could do original writing himself," he resolved " to live on little and earn nothing " now thirty.

Of the writing of this novel, "The before the end of 1894." Shadow of a Crime," he has himself given an interesting account. "Settled in a little bungalow of three rooms in a garden near the beach at Sandown, in the Isle of Wight," every fresh attempt. I must have writ- which his first novel was written.

Manxman" is one of three or four least. After that I saw the way clearer, and got on faster. At the end of three months I had written nearly two volumes, and then in good spirits I went up to London.

> But in London a lawyer friend suggested to the author an important addition. "To work this fresh interest into my theme," Mr. Caine continues, "half of what I had written would need to be destroyed! It was destroyed; . . . and after two months more I got well into the third volume."

From all this it should seem that a tougher task than Mr. Caine had had in his first novel could scarcely fall to him. But he says, concluding his account of it: "Every book that I have written since has offered yet greater difficulties. one of the little series but has at some moment been a despair to me. There has always been a point of the story at which I have felt confident that it must kill me. I have written six novels (that is to sav. about sixteen), and sworn as many oaths writing about other people's writing who times I have thrown up commissions in sheer terror of the work ahead of me. Yet here I am at this moment (like half until he had produced a novel. He was a dozen of my fellow-craftsmen) with contracts in hand which I cannot get through

For a time Mr. Caine had a pretty home in the Lake Country, made famous by Coleridge, Southey, and Wordsworth; but several years ago he cast in his lot with his he fell to. "Shall I," says he, "ever for- brother Manxmen, and now lives in the get the agony of the first efforts? . . . Isle of Man, inhabiting there the ancient It took me nearly a fortnight to start Greeba Castle, a rather more generous that novel, sweating drops as of blood at housing than the three-room bungalow in



NALL CAINE AT 30, WHEN HE WROTE HIS FIRST NOVEL FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBINSON & THOMPSON, LIVERPOOL.



HALL CAINE AT 40. 1893.



HALL CAINE AT 40. 1893.



HALL CAINE AT 38. 1891. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY G. P. ABRAHAM, KRAWICK,





HALL CAINE AT 39, 1892, FROM A EMPLOGRAPH BY BARRAND, LONDON



GREERA CASSAL, HALL CAINE'S RESIDENCE IN THE INLR OF MAN. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY AREL LEWIS, DOUGLAS, INLR OF MAN.

TAMMANY.

The Founding of the Society.—A Political Organization from the Start.—Its Part in the Early Politics of the Nation.—Great Men who belonged to Tammany and used its Influence.—The Eric Canal Fight.— Jackson's Nomination.

BY E. I. EDWARDS.

With portraits and other illustrations.

I.

political organization was created in New so intense that we at this day wonder that York City that was the beginning of the they did not cause more blood than Ham-Tammany Society. It professed to represistant's to be shed. sent democracy, or, as then it was called,

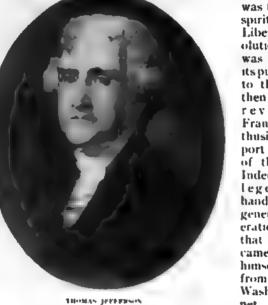
it kept a sway that was, on the whole, fairly used in our game of empire as played by the two political parties. It gave the hint of the power that lies in a body of men who act with a common purpose and under willing discipline. Taking example by it, many similar associations were formed. although Washington, in one of his messages, expressed disapproval of such methods of politics as characterized these associations. The democracy which Jefferson's name suggests was not created by it. That

impulse came with the birth of the nation. people a fair chance to be equal in fact, as facing the Cincinnati and its sword. they were in name, with those who had the prestige of wealth, family, association, or those days of birth gives to John Trumpolitical influence. gained; and when the Democratic-Repub- wit, such honor as is due the founder of lican party, a name which Tammany has Tammany. Trumbull's humorous fancy kept as its own from that day to this, had did hit upon the name, and that, very likely,

become preëminent in State and Nation. Tammany, still supporting the Federal ad-WELVE days after Washington took ministration, was beset by internal quarrels, the oath of office as President, a the bitterness and malignity of which were

As New York was the capital for the the republican principle. For fifty years time, there the first of American political

organizations was made. Tammany was the heir of the spirit of the Sons of Liberty of the Revolutionary War. It was kin in some of its purposes, at least, to those who were then beginning the revolution in France. It was enthusiastic in its support and approval of that revolution. Indeed, a misty legend has been handed down from generation to gencration in the Hall that the suggestion came from Jefferson himself, who, called from France to Washington's cabinet, was pained to see that aristocracy. English in its im-



From a portrait by Gilbert Stuart.

But in a feeble, pulse, and fostered by the "Society of the groping way the organizers of Tammany Cincinnati," was rooting itself so early in sought to set up something which would our national life. To crush that impulse, balk the Federalists and the aristocrats; at least to fetter it, Jefferson gave the hint, something which would give the plain and l'ammany with its tomahawk stood

> Another of the many doubtful tales of That purpose was bull, a poet of some fame and suspected

jokingly, if the tradition be true: "Let us call ours for St. Tammany, since the Tories and Loyalists should not have a monopoly of all the saints in the calendar."

GREATER EQUALITY IN GOVERNMENT AND SOCIETY WAS TAMMANY'S EARLIEST AIM.

William Mooney, an upholsterer, but, like many of the mechanics of that day, keenly interested in politics, suggested that there be brought together in an association those who dreaded the aristocracy, and who suspected that the purpose of Hamilton was to force the government into something like a limited monarchy. Mooney found a good many mechanics and merchants who thought as he did, and so a common purpose, the grouping impulse, rather than any cunning planning of one man for personal advancement, brought some of the ablest political and personal foes of Hamilton and Jay together, and, with some mystery of oaths and ritual, the pipe of peace, the feathered headdress, even the painted face and leathern costume, with wampum for its ornament, these men were bound in one association as the Tammany Society, or Columbian Order. That is the chartered body. It is the core of Tammany. Legally it is not Tammany Hall. Really it is the same thing; and in what is to be said of the growth, the power, the shifting of the organization from its first purpose, which was fairly political, to its later methods, which typify almost all those evil and lurking tendencies that led De Tocqueville somewhat to doubt the permanence of the Republic, the Tammany Society and Tammany Hall will be spoken of as two names for the same thing.

It should be said now, however, that the common view that in the beginning Tammany was purely a benevolent and kindly association, is far from correct. Such purpose was set forth in the formal organization; but politics, and the politics of the Republican-Democracy, was from the first and for fifty years the abiding purpose. Governor George Clinton had other channels than a political association through which to send his streams of benevolence, and he was one of the early Tammany. Robert Yates was too grim and stern to use as a means for charity an organization which was formed "to connect in indisso-

was all his service. St. George's, St. luble bonds of friendship American breth-David's, St. Andrew's Societies (but no St. Patrick's till many years had passed) rights of human nature and the liberties of flourished in New York, and Trumbull said the country," a quotation which is word and letter from the first constitution of Tammany. John Lansing, cunning politician, and Melancthon Smith, impetuous one, did not play politics and practise the gentler graces at the same time. Hone, father of Philip who was called the first gentleman of New York, and Cortlandt Van Buren and Gabriel Furman and John Burger may have been generous men. and were among the representative citizens of New York, but the Tammany they organized meant something else than philanthropy; it meant politics.

> These and some others, meeting upon the banks of the Hudson at that place where now the greater ocean steamships lie when safe in port, sat in their mock wigwams on the 12th of May, 1789, smoked the calumet each in turn, swore enmity to aristocracy and privileged classes, and fealty to the principle of pure republicanism, and with that simple ritual set up a political institution sometimes of the highest value, often honorably used, often cruelly, and which, second only to the institution of slavery. has been chief among the perils of the Republic, and perhaps its greatest shame.

> Reading the story of Tammany without bias, keeping the mind free from the personal prejudices likely to be created by the most amazing and abhorrent revelations, it is hard to escape the conviction that some such story as that of Tammany was sure to be told as part of the history of the first century of the Republic. Given the peculiar opportunities and conditions then prevailing, and either Tammany or some other band of men was bound to take advantage of them. And in one sense these very things were to be the last test of the moral fibre of a newly-created nation, and of the soundness and purity of the national life.

TAMMANY'S HORROR OF CORRUPTION, SAVE AT HOME.

At the centennial celebration of Tammany Hall, on July 4, 1889, that organization seemed to be the finest, most perfect flower that had ever come from the development of bodies of men acting from a common political purpose. Its discipline was greater than that of an army, for it seldom knew deserters. It controlled nearly a hundred and twenty thousand citizens, who obeyed without a murmur the command of that one who was in author-



THE FIRST TAMMANY HALL, ERECTED IN 1811.

The same building, enlarged, is now the office of "The Sun," corner of Park Row and Frankfort Street.

every department of New York City. Mr. modern history has recorded. Bourke Cockran was the orator of the day, department of police.

Mr. Cockran also declared, "Corruption nearly forty millions. once begun, decay is inevitable, irresistible; members of the organization who then that one. heard him. They were at that time per-

ity. It controlled, with a single exception, of political and pecuniary corruption

The orator insisted that Tammany had and among the truths which he uttered served the nation well, because it had put was this: "If corruption prevails among up barriers against the dangerous currents the people, liberty will become a blighting of plutocracy. Yet he was addressing a curse, subversive of order." Among those political organization numbering more who applauded with vigor this sentiment than one hundred thousand, commanding were men then doing corrupt acts which an annual payroll of nearly twelve millions five years later were exposed as part of an of dollars, or five times as much as the all-pervasive system that had corroded the budget of England in Queen Anne's time, and controlling an annual expenditure of

The orator insisted that to Tammany the destruction of the Republic is immedi- was due very much of the influence which ate, immeasurable, irredeemable, since his- had prevented a strong centralized governtory does not record a case of a popular ment. Yet one man who heard Mr. Cockgovernment which has been arrested in its ran had but to nod his head, and one downward course," Yet the orator in hundred thousand votes would be delivered saying these words was pronouncing sen- for this candidate; or to shake his head, tence for constructive treason upon many and the same number would be cast against

The orator spoke of the glorious influmitting, encouraging, developing, perhaps ence of Tammany in resisting the tendency the most perfect and far-reaching system to undue accumulation of wealth. Yet some of those who clapped their hands upon him with respect, and say, "He is to or more saloon-keepers, two or three professional gamblers—and they had gained their wealth after association with, and influence in, Tammany Hall.

These malign and desperate influences are the growth of the later Tammany. The earlier years of the organization were doubtless devoted in good faith to exactly those purposes named by Mr. Cockran. At the same time these earlier years were characterized by politics of such intensity, such malignity of personal pursuit, such desperate endeavor to crush great men, as to us now would seem appalling.

PARTY POLITICS TAMMANY'S FIRST CON-CERN FROM THE OUTSET.

Tammany Hall after its organization in 1789 revealed its political purpose by the many. prompt association with it of Governor Clinton. It also seems to have had a notion HAMILTON AND FEDERALISM THE SPECIAL of doing something for the commercial development of New York City. It happened that within a year after its organization, when William Pitt Smith was Grand Sachem, it held a council with the Creek Indians, out of which came a treaty of peace, and one which tended to develop trade between the Indian tribes of the interior and New York. some of those who were distinguished as the ablest of the opponents of Hamilton and the Federal party looked with interest, giving indirectly their approval to this officiousness of the infant organization. Governor Clinton, Mayor Duane, and Jefferson himself were present as spectators, present.

The political impulse of the organization must have been very strong from the benearly one hundred years for intellecyears after the organization. tious, but revealing a brilliancy of intellect ernment of the aristocratic classes.

were men who had accumulated wealth be one of our great men,"-young De Witt with a swiftness almost unparalleled, men Clinton, nephew of the Governor,—was who a few years before had been humble associated with Tammany, almost from the mechanics—one an engine driver, one a first step which he took in politics. Later horse-car driver, one a carpet-layer, a score the most violent, persistent, malignant, and powerful measures were adopted by Tammany Hall to crush De Witt Clinton; measures which in this State, at least, split the Democratic party. It is some indication of the intensity of the opposition to De Witt Clinton, that, while Tammany supported the recommendations of his uncle the Governor in favor of a canal from Lake Champlain to the Hudson, Tammany fought from the beginning the Erie Canal project which is De Witt Clinton's chief claim for remembrance, and fought it solely because it was his. A little later—the record does not show the exact time-one of the subtlest men of the Revolutionary time. Aaron Burr, whose intellectual powers had they been tempered with some moral purpose would have made him one of the immortals, became associated with Tam-

OBJECTS OF TAMMANY'S DISLIKE.

Therefore it was made plain, not only in New York, but elsewhere, that there had sprung up in New York City organized opposition to Hamilton, to his aristocratic Society of the Cincinnati, and to his purpose perfectly to organize and make per-Upon that council manent the influence of the Federal party. There can be no doubt that this opposition was at bottom honest. Hamilton, at the time of the organization of Tammany, was perhaps at his highest pinnacle of success. He was Secretary of the Treasury, and he had such patronage as the office at that time furnished. John Jay, his intimate and politand many years later Jefferson wrote of it ical sympathizer, was Chief Justice. The as one of the most interesting occasions at Livingstons, the Schuylers, the Jays, and which it had been his privilege to be others who composed such social aristocracy as existed at that time, were all Federalists; all distrusted an absolute republican form of government. The influence of ginning. Josiah Ogden Hoffman, one of the the Society of the Cincinnati, which was ablest members of a family distinguished very great, served Hamilton and the Federalists. The early Tammany antagonized tual ability, became Grand Sachem two the Federalists because the leaders of that And what society believed that pure republicanism powerful men were associated with him! was possible; and they feared that it was There was Melancthon Smith, now almost the purpose of the Federalists so to direct forgotten, then of great influence. And a the new government that it should either young man impetuous, obstinate, vain, frac- become a limited monarchy or else a govwhich caused the men of that time to look ernor George Clinton set that stern face





GEORGE CLINTON.

From a portrait in the State Library at Albany

of his, surmounted as it was by the most marvellous arrangement of hair that ever appeared on the head of any American, against the Federalistic tendency. He opposed Hamilton's scheme for a national bank, and the Tammany Society supported him. Yet Clinton was in favor of internal improvements, for he recommended the Champlain Canal as early as 1791, and that project Tammany seems earnestly to have supported.

It is hard to tell exactly what Burr's relations to the politics of that day were. He always called himself a Democrat-Republican, yet he certainly acted with the Federalists upon one occasion, although not an important one. He was sent to the United States Senate in 1791, although he seems not to have been exactly a Democrat, and certainly not in any close association with the Federalists.

The years between the organization of Tammany and the Presidential election of 1796 seem to have been characterized mainly by emotional and sentimental politics on the part of the early Tammany. The society had a gift for what in these later years is called spread-eagleism. The national bird rarely screamed elsewhere as it did at the early meetings of this society, and it continues to scream at Tammany's Fourth of July celebrations.

The society was the first to cause the Declaration of Independence to be read upon July 4th, followed by speeches of exultation. As it was the first to do this, so it is now the last of formal organizations to celebrate the Fourth in this way. These ceremonies then had their value, although the speeches seem now to be nothing but absurdly bombastic rhetoric. They kept the national spirit at white heat, and as the Union had been reluctantly established, that was a good thing to do. That should be named among the worthy services of Tammany.

With the passing of Washington to private life, the crystallizing of the opposing forces into symmetrical parties was bound to come. The Tammany of Hoffman and Duane and Smith and others, extending as it did from 1789 to 1796, made the coming of it easier, perhaps earlier, than might otherwise have been the case.

TAMMANY BEGINS EARLY TO DIVIDE ITS
OWN PARTY.

From 1796 until 1828 Tammany was in the thick of the excited and angry politics which prevailed during that entire era. That interval of time properly marks the first of the epochs in which Tammany's influence was important, and, at times, mas-



DANIEL D. TOMPKINS.

From a portrait by J. W. Davis-

are the most mysterious, the most difficult associated with Tammany Hall. to understand, of any which the Nation the Democratic and Republican party influence throughout the State. which began with Jefferson; the other purinexplicable in their bitterness and

vindictiveness; quarrels between men who professedly belonged to the same

party.

THE MALIGN INFLUENCE OF AARON BURR IN TAMMANY.

The first of these quarrels was developed in Burr's time. Unmatched for suavity, polish, trickery, and a masterly capacity for playing on the passions and weaknesses of men, Burr became openly associated with Tammany in 1796, or thereabouts. We need no clearer proof that the society was at that time in the possession or the promise of power than Burr's association with it gives. The Federalist strength was at that time great enough in the State to secure the election of John Jay as Governor. But in New York City, under Tammany's influence, the Federal power had been broken. De Witt Clinton, then with Tammany, had been appointed Mayor of New York, and Edward Livingston-in fact, all the

terful, in the politics of the Nation and members of the brilliant family of that name-abandoned the Federal party, joined It has been said that New York politics the Democratic-Republican, and became

The Tammany Society of that time met has known since its foundation. But if in a tavern. The society itself seemed not they have been directed and developed greatly to have flourished. At the meetin mysterious ways in these later years, ings where the rituals were done, somethey are certainly almost as difficult to times less than a dozen members of the comprehend for the period extending from order attended. But while the society Jefferson's to Jackson's time as were the itself was small, there gathered about it cuneiform inscriptions when first discov- most of those who were of influence in the ered. It is only in a general way that the Democratic party, and it was in this way relations of Tammany to the politics of that Tammany Hall, as distinguished from the time can be set forth. The intriguing, the Tammany Society, was developed, the secret play of personal ambition and. The increase in strength must have been personal revenge, the secretive methods very rapid after the election of John used to crush this or that man who had Adams, in 1796. The alien and sedition gained political influence, and seemed to laws intensified the opposition to the be forging ahead, cannot at this time be Federalists, and in 1797 the Democratic revealed, since these things were not fully party, as we shall hereafter call it, under revealed then. But enough is plain, from the leadership of those associated with a careful reading of the records of Tam- Tammany, carried New York City by one many and the history of the time, to show thousand majority, elected Aaron Burr and two purposes of the organization. One De Witt Clinton to the legislature, and was to give steadfast and enthusiastic began, through the use of patronage as support to the national administration of well as by fairer politics, to extend its

Burr, however, nearly wrecked the local pose was to break down certain powerful organization, or, at least, put in great peril Democratic leaders, and to build up others. the influence of Tammany. He secured a In other words, there were factional and charter from the legislature, ostensibly for personal quarrels, intense, fierce, to us the creation of a company to supply New



VIZON BURR From a portrait by John Vanderlyn.



From a portrait by John Trumbull

lations in the fall of 1894, there were dug up in the vicinity of the Court House, where the sessions of the committee were held, pieces of the old wooden water-pipes which were laid by that company, called the Manhattan Company. One of these wooden pipes lay for some days exposed to the view of those who attended the meetings at which the monstrous revelations of the later Tammany were being made. It was the visible evidence of the first legislative trickery of the Tammany Society. Concealed in that charter was one provision which enabled Burr and his Democratic associates to organize the Manhattan Bank. Burr and his Fammany associates controlled the stock. The public indignation was intense. That anger was due in part to the belief of the community that it had been cheated by a legislative trick, and in part to its fear that the power which this bank could exercise would perhaps be dangerous, or at least costly, to the community.

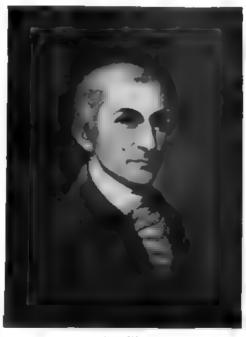
Therefore, in the election of 1799, the Democratic party lost the prestige which it had gained in the elections of 1797 and 1798. The Federalists hoped that by rea-

son of this tricky charter the Democracy would lose the State in the approaching presidential election. This fear was not justified, however, Burr managing the bank, and men as well, with exceeding tact, so that there was no opposition to the placing of his name upon the national ticket with that of Jefferson, the understanding being that Jefferson would be chosen President and Burr Vice-President.

IT THROWS OVER BURR AND GROWS RAPIDLY IN POWER.

Tammany turned upon Burr soon after he entered the office of Vice-President. It accused him of conspiring with some members of Congress to defeat in the House of Representatives the election of Jefferson, and to secure his own, to the presidential office. The society, in order the more surely to destroy Burr, called George Clinton from his retirement, and in 1802 re-elected him Governor, and Clinton distributed the patronage in such manner as to aid Tammany and the more completely to thwart Burr. In addition to that, De Witt Clinton was sent the upper to the United States Senate a

York City with pure water During the same year to the United States Senate, a excitement caused by the Parkhurst reve-



JOHN JAV. From a portrait by C. W. Peale

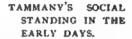
historical romance.

against Burr was transferred to De Witt overcame.

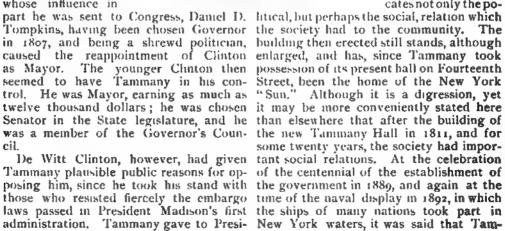
Clinton, Clinton, it is true, was reap-pointed Mayor in 1807, in spite of the opposition of Tammany. His uncle the Governor having been chosen Vice-President for Jefferson's second term, thus keeping a Tammany man in that office, Morgan Lewis, who became Governor, and was in more or less close. relations with Tammany, removed De Witt Clinton from the mayoralty. That was in 1807. But that handsome. fascinating, brilliant, but superficial young man whom Tammany had discovered, and through whose influence in

in 1807, and being a shrewd politician, building then erected still stands, although caused the reappointment of Clinton enlarged, and has, since Tammany took as Mayor. The younger Chuton then seemed to have Tammany in his con-trol. He was Mayor, earning as much as "Sun." Although it is a digression, yet twelve thousand dollars; he was chosen it may be more conveniently stated here Senator in the State legislature, and he than elsewhere that after the building of was a member of the Governor's Coun- the new Tammany Hall in 1811, and for

Mayor of New York. The story which dent Madison the steady and important recites the part Tammany played in aiding support which it had with enthusiasm to drive Burr from power, although he had yielded to Jefferson. There came a trying a few years before been one of the con- time when that support was valuable, perspicuous men associated with the Hall, is haps decisive. It matched, in 1811, that full of the incidents which make exciting secretive influence which was expressed by the gathering of the New England Fed-With Burr gone, with the Federal party eralists in Hartford in the historic Hartabsolutely annihilated, as it was after the ford Convention, where first secession was election of Jefferson, it was inevitable that suggested. The embargo laws had made the Democracy of New York, and espe- New England all Federal again. De Witt cially the Tammany organization, should Clinton's influence and the commercial begin factional contests. In some way, impulse of New York were likely to create too vague now to trace, the bitter hostility strong opposition in New York State. which had been developed in Tammany That tendency Tammany opposed and



It was at this time that the society's prestige had become so great that it was able to secure money enough to pay the cost of building its own Tammany Hall. Colonel Rutgers, one of the great merchants, raised as much as twentyeight thousand dollars, and with this money the new building was erected ın 1811. Such a sum of money as that was, in those days, looked upon as a magnificent subscription, and it surely indicates not only the po-





TEW LODS N

many had at last gained supreme social distinction, because, on the former oc- HEARTY SUPPORT OF MADISON AND THE casion, Mr. Grant, Mayor at that time, WAR ON ENGLAND. led in the promenade at the official ball a lady who has been distinguished as the of one of the greater sachems of Tammany vessels.

tion as is implied in recognition by what is called society. On the other hand, prominent association with that organization has seemed to act as a bar-sinister. Only one man, and he a bachelor, has been equally identified in recent years with Tammany and also with what is deemed the higher social circle.

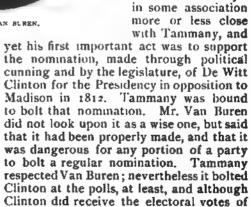
But in those days when Tammany took possession of its permanent home, it possessed undoubted social influence. Many of its members were leading merchants and men of wealth. The fact that in build-

ing the new hall the plans called for a yet his first important act was to support ball-room, the like of which had not till the nomination, made through political then been constructed in New York City, cunning and by the legislature, of De Witt is proof enough that Tammany tempered its politics with social delights. The traditions, too, of its entertainments hint at its social sway. It never had such prestige as was shared by the families of the that it had been properly made, and that it Federalists, or the descendants of the Tories and Loyalists of the Revolution. That to bolt a regular nomination. Tammany social circle included the Schuylers, the respected Van Buren; nevertheless it bolted Hamiltons, Van Rensselaers, and the Fish family. But the Tammany of the first twenty-five years of the present century was surely a social influence, nor did it lose relation to the national canvass was, after that character fully until new forces were all, insignificant. developed at a later time in the organization.

In 1811, when Tammany took possession chief of New York society leaders; and of its new hall, the society, both formally because, on the latter occasion, the wife and by individual endeavor, gave to President Madison the support which he courted Hall bestowed luxurious entertainment for his determination to make war with upon distinguished officers of the foreign Great Britain. The society called public meetings, and they were enthusiastic ones. These ceremonies, however, were either A year later, when war had been begun, it wholly or partly official, and the function welcomed with delirious joy the news of being ended the relations established by it every victory of the American forces on ceased. Tammany in these later years of land or of our warships at sea. It created the century has never gained such distinc- a splendid public sentiment. Its bird of

> freedom never screamed louder: and when the war was ended it was Tammany that received the commissioners of peace, Clay, Gallatin, and Adams, on their return from Ghent, honoring these commissioners with the finest banquet that had been given in New York up to that day.

> În 1812 a new. and what was to be a mighty, personal leader appeared among the politicians of New York -Martin Van Buren. He was always



With Madison again elected, with Tompkins still in the Governor's chair, with Tam-

New York and some other States, yet his



MARTIN VAN BURRN.

many's prestige and influence in New York mined to make one final effort absolutely to crush De Witt Clinton. It caused his secured the appointment of its Grand Sachem, John Ferguson, for Mayor. It seemed to have done its work well. De Witt Clinton was reduced to such condition that he was obliged to turn to his pen for support. He seemed to be a political outcast; and two years later a Tammany man, Cadwallader Colden, was appointed Mayor, and Tammany was strengthened by the accession of such men as Ogden Edwards and General Root.

TAMMANY'S OPPOSITION TO DE WITT CLIN-TON AND THE ERIE CANAL.

It was personal ambition, secret intrigue, and almost inconceivable maliciousness of hatred, that brought about a combination of Democrats and half Federalists which, in 1817, in spite of Tammany, brought De Witt Clinton to the Governor's chair. He was Governor, but he was almost powerless, since he had little support in his council and almost none in his legislature. Tammany again tried to defeat him in 1820 with Vice-President Tompkins as its candidate for Governor, but Clinton had so large a following (called the Clintonians) that he was able to secure reëlection. mainly because the central and western parts of the State were enthusiastic for his Erie Canal project.

That great public work, one which gave to Tammany later opportunities, and created an influence which developed the newer Tammany, was persistently and vindictively opposed by Tammany Hall from the day that De Witt Clinton suggested Although it claimed to be in favor of every measure that would tend to develop the city of New York, its record is that of a steadfast opponent of that project which gave New York City its first mighty immetropolis.

In 1820 Van Buren, who with his foxy City supreme, the society seemed deter- cunning had cultivated Tammany and yet not greatly offended the Clintonians, excepting in one instance, was elected United removal from the Mayor's office, and it States Senator. Van Buren did not agree with Tammany as to the Presidential candidate of 1824. The best evidence is that he was then in favor of the election of William H. Crawford to the Presidency. Tammany's first impulse was in favor of John Quincy Adams, who was one of the few New England men of note who had supported the Embargo Act.

The politics which caused a sufficient number of the New York legislature to choose a majority of Adams electors are as mysteriously involved as an Egyptian labyrinth. One thing only is evident, and that is that the politicians were playing at cross purposes, some of them inspired by motives which at this day it is impossible to fathom. This much is clear, that Tammany, on the whole, supported Adams. But it repudiated him soon after he became President. Van Buren then determined that Jackson was the available candidate of the Democratic party for 1828, and in this opinion Tammany heartily agreed. With Jackson's election, in 1828, with Van Buren as Secretary of State, with the influence of the administration and the distribution of patronage so used as to give favor to Tammany, and with an alliance sometimes direct, sometimes concealed, with the Albany regency, Tammany had taken the position of the commanding political influence of the State. As it was in 1826, three years before Jackson's administration, that the Erie Canal was fully opened to business, we see the organization at the beginning of Jackson's first term, in 1820, the recognized friend of the President and his administration, and therefore in a position to take advantage of the swift and great development of trade and commerce which the Erie Canal was sure to cause, and in that position it stood at the end of the first forty years of its existence, looking with confidence to the future, pulse towards its position of commercial where new and greater opportunities were sure to appear,

[Succeeding papers will carry the history of Tammany on through the time of the "Plug-Uglies," the "Bowery Boys," the Tweed Ring, John Kelly, and finally Croker, concluding with an account of the exposures by the Lexow Committee, and the present uprising, under the leadership and inspiration of Dr. Parkhurst, against Tammany rule. - EDITOR.]

"WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS."

By ROBERT BARR.

the celebrated Cross Bow Line, left mented." New York on her February trip under fastorm on the ocean, so there was every chance that she would reach Liverpool before the next one was due.

Captain Rice had a little social problem to solve at the outset, but he smoothed that out with the tact which is characteristic of him. Two Washington ladies—official British sea-dog that he was, always had trouble in the matter of precedence with had any bother with the British aristocracy. because precedence is all set down in the bulky volume of "Burke's Peerage," which the captain kept in his cabin, and so there was no difficulty. But a republican country is supposed not to meddle with precethe women

So it happened that Mrs. Assistant-Attorney-to-the-Senate Brownrig came to the everything, "such is the influence of the steward and said that, ranking all others on board, she must sit at the right hand of the captain. Afterwards, Mrs. Second-Adjutant-to-the-War-Department Digby came to the same perplexed official and said she ious. must sit at the captain's right hand, because in Washington she took precedence over everyone else on board. The bewildered a wink last night." steward confided his woes to the captain, and the captain said he would attend to replied the captain. "I always do." the matter. So he put Mrs. War-Departdown the deck with Mrs. Assistant-Attorney and said to her:

"I want to ask a favor, Mrs. Brownrig. Unfortunately I am a little deaf in the at the captain's right, who generally found right ear, caused, I presume, by listening so it necessary to take an opposite view from much with that ear to the fog horn year in the lady at the left. and year out. Now, I always place the lady whose conversation I wish most to many delicate women and children on board enjoy on my left hand at table. Would and it is necessary to keep up the temperayou oblige me by taking that seat this voy- ture. Still, perhaps the man who attends age? I have heard of you, you see, Mrs. Brownrig, although you have never crossed speak to him." with me before."

HE splendid steamship "Adamant," of Brownrig: "I feel especially compli-

"And I assure you, madam," said the vorable auspices. There had just been a polite captain, "that I would not for the world miss a single word that," etc.

And thus it was amicably arranged between the two ladies. All this has nothing whatever to do with the story. It is merely an incident given to show what a born diplomat Captain Rice was and is to this day. I don't know any captain more popular with ladies—were on board, and the captain, old the ladies than he, and besides he is as good a sailor as crosses the ocean.

Day by day the good ship ploughed her Washington ladies. Captain Rice never way toward the east, and the passengers were unanimous in saving that they never had a pleasanter voyage for that time of the year. It was so warm on deck that many steamer chairs were out, and below it was so mild that a person might think he was journeying in the tropics. Yet they dence. It wouldn't, either if it weren't for had left New York in a snow storm with the thermometer away below zero.

"Such," said young Spinner, who knew

Gulf Stream."

Nevertheless, when Captain Rice came down to lunch the fourth day out his face was haggard and his look furtive and anx-

"Why, captain," cried Mrs. Assistant-Attorney, "you look as if you hadn't slept

"I slept very well, thank you, madam,"

"Well, I hope your room was more comment on his right hand and then walked fortable than mine. It seemed to me too hot for anything. Didn't you find it so. Mrs. Digby?"

"I thought it very nice," replied the lady

"You see," said the captain, "we have to the steam rather overdoes it. I will

Then the captain pushed from him his "Why, certainly, captain," replied Mrs. untasted food and went up on the bridge.

Note.—This story, along with others by Robert Barr, is about to be published in a volume entitled, "The Face was the Mask:" The Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York.

casting his eye aloft at the signal waving gently asked the young lady from Bosfrom the masthead, silently calling for help ton. to all the empty horizon.

captain.

"Not a speck, sir."

The captain swept the circular line of sea

down with a sigh.

"We ought to raise something this afternoon, sir," said Johnson; "we are right in the modest Spinner. their track, sir. The 'Fulda' ought to be somewhere about."

"We are too far north for the 'Fulda,' I

am afraid," answered the captain.

"Well, sir, we should see the 'Vulcan' before night, sir. She's had good weather from Queenstown."

"Yes. Keep a sharp lookout, Johnson."

"Yes, sir."

The captain moodily paced the bridge with his head down.

"I ought to have turned back to New York," he said to himself.

Then he went down to his own room, avoiding the passengers as much as he could, and had the steward bring him some beef-tea. Even a captain cannot live on anxiety.

"Steamer off the port bow, sir," rang out the voice of the lookout at the prow. man had sharp eyes, for a landsman could

have seen nothing.

"Run and tell the captain," cried Johnson to the sailor at his elbow; but as the sailor turned, the captain's head appeared up the stairway. He seized the glass and looked long at a single point on the horizon.

"It must be the 'Vulcan," he said at last.

"I think so, sir."

"Turn your wheel a few points to port and bear down on her."

Johnson gave the necessary order and the

great ship veered around.

"Hello!" cried Spinner, on deck. "Here's a steamer. I found her. She's mine.'

Then there was a rush to the side of the ship. "A steamer in sight!" was the cry, and all books and magazines at once lost interest. Even the placid, dignified Englishman who was so uncommunicative rose from his chair and sent his servant for his binocular. Children were held up and told to be careful, while they tried to see the dim line of smoke so far ahead.

"Talk about lane routes at sea," cried " Bosh, I young Spinner, the knowing. say. See! we're going directly for her. Think what it might be in a fog! Lane routes! Pure luck, I call it."

"Will we signal to her, Mr. Spinner?"

"Oh, certainly," answered young Spin-"Nothing in sight, Johnson?" said the ner. "See, there's our signal flying from the masthead now. That shows them what line we belong to."

"Dear me, how interesting," said the and sky with his glasses, then laid them young lady. "You have crossed many times, I suppose, Mr. Spinner."

"Oh, I know my way about," answered

The captain kept the glasses glued to his eyes. Suddenly he almost let them drop.

" My God! Johnson," he cried.

"What is it, sir?"

" She's flying a signal of distress, too!"

The two steamers slowly approached each other and, when nearly alongside and about a mile apart, the bell of the "Adamant" rang to stop.

"There, you see," said young Spinner to the Boston girl, "she is flying the same flag

at her masthead that we are.

"Then she belongs to the same line as this boat?'

"Oh, certainly," answered Mr. Cocksure Spinner.

"Oh, look! look! look!" cried the enthusiastic Indianapolis girl who was going to take music in Germany.

Everyone looked aloft and saw running up to the masthead a long line of fluttering, many-colored flags. They remained in place for a few moments and then fluttered down again, only to give place to a different string. The same thing was going on on the other steamer.

"Oh, this is too interesting for anything," said Mrs. Assistant. "I am just dying to know what it all means. I have read of it so often but never saw it before. der when the captain will come down. What does it all mean?" she asked the

deck steward.

"They are signalling to each other, madam.

"Oh, I know that. But what are they signalling?"

"I don't know, madam."

"Oh, see! see!" cried the Indianapolis girl, clapping her hands with delight. The other steamer is turning round.

It was indeed so. The great ship was thrashing the water with her screw, and gradually the masts came in line and then her prow faced the east again. When this had been slowly accomplished the bell on the "Adamant" rang full speed ahead, and then the captain came slowly down the ladder that led from the bridge.

"Oh, captain, what does it all mean?"

wrong, I hope.

"What ship is it, captain?"

"She belongs to our line, doesn't she?"

"Why is she going back?"

that left Queenstown shortly after we left interest at the steamship plunging along New York. She has met with an accident, within a mile of them, the captain slipped Ran into some wreckage, it is thought, away to his room. As he sat there, there

from the recent storm. Anyhow there is a hole in her, and whether she sees Queenstown or not will depend a great deal on what weather we have and whether her bulkheads hold out. We will stand by her till we reach Oueenstown,

"Are there many on board, do you think. captain?"

"There are thirty-seven in the cabin and over eight hundred steerage passengers, answered the captain.

Why don't you take them on board, out of danger, captain ?

4 Ah, madam, there is no need to do that. It would delay us, and time is

everything in a case like this. Besides, shut the door, Sir John." they will have ample warning if she is going down, and they will have time to get everybody in the boats. We will stand by them, you know."

"Oh, the poor creatures," cried the sympathetic Mrs. Second-Adjutant, "Think of their awful position. May be engulfed at any moment. I suppose they are all on of Congress. their knees in the cabin. How thankful mant."

On all sides there was the profoundest to their mother's skirts, at

"Is she going back, captain? Nothing sympathy for the unfortunate passengers of the "Vulcan." Cheeks paled at the very thought of the catastrophe that might take place at any moment within sight of the sister ship. It was a realistic object "The ship," said the captain slowly, "is lesson on the ever-present dangers of the the 'Vulcan,' of the Black Bowling Line, sea. While those on deck looked with new

> was a tap at his door.

"Come in," shouted the captain.

The silent Englishman slowly entered.

"What's wrong, captain?" he asked. "Oh, the 'Vulcan' has had a hole stove in

her and I signalled-"Yes, I know

all that, of course, but what's wrong with us?

"With us?" echoed the captain blankly.

" Yes, with the 'Adamant?' What has been amiss for the last two or three days? I'm not a talker, nor am I afraid any more than you are, but I want to know."

"Certainly," said the captain, "Please



SPINNER EXPLAINS THE SIGNALS.

Meanwhile there was a lively row on board the "Vulcan." In the saloon Captain Flint was standing at bay with his knuckies on the table.

"Now, what the devil's the meaning of all this?" cried Adam K. Vincent, member

A crowd of frightened women were they must have been to see the 'Ada- standing around, many on the verge of hysterics. Children cl : with pale faces, faces, and the bluff old captain fronted them all.

"The meaning of all what, sir?"

"You know very well. What is the meaning of our turning round?"

"It means, sir, that the 'Adamant' has eighty-five saloon passengers and nearly five hundred intermediate and steerage passengers who are in the most deadly danger. The cotton in the hold is on fire. and they have been fighting it night and day. A conflagration may break out at any moment. It means, then, sir, that the 'Vulcan' is going to stand by the 'Adamant."

A wail of anguish burst from the frightened women at the awful fate that might be in store for so many human beings so near to them, and they clung closer to their children and thanked God that no such was on board.' danger threatened them and those dear to them.

"And, sir," cried the Congressman, "do vou mean to tell us that we have to go against our will-without even being consulted-back to Queenstown?

"I mean to tell you so, sir."

"Well, by the gods, that's an outrage, New York by the 27th. I won't stand it, sir."

"I am very sorry, sir, that anybody

should be delayed."

take the people on board and take 'em to New York? I protest against this. I'll bring a lawsuit against the company, sir."

"Mr. Vincent," said the captain sternly, "permit me to remind you that I am captain of this ship. Good afternoon, sir.'

The Congressman departed from the saloon exceeding wroth, breathing direthreats of legal proceedings against the line and the captain personally, but most of the passengers agreed that it would be an inhuman thing to leave the "Adamant" alone in mid-ocean in such terrible straits.

"Why didn't they turn back, Captain Flint?" asked Mrs. General Weller.

"Because, madam, every moment is of value in such a case, and we are nearer Oueenstown than New York."

And so the two steamships, side by side, worried their way toward the east, always within sight of each other by day, and with the rows of lights in each visible at night dently married, both of 'em." to the sympathetic souls on the other. The

not what. Men were grouped with anxious sweltering men poured water into the hold of the one and the pounding pumps poured water out of the hold of the other, and thus they reached Oueenstown.

> On board the tender that took the passengers ashore at Oueenstown from both steamers two astonished women met each other

> "Why! Mrs.—General—WELLER!!! You don't mean to say you were on board that unfortunate 'Vulcan!'"

> "For the land's sake, Mrs. Assistant Brownig! Is that really you? Will wonders never cease? Unfortunate, did you say? Mighty fortunate for you, I think. Why! weren't you just frightened to death?"

"I was, but I had no idea anyone I knew

"Well, you were on board yourself. That would have been enough to have killed me."

"On board myself? Why, what do you mean? I wasn't on board the 'Vulcan.' Did you get any sleep at all after you knew you might go down at any moment?"

"My sakes, Jane, what are you talking and I won't stand it, sir. I must be in about? Down at any moment? It was you that might have gone down at any moment or, worse still, have been burnt to death if the fire had got ahead. You don't mean to say you didn't know the 'Ada-"Delayed? Hang it all, why don't you mant' was on fire most of the way across?"

"Mrs.—General—Weller!! There's some horrible mistake. It was the 'Vulcan.' Everything depended on her bulkheads. the captain said. There was a hole as big as a barn door in the 'Vulcan.' pumps were going night and day.

Mrs. General looked at Mrs. Assistant as the light began to dawn on both of

"Then it wasn't the engines, but the

pumps," she said.

"And it wasn't the steam, but the fire," screamed Mrs. Assistant. "Oh, dear, how that captain lied, and I thought him such a nice man, too. Oh, I shall go into hysterics, I know I shall.

"I wouldn't if I were you," said the sensible Mrs. General, who was a strongminded woman; "besides, it is too late. We're all pretty safe now. I think both captains were pretty sensible men. Evi-

Which was quite true.

THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

BY HENRY J. W. DAM

anniversary of its birth. For two centuries against the French." it has been, as it is to-day, the greatest passed on the 16th of July, 1694, created bank in the world, and the governing factor the institution, and gave to the "Governor in the enormous financial operations which, and Company of the Bank of England" a having their origin in London, reach out peculiarly favorable charter, which has

to every part of the globe in which civilization guarantees the protection of invested capital, and valuable natural products or popular necessities offer opportunities for the creation or collection of wealth. It began business on the 27th of July, 1694. It was founded by a group of rich city merchants, William Patterson, a shrewd Scotsman, being the leading spirit. The subscriptions to the capital were received in the Mercers' Chapel, where the bank's operations were conducted until the end of the year. From the Mercers' Chapel the

bank moved to Grocers' Hall, where it had its home for num, and is the foundation stone of the

HE Bank of England on the 27th of of such loyal persons as should advance last July reached the two hundredth money for carrying on the campaign This enactment,

> been from time to time renewed, modified, and systematized, though its original fundamental idea has never been changed. The relation thus established between the government and the bank was peculiar, but that it has proved successful is evinced by its continued extension. The debt originally owed to the bank by the government has increased, in the lapse of two centuries, from £1,200,000, with interest at eight per cent. per annum. to £11,000,000 (\$55,000,000), with interest at two and threefourths per





DAYLD POWELL, GOVERNOR OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WALBRY, LONDON

forty years, first occupying its present bank's solidity. The bank building has premises in Threadneedle Street in 1735. expanded as the business has increased, The whole of the capital of £1,200,000 until it now covers the whole area between (\$6,000,000) was promptly loaned to the Threadneedle Street, Princes Street, Lothgovernment, to meet the pressing necessi- bury and Bartholomew Lane, a space of ties of King William. In return for this over three acres, upon which its windowless loan. Parliament passed an act "levying brown stone walls, only one story in height. new duties on the tonnage, for the benefit rise with an aspect of massive impenetra-

FOUR ACRES.

an estimated annual value of £70,000. would represent a gross value of £2,100, fourths per cent, ooo. Estimating the buildings, vaults, printing and weighing machines, etc., at £400,000 more, it will be seen that the "plant" of the bank must be worth over \$12,000,000 Add to this the average amount of bullion, coin, securities, and unissued notes usually held, and you have the gigantic sum of £120,000,000 sterling, or \$600,000,000, all heaped on a space of less than four acres. Nowhere else in the world is there such an aggregation of

and the secretary receiving £250 each.

Bank of England £100 shares is £332, from the Tower, and they are assisted

bility, unique among banks, and quite aweinspiring in its way. making the capital of £14,553,000 worth £48,315,960, or about \$240,000,000. The usual dividend distributed is equal to ten \$600,000,000 IN A SPACE OF LESS THAN per cent, on the original capital. The solidity of the bank is thus shown to be, in the opinion of investors, equal to that The site of the Bank of England bears of the British Government, as the yield on bank shares at the enhanced price, and on This sum, if capitalized at three per cent. Consols, is nearly the same—two and three-

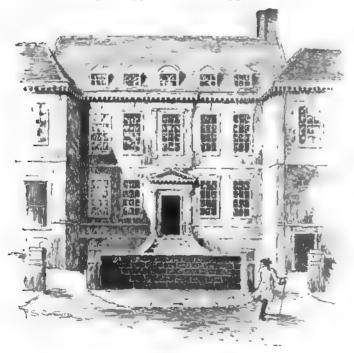
HOW THE BANK IS MANAGED.

The bank is managed by twenty-four directors, in addition to the governor and deputy-governor; and they, by their committees, have full cognizance of all the bank's transactions, and full governing power in all respects. The governors are selected annually as candidates by the directors from among themselves, though actual and potential wealth within so small they are elected by the stockholders. The governor receives £2,000, the deputy-gov-In its early days the bank employed error £1,500, and the directors £500 a fifty-four clerks, and the yearly salary list year each for their services. A chief offiamounted to £4,300, the chief accountant coal resides within the bank's walls, and he or his deputy is supposed to be always on At the present time the total number of the premises. Clerks of standing and charemployees is about fifteen hundred, the acter are also selected to remain at the salaries and wages amounting to over bank every night during the year, and on £300,000 per year, and the pensions to Sundays and bank holidays. A guard of nearly £50,000. The present price of soldiers is on duty every night, marching

> by a body of watchmen, formed of porters and workmen, fully trained in case of fire or other emer-

gency.

Under the general name of the Bank of England have been grouped, ever since its start, three separate institutions, each of which has been complete in itself, and distinct in its operations from any other, since the passage of the Act of 1844. These are, first, "the National Debt Department," which occupies the Bartholomew Lane side, and conducts the issue of all government loans and the payment of dividends on its own stock. on national bonds, and other securities controlled by the bank. The second is the "Issue Depart-ment," occupying the cen-tre of the Threadneedle



HOUSE OF SIR JOHN HONDAON, THE SITE OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND



COURTY AND ENTRANCE TO THE 188 F. AND DIVIDEND DEPARTMENTS.

issue of bank notes, their printing, cancellation and redemption, and the numberless transactions in the issue and receipt late, through anarchic disturbances and of the gold coin and bullion by which the newspaper criticism, it is all the more renote issue is mainly guaranteed. The third quested and enjoyed by the favored few. is the "Government and General Banking After passing through the main entrance Department," on the Princes Street side, in Threadneedle Street, you come upon an in which all the banking functions of a inner court guarded by a gorgeous funcnational treasury and the ordinary business tionary in a black velvet cocked hat and

rate vicarried on. These departments, with the spacer's offices of the officials and the cancellation and printing departments, occupy the whole street floor Below this is a basement equal in area to the floor above it, and containing three acres of vaults and store rooms, in which all the gold and the enormous aggregation of records which have accumulated in the bank's history are stored.

A journey through the bank has long Street side, and having for its scope the been a privilege largely sought by tourists and provincial visitors; and though the permits have been greatly restricted of a long gown of braided scarlet, who has something of the gaudiness of a Brazilian parrot, but is much less inclined to enter into conversation. He has great dignity and a wand of office, which jointly wave you towards the inner door which gives upon the Issue Department,

THE ISSUE DEPARTMENT.

This is a large square room with counters on all its sides, at which all the gold or notes paid into the bank by the general public are received. Anybody can here exchange notes for gold, or vice versa, and all the bags of sovereigns from other banks, or from abroad, are here paid in. Its only peculiar feature is that anyone paying in a note is asked to indorse it on the back. This is for tracing purposes, which will be discussed later on.

All the sovereigns and half-sovereigns received here immediately undergo, in a large room adjoining, the ordeal of the THE GORGEOUS FUNCTIONARY WHO GUARDS THE INDER COURT. weighers, or separators. These are small larger than the sovereign, which is filled Upon this balance the sovereigns or halfthem, all working silently and regularly

The Issue Department is so distinct in above mentioned, £200,000 per year. its operations from the others that it could building. It is required by law to issue the ordinary course of business. As every



brass boxes, perhaps a cubic foot m size, hung at its door, shows, on this special with glass sides. In the centre of the day, that the outstanding note issue, transbrass top is a small round hole, a little lated into dollars, amounts to \$220,570,825. This indebtedness is guaranteed, according by the round plate of a delicate balance to the statement, by the debt owing from the government to the amount of \$55,075,500; sovereigns, according to the machine, slide, other securities to the amount of \$28,922,one at a time, by their own weight from ooo, and \$142,570,825 in coin and bullion an inclined half-tube, in which they are now in the vaults. Gold in bars is received placed by the handful, forming a long in- by the Issue Department, and paid for in clined cylinder of gold coins. As each notes, at the rate of £3, 17s. 9d. per ounce coin weights the balance, the latter sinks of twenty-two parts of pure gold out If the combe of standard weight the of twenty-four. This price is three halfbalance sinks far enough for a tiny steel pence below the market value of gold per finger, moving to the left, to tilt the coin ounce, and is consequently less by that off down a tube into a receptacle below. If proportion than the seller would receive the coin be light in weight, the balance in coin after it had passed through the does not sank so far, and the com is caught mint. He would lose the interest on it, by a second finger, moving in the oppo- however, while it was being coined; and site direction, which tilts it into a recept the discount arrangement, which is a contacle on the right. These machines work venient one for both parties, yields the automatically and perfectly, and save an bank an annual profit of £15,000. For amount of labor which can only be imag- the privilege of issuing the notes, and for ined, testing thirty million pieces per the exemption of duty upon them, the annum. The room contains sixteen of bank pays the government about £200,000 per annum. Per contra, the amount paid by atmospheric engine power, under the by the government for the management of care of a single employee. The light coms the national debt, according to the act of are immediately split in half and returned 1892, is £325 per million, up to £500,000,to the mint, while those of standard weight ooo, and £100 per million for the remain-remain in circulation. der. This now aggregates about the sum

The Issue Department practically manbe just as well conducted in a separate ages itself, presenting no complications in a weekly statement, and this statement, bank-note issued beyond the amount of £16,700,000 is represented by bullion in cashier, you come to the secretary's office, the vaults, and the £ 16,700,000 is invested where a polite messenger in a heliotrope in government securities, no risk can pos- coat and top hat takes charge of you for sibly occur until the issue of bank-notes is the conventional round. He conducts you reduced to this amount; and even then the first to the accountants' bank-note office,

containing a selection of weapons formerly not been returned. kept for bank defence.

THE ISSUE, PAYMENT, AND CANCELLATION OF BANK OF ENGLAND NOTES,

conversion of the liability would be easy, which, with the printing department above Passing through the Issue Department, it, is on the Princes Street side. No note, you enter the main corridor, leading to out of the lifty or sixty thousand now the court-room or bank-parlor, where the issued daily, is ever issued twice. If, as a general courts of proprietors, as well as depositor, you should draw any amount in the weekly courts of directors, are held, notes at the bank and pay them back into It is notable on account of three exquisite your account ten minutes afterward, they and antique chimney-pieces, and the door- would be cancelled. So, also, any other ways at either end are columned archways notes received by you from any other of the finest workmanship and most im- bank in London are always new ones, posing effect. The western archway leads crisp from the Bank of England presses of into the directors' library of financial and the day before. The signature is cut off . economical works—a vaulted apartment, immediately a note is paid in, and the Candecorated in renaissance style. The gov- cellation Department proceeds to file them ernors' and deputy-governors' rooms are in their regular order, taking notice and also in this part of the building, the latter keeping account of all notes which have

One of the curiosities of this department is a twenty-five-pound note, which was paid in after being out for one hundred and eleven years. The bank-note library is also here, with albums containing old bank-Passing these apartments and their at-notes of various large amounts, with the tendant offices, including that of the chief names of the noblemen for whom they were



HLATIMERDROWN 1854

issued. unusual moment. under examination by Scotland Yard detectives in search of stolen money, or by bank lost the money. other people whose notes have been lost. The strange stories of single notes which this department can furnish are many, and are ready-made plots for any number of romances, but they are too numerous to be narrow printing room, in which a dozen told in this article. A more important question, and one often raised, is whether or not a Bank of England note, which mainly composes the national currency, is invariably good for its face. As a matter of fact, whether lost or stolen, the note will always be paid at the bank.

THE BANK HONORS EVEN STOLEN NOTES.

This point was finally settled many years ago by the theft of £20,000 in notes by the principal clerk in one of the London banks. He escaped to Holland, and there disposed of the notes to The theft, with the numbers of the notes, was widely advertised for six months. After that period the Jew appeared with them and demanded payment, change and raised an outery. The bank. he said, had refused to pay its own notes, and was clearly insolvent. In a very few minutes a clerk appeared to invite him back to the cashier's office, and his claim, as well as the question which it raised, was settled for all time.

Thence came the habit of requesting all persons presenting notes in the Issue Department to indorse them. The custom is for every person who reports his loss of a note to pay half a crown (sixty cents), and for this sum the bank guarantees to send to him the name or names of whoever may present the stolen money. Nearly all the stolen notes in England are returned These gentlemen through bookmakers. do business on race courses, and have no means of tracing persons who deal with them. They suffer no loss through the stolen paper, and are very generally used in this way by the thieves.

There is, also, the million-pound laid the note on the mantelpiece, and fell bank-note, a bit of paper which, in its day, asleep. It disappeared. He believed it was worth \$5,000,000, and was issued for had fallen into the fire, made an affidavit convenience in closing an undertaking of to this effect, and received \$150,000 more, The records of this giving a guarantee that if the note was department are of invaluable assistance in found he would assume its responsibility. checking forgery, and the cancelled notes. Thirty years afterward, the man having in which are kept for a period of about five the meantime died, the note was presented, years before being burned, are constantly and the bank had to pay it; and as the man's estate had long been divided, the

HOW THE NOTES ARE PRINTED.

The notes are printed in a long and machines of similar construction are in full action. Their denominations vary from £5 to £1,000, the largest note now printed. They cost about two-thirds of a cent each. A single impression completes the note, specially numbered, dated, and signed by the cashier. The notes are delivered in pairs, slid upon a small table at the back of the press, where an employee stands to examine each one and see that it is correctly numbered and perfectly printed. The numbers run backward, so that the notes of each bundle of ten thousand lie in their natural order when they are taken away. Thus, the two notes on each sheet are numbered, say 67168 and 77168, and the next pair are 67167 and 77167. The bundles are cut in two by an ordinary cutter, and it thus happens that every which was refused. He went to the Ex- Bank of England note has three rough edges and one clean one. Great reliance. as a check upon counterfeiting, is placed upon the paper itself, the engraving, as compared with the American bank-note standard, being less elaborate. The paper, specially made from pure linen rags, is strangely thin and remarkably tough. It has a peculiar shade of whiteness impossible to describe, and is printed in indelible black ink of a special manufacture. paper is made by a secret process at a special mill, which time out of mind has been the property of the Portal family. The note to-day is practically the same as it ever has been, and its apparent simplicity offers a great temptation to counterfeiters out of employment.

THE BANK'S LOSSES BY COUNTERFEITING AND FORGERY.

The known losses of the bank through One of the directors in 1740 deposited counterfeiting, mount up, in the two hun-\$150,000, and took a single note, filled out dred years of its history, among the milby the cashier, in return. He went home, lions. The first offence of this kind against



DRINTING FIVE-PO ND NOTES.

counterfeited twenty notes, and gave them Fauntierov, a banker, in 1824, obtained What was done with Richard William nobody appears to know, but there is a gen- gate. In the general jubilee throughout the eral consensus of opinion that he never did city over the proclamation of peace with the

the dignity of a public industry until 1797, when the one-pound notes were issued. had been only one execution, forgery in those days being a capital offence. In the detection is perfect, and the system of numsix years succeeding, however, eighty-five forgers were put to death. Executions continued, but forgery thrived until jus- notes, presents insurmountable obstacles tices were compelled, by the long death roll, to "smashers" to take a more lenient view. Finally, in 1820, the convictions for forgery in a single year amounted to three hundred and twenty, and the death penalty, on the petition of N. M. Rothschild; Overend, Gurney & three biggest names in the city, along with other merchants, was finally abrogated.

the bank was in 1758. A young man named link, paper, and press, and he hung himself Richard William Vaughan, to show his lady-when arrested. Astlett, in 1803, embezzled love how easily he could make money, Exchequer bills to the value of £342,000. to her, she thriftily taking them to the bank. £360,000 by forging powers of attorney for the sale of consols, and was hung at New-American Republic, in 1783, fourteen forged Forgery does not seem to have attained f so notes were cashed unnoticed; and for years in the early part of this century, the bank's annual loss by counterfeits was a For six years previous to this date there figure of many thousands of pounds. Forgeries to-day are rare. The machinery of bering, as well as the perpetual use by all banks of freshly printed Bank of England

THE ELABORATE SWINDLE CONDUCTED BY THE BIDWELLS.

The most sensational episode in the his-Company; and a man named Sanderson, the tory of forgeries on the Bank of England was that of the Bidwells. While the total amount of money out of which they de-In 1784, "Old Patch," the son of an old- frauded the bank was not as large as had clothes dealer, and the ex-partner of Foote been obtained by other great swindlers, the the comedian in a brewery, took £200,000 scale on which they were operating, the sysfrom the bank by forgeries, making his own tematic cleverness with which the coup had

been arranged, and the wonderful skill with They bought all the first class bills thev which a large number of forgeries had been executed, and passed by the bank, showed clearly that but for an accidental discovery through carelessness on their part, the amount of their frauds might easily have mounted into the millions. I am assured by a gentleman who was cognizant of the state of feeling in the bank at the time that when the first discovery was made, there was only one word to express it, and that was consternation. The scope of the swindle was so wide, that for a day or two all confidence in commercial paper, upon which the bulk of trade is conducted, was in suspension, because the paper of so many substantial firms, including written and stamped indorsements of many kinds, had been so perfectly imitated as to defy detection.

The enterprise and its success were almost entirely due to the genius of George Bidwell, though he was ably assisted by his brother Austin, George McDonald, and, in a subsidiary way, by a young American whom they cabled for, by the name of They came to England well supplied with money, the proceeds of forgery, and had a well-defined idea of what they

proposed to do.

The first thing necessary was to obtain a banking account with the bank, and this was cleverly managed by Austin, through a first-class firm of West End tailors, who had an account at the West End branch of the bank. Austin told them he was going to Ireland, and wished to deposit a large amount of money. They obliged him by introducing him to the bank, and he deposited \$6,000, and \$5,000 on the day follow-A transaction of \$40,000, which he then induced the bank to carry through for him, removed all doubts as to his solidity, and Mr. Frederick Albert Warren, which name he assumed, was known to be a client who might deal to any amount without exciting suspicion.

Even with this advantage, George, who was buying commercial paper in Holland, and vainly endeavoring to "do" the Dutch business men, did not see his way clearly, until a small transaction through the Barings in London showed McDonald the whole inside of the system by which the commercial paper, usually bills at three months, of all reputable and substantial firms, passed from hand to hand and bank to bank without the slightest inquiry as to drawer and acceptor, until it came due. McDonald telegraphed for George, who came at once to London, and the three went to work. day, and then leave the country. An over-

could get, laid in a complete outfit of ink. stamps, and paper, and went to work drawing commercial bills, accepting them, indorsing them, and producing results which were never questioned by anybody, and probably would not have been till they fell due, but for the error mentioned.

In the meantime Austin opened another account, at the Continental Bank, as Mr. Charles Johnson Horton. He pretended to be an American who had come over to build Pullman palace cars at Birmingham. and from Birmingham nearly all the forged bills were sent to the bank, and discounted for Mr. "Warren." By means of the Continental Bank account, they were enabled to obtain large amounts in notes, which, if they had taken them from the Bank of England and immediately turned them back into gold, as was their plan, in the same bank, would have excited suspicion.

MORE "BOODLE" THAN THE SWINDLERS KNEW WHAT TO DO WITH.

Once started, the plan worked without a They made one or two preliminary hitch. trials, and finding that the forgeries were not questioned, sent down, on January 21, 1872, a batch amounting to \$21,000. money was paid, the bank discounting the bills without a word, and filing them awayfor presentation when due. A few days later, February 4th, they sent the second batch, of \$55,360, with the same result. They quickly followed this up, at short intervals, with batches of \$23,210 on February 10th, \$73,480 on February 13th. \$73,430 on February 20th, \$96,265 on February 24th, and \$121,325 on February 28th. Their system was perfect, and their confidence was great. The first of the forged bills did not fall due until March 25th. They were exchanging notes from the Continental Bank into gold at the Bank of England at the rate of \$50,000 per day, and carrying the gold to their rooms near Piccadilly Circus, and did this until they became "sick of carrying the stuff." the same time they were buying United States bonds through Jay Cooke & Company, \$220,000 in these securities being afterwards recovered in a trunk full of dirty linen sent by George Bidwell to New

All being ready, they were preparing their grand stroke. They proposed to take an indefinite amount, something between half a million and a million in one Mr. Blydenstein for the correction. He mg of the transactions, promptly pronounced them forgeries, and the bank was aghast.

THE SWINDLERS ENTRAPPED BY THEIR OWN BUNGLING.

The notification of Scotland Yard was a matter of a few minutes, and Noyes, who picion. The police knew that the Bidwells had been regularly and formally indentured as "Horton's" clerk, was arrested as he well's description in all directions. He entered the Continental Bank to draw the was hunted through Ireland, and caught, money. Even then all preparations for after an exciting chase, in Scotland, Ausdiscovery were so perfect that the quartet tin was captured in Havana, and Mcwould have escaped but for a second Donald in New York. All four were oversight saw the arrest. He sent word without life on August 26, 1872, but were released, delay to McDonald and Austin. Austin after fourteen years' imprisonment, on fled, George fled, and McDonald fled, tickets-of-leave, George and Austin coming Noves proved to be all they had expected out of Woking in 1887. The only thing of him. He was to receive only five per about the whole plot which the English

sight, however, proved their ruin. In the cent of the profits, but he resolutely held batch of \$121,325, there were two bills on to his story, refused to betray them under which the acceptance by B. W. Blyden- promise of freedom, and took a sentence of stein was not dated. The clerk who re-penal servitude for life rather than turn ceived them thought this merely an over-traitor. He held to his first statement sight, and on March 1st sent the bills to that he was merely a clerk, and knew noth-

> There would have been no means of discovering the connection between the three, but for a piece of clean blottingpaper in McDonald's lodgings, upon which he had blotted a note to George just before he went away without notifying his landlady, and thereby exciting her suswere in England, and flashed George Bid-George, who was watching, tried, and sentenced to penal servitude for

> > have never been able to understand is, that forgers who had so much money to start with should have taken the chances of further crime.

THE GENERAL BANKING DEPARTMENT.

After passing through the departments occupied with printing and cancellation, you come to the one most familiar to the public in the daily routine of city finance, viz., the General Banking Depart-This is a spacious apartment, looking in all respects like an ordinary banking-room, at the Princes Street corner, facing the Royal Exchange. This department has two distinct branches, the first of which is the Public Drawing Office. This has charge of all public or government accounts, and is practically a national treasury. It receives all the money collected throughout the country as taxes, customs, excise duties, etc.; and all payments made on account of the public service are





A S. Ley'r William Placeton

made through orders issued upon it, and paid over its counters.

The second branch, the Private Drawing Office, is devoted entirely to private Any person properly introduced to the chief cashier may open an account here, though the basiness which he offers must, in the opinion of the cashier, be a reminerative one. No stipic ated cash. balance is required, but, according to a rough calculation, the account to be regarded as desirable must yard an average of sixpence per check casked throughout the year. All the London banks have drawing accounts at the Bank of England, which is essentially the bankers' bank This creates some criticism of its system of management, since its directors, chosenaccording to custom, are a ways merchants. and never bankers.

A special room is reserved for the drawing bankers, and here the vast daily exchanges of the London banks are conducted as a valuable and to the Clearing. House. The number of private accounts in the Private Drawing Office is about five thousand, and the average total balances is about £21,000,000 (\$105,000,000).

The subsidiary departments in this branch of the bank are numerous. They include the Bill Office, in which all bills of exchange belonging to customers or discounted by the bank, are kept sorted and arranged, so as to be presented without fail at maturity; and the Securities Office.

tomers of the bank who wish to deposit them. The interest is collected as it fails due, coupons are cut off, sold, or collected, as may be desired. and the proceeds credited to the customer's drawing account. A separate branch of this department is also the Discount Office, the bank employing a certain amount of its usual deposits in this customary line of banking business.

THE NATIONAL DEBT DEPARTMENT.

The National Debt Department occupies the Bartholomew Lane side, and under its

popular title of the Dividend Room is well known to the two handred and seventy thousand owners of national securities, who now exchange compons there for notes or com. This department, occupying tenrooms, pays quarterly the interest on 10xx,000,000 (83,300,000,000) of government stock, and at other periods the interest on the colonial securities held by the bank, all of a public or semi-public character. The most interesting room in this department is the Stock Office Library. Here are stored in almost limitless number all the stock ledgers, transfer books, dividend books, power of attorney cases, and other volumes and documents which have accumulated in the past two hundred years, Here are about sixty-five thousand of these in all, so systematically arranged that reference can be made to any one of them as a very short time. The most remarkable feature about them is their excerent state of preservation, and by means of them the whole of any government loan can be traced from its present possessors to the original holders, the title of any holder, at any period, being thus clearly established. The staff in this department numbers one hundred and seventy-five men, and seventeen hundred books are in constant use.

The most important general function fulfilled by the bank is that of regulating the money market by establishing the standard rate of discount. This is altered, This receives for safe custody all mortgage weekly or daily, whenever circumstances and debenture shares belonging to cus- call for a change. After estimating the

probable movements of bullion during was bitterly opposed by the goldsmiths, the next few days, the bank announces who, in 1606, when it was but two years the lowest rate per annum at which it will old, formed a conspiracy to break it. They discount the best secured bills of its regu-quickly collected a large sum of its notes, lar customers. Much higher rates are and organized a run, one man alone derequired by it and other banks for trade manding \$150,000 in coin. The bank could bills, according to the standing of drawer not pay, and sent them to Parliament for and acceptor. The bank rate does not redress, though it continued to pay orabsolutely govern other banks, as many of dinary demands. Great excitement folthem, when money is plenty, often dis- lowed, and the bank was compelled to issue count well secured paper at figures below a call to its proprietary. By this means that of the Bank of England. As the it paid twenty per cent. of the claims, stock of gold diminishes, the bank rate indorsed this on the notes, and returned goes up, and descends as gold becomes them to the holders. At this time the notes more plentiful. At any period of com- fell to twenty-four per cent, discount. mercial uneasiness, when the reserve is In 1707 another crisis arose, through the likely to be unduly diminished, the gov-fears of invasion, and the bank's paper fell ernors use their discretion, with the advice so low that Child and Hoare, the two most

CRISES IN THE HISTORY OF THE BANK.

of the court of directors, in selling securi- prominent private bankers, refused to ties, or raising the rate of discount, or both. honor it. Then it was that many noblemen, including the Dukes of Marlborough. Newcastle, and Somerset, drove in hasty state to the bank, their coaches laden down The bank has had a number of crises in with golden guineas, through which all its history, though these were mainly con- claims were successfully met. As a return fined to its early years. From its start it for this, the Bank of England not long



UNLOADING SILVER.

to the first position among private bankers, was not caught napping. He had obtained from the Duchess of Marlborough in the widest and highest degree. a single check upon the Bank of England and a half millions of dollars, would compare very favorably with the large checks of nowadays. When the clerk appeared at Child's, his clerk was sent to the Bank of England. Child began paying with his own money, but in a few minutes notes, and the coup fell through.

It was in the 1707 crisis that the bank, to gain time, began paying in silver. It had a line of its own men, who, as fast as they were paid their shillings and sixpences, passed out and deposited the money, again joining the line with more notes. By this means the outside claimants were kept in check until the needed coin arrived. Queen Anne also intervened to help the bank in this crisis, allowing it six per cent, interest on a large amount in sealed bills.

THE BANK'S WHOLESOME POWER IN TIMES OF PANIC.

The essential point in the Bank of Engdebated, though bankers generally aver promoter left for the Continent. that it has worked remarkably well. This is the suspension by Parliament, when necessary, of the bank's charter, thereby allowing it to issue any amount of notes, for which extra issue the government, by its action, becomes morally, if not legally, responsible. This is a safety-valve, the calming effect of which, in a panic, since panics arise largely from the lack of ready money, is wonderful. The relation of the bank to financial affairs in the city has always been of a maternal character, and its intervention has on several occasions had a most salutary effect.

the failure of Neale & Co. The ensuing panic was quickly ended by the bank's then collapsed, was an occasion in which of the failing concerns.

afterwards attacked Child's bank. They the bank held aloof, and was itself not collected between £500,000 and £600,000 at all injured. Its management, always of Child's receipts, which then passed conservative, had foreseen the outcome. current as certified checks do at present, and, moreover, the South Sea company and, without warning, sent a clerk to had been its rival in bidding for a governdemand this money. Child, who had be- ment concession which the company obgun life as an apprentice, and had risen tained at a ruinous figure. Consequently, the bank refused assistance, and the effect of the crash upon the public was disastrous

This panic was the outcome of the madfor £700,000, which, representing three dest period of speculation that the city ever saw. Company-promoting nowadays is legitimate business compared to it. Among eighty-six companies registered or patented on July 18, 1720, were the following: For a Wheel for Perpetual Motion. £1,000,000; for Importing Walnut Trees replaced it with fresh Bank of England from Virginia, £2,000,000; for Making Looking-Glasses, £2,000,000; for Importing Timber from Wales, £2,000,000; for Improving the Manufacture of Iron and Steel, £4,000,000. The company for transmuting quicksilver into a malleable metal. and Puckle's company for making square cannon balls and bullets, were capitalized equally heavily; but the happiest illustration of the public's greed for speculation was the work of an individual who advertised "A Company for carrying on an Undertaking of Great Advantage, but Nobody to know What It Is. Capital, £500,000, in five thousand shares of £100 each, each share paying £100 per annum." A deposit of two pounds per share was asked, and, incredible as it may seem, one thousand shares were taken and £2,000 paid between ten o'clock in the morning and three in the land system is one which is even now much afternoon. The list then closed, and the

When the Barings were in difficulties in 1891, the bank averted a great panic. Many banks were heavy holders of the Baring paper, and the suspension of more than one, with a strain on many, was inevitable, unless the Barings were sustained. The bank quickly interviewed about thirty other bankers, and asked if the latter would guarantee it against loss if it assumed the £22,000,000 (\$110,000,000) which the Barings owed. The guarantee was given, some of the banks insuring as high as £,750,000 each. The panic ended, and the undertaking, particularly in view The first instance of this was in 1772, on of a recent sale of £4,000,000 of the e failure of Neale & Co. The ensuing securities, has turned out much better than was hoped. No less serviceable in action. The great South Sea Bubble of its way was the bank in the far greater 1720, in which that company's shares rose panic of 1866, though in this case it asfrom a hundred to a thousand pounds, and sumed no responsibility whatever on behalf



THE GREAT PANIC OF 1866.

a very great extension of trade without ceeding \$200,000,000. the provision of an adequate pecuniary ulous state until May; rumors of all kinds magic. In the midst of the madness that

over like giant trees in a storm. In addition to all the contracting and other busi-In the spring of that year a generally ness firms which suspended, thirteen banks rotten state of financial affairs, and, as has between May toth and June 6th closed latterly been the case in the United States, their doors, with aggregate habilities ex-

The enormous sums paid across counters reserve, culminated in such a panic as during the panic were never calculated. London had not seen since the bursting. The Bank of England paid out \$61,125,000 of the South Sea Bubble. In March, 1866, in five days. Another great bank paid Barned's bank at Liverpool stopped pay- out \$10,000,000 in six hours. Tremendous ment, with liabilities of \$17,500,000. Busi- as was the disaster, its demoralizing effect, ness progressed in an uncertain and trem- the panic proper, was checked as if by



THE TANK GARDEN

increased the general trepidation; uncer- followed the suspension of Overend, Gur

pauper. Great commercial houses toppled quictude.

tainty grew darker and darker; the bank ney & Company, there came the news that raised its rate of discount steadily until, Gladstone, then Chancellor of the Exon May 3d, it reached eight per cent.; and chequer, had suspended the charter of the then, in consequence of a court decision. Bank of England. This was a suspension concerning only a petty \$300,000, the great of a different character, and merchants mercantile and financing house of Overend, dropped upon their knees upon the pave-Gurney & Company collapsed with a crash ments and thanked God for Gladstone and that, figuratively speaking, was heard all the bank. All the money wanted was at over the financial world. They had failed hand, and the terrible need was met. So for the very respectable sum of \$55,000,000, composing was the mere announcement, The City, of course, went raving mad, that not a single extra note was printed. For a time no banker, merchant, or citizen. Confidence was restored, and the succeedknew whether he was a millionaire or a ing failures were taken with comparative

AFTERWARDS.

By IAN MACLAREN.

when he was gazing on a vision of blue, set in the fronds of a palm, and listening to the song of the fishers as it

floated across the bay.

hostess, in the high, clear voice of Englishwomen, "that I know you are tasting the luxury of a contrast. The Riviera is that? charming in December; imagine London, and Cannes is paradise.'

As he smiled assent in the grateful laziness of a hard-worked man, his mind was stung with the remembrance of a young wife swathed in the dreary fog, who, above all things, loved the open air and the shin- he agreed.

ing of the sun.

Her plea was that Bertie would weary came to him quite suddenly that this was the Mediterranean. always the programme of their holidays some Mediterranean villa full of clever people for him, and the awful dulness of that Bloomsbury street for her; or he went North to a shooting lodge, where he told his best stories in the smoking-room, after a long day on the purple heather; He had only glanced a and she did her best for Bertie at some now he read it carefully: watering-place, much frequented on account of its railway facilities and economical lodgings. Letters of invitation had generally a polite reference to his wife-"If Mrs. Trevor can accompany you, I shall be still more delighted;"—but it was understood that she would not accept.

"We have quite a grudge against Mrs. Trevor, because she will never come with her husband; there is some beautiful child who monopolizes her," his hostess would explain on his arrival; and Trevor allowed it to be understood that his wife was quite devoted to Bertie, and would be miserable

without him.

When he left the room it was explained, "Mrs. Trevor is a hopelessly quiet person, what is called a 'good wife,' you know.

" The only time she dined with us, Tottie Fribbyl—he was a Theosophist then, it's two years ago—was too amusing for words, and told us what incarnation he was going through.

"Mrs. Trevor, I believe, had never

E received the telegram in a garden heard of Theosophy, and looked quite horrified at the idea of poor Tottie's incarna-

"'Isn't it profane to use such words?' she said to me. So I changed to skirt "You look so utterly satisfied," said his dancing, and would you believe me, she had never seen it?

> "What can you do with a woman like Nothing remains but religion and the nursery. Why do clever men marry those impossible women?"

> Trevor was gradually given to understand, as by an atmosphere, that he was a brilliant man wedded to a dull wife, and there were hours—his worst hours—when

"Cara mia, cara mia," sang the sailors; and his wife's face, in its perfect refinealone, and that she hated travelling; but it ment and sweet beauty, suddenly replaced

Had he belittled his wife, with her wealth of sacrifice and delicate nature, beside women in spectacles who wrote on the bondage of marriage, and leaders of fashion who could talk of everything, from horse-racing to palmistry?

He had only glanced at her last letter;

"The flowers were levely, and it was so mindful of you to send them, just like my husband. Bertie and I amused ourselves arranging and rearranging them in glasses, till we had made our tea-table lovely. But I was just one little bit disappointed not to get a letter—you see how exacting I am, sir. I waited for every post, and Bertie said, 'Has father's letter come yet?' When one is on holiday, writing letters is an awful bore; but just a line to Bertie and me. have a map of the Riviera, and found out all the places you had been at in the yacht; and we tried to imagine you sailing on that azure sea, and landing among those silver olives. I am so grateful to ever one for being kind to you, and I hope you will enjoy yourself to the full. Bertie is a little stronger, I'm sure; his cheeks were quite rosy to-day for him. It was his birthday on Wednesday, and I gave him a little treat. The sun was shining brightly in the forenoon, and we had a walk in the Gardens, and made believe that it was Italy! Then we went to Oxford Street, and Bertie chose a regiment of soldiers for his birthday present. He wished some guns so much that I allowed him to have them as a present from you. They only cost one-and-sixpence, and I thought you would like him to have something Jane and he had a splendid game of hide-and-seek in the evening, and my couch was the den, so you see we have our own gayety in Bloomsbury

"Don't look sulky at this long scribble and say,

'What nonsense women write!' for it is almost the same as speaking to you, and I shall imagine the letter all the way till you open it in the sunshine.

"So smile and kiss my name, for this comes with

my heart's love from

"Your devoted wife,

" MAUD TREVOR.

"P. S.—Don't be alarmed because I have to rest; the doctor does not think that there is any danger, and I'll take great care."

" A telegram." It was the shattering of a dream. "How wicked of some horrid person! Business ought not to be allowed to enter paradise. Let's hope it's pleasure; perhaps some one has won a lot of celebrate the affair."

"Whom's it for? Oh! Mr. Edward Trevor; then it's a brief by telegraph, I suppose. Some millionaire's will case, and the Attorney-General can't manage it alone. What a man he is, to have briefs in holiday time.

"There it is, but remember, before you open it, that you are bound to remain here over Christmas at any rate, and help us with our theatricals. My husband declares that a successful barrister must be a born actor."

An hour later Trevor was in the Paris express, and for thirty hours he prayed one petition, that she might live till he arrived. He used to have a berth in the Wagon Lit as a matter of course, and had begun to complain about the champagne in the dining-car; but the thought of comfort made him wince on this journey, and he twice changed his carriage, once when an English party would not cease from badinage that mocked his ears, and again because a woman had brown eyes with her expression of dog-like faithfulness. The darkness of the night after that sunlit garden, and the monotonous roar of the train, and the face of smiling France covered with snow, and the yeasty waters of the Channel, and the can be keeping the train now? Is this a moaning of the wind, filled his heart with conspiracy to torment a miserable man? dread.

never come to an end? A French seaman —a fellow with earrings and a merry face appears and reappears with maddening regularity, each time with a larger trunk. One had X. Y. on it in big white letters. Why not Z, also? Who could have such a That is a lady's box, black and bride, perhaps . . . they are carrying in time; we are expected the luggage over his heart. Have they no

The last piece is in, and the sailors make or next year? Yet he used to pe :

a merry group at the top of the gangway. They look like Bretons, and that fellow is laughing again—some story about a little child; he can just hear " Ma petite." . . .

"Guard, is this train never to start?

We're half an hour late already."

" Italian mail very heavy, sir ; still bringing up bags; so many people at Riviera in winter, writing home to their friends." . . .

How cruel every one is! He had not written for ten days. Something always happened, an engagement of pleasure. There was a half-finished letter; he had left it to join a Monte Carlo party.

"Writing letters—home, of course, to money at Monte Carlo, and wishes us to that idolized wife. It's beautiful, and you are an example to us all; but Mrs. Trevor will excuse descriptions of scenery; she

knows you are enjoying yourself.'

Had she been expecting that letter from post to post, calculating the hour of each delivery, identifying the postman's feet in that quiet street, holding her breath when he rang, stretching her hand for a letter, to let it drop unopened, and bury her face in the pillow? Had she . . waiting for a letter that never came? Those letters that he wrote from the Northern Circuit in that first sweet year, a letter a day, and one day two -it had given him a day's advantage. Careful letters, too, though written between cases, with bits of description and amusing scenes. Some little sameness towards the end, but she never complained of that, and even said those words were the best. And that trick he played—the thought of the postman must have brought it up how pleasant it was, and what a success! He would be his own letter one day, and take her by surprise. "A letter, ma'am," the girl said-quite a homely girl, who shared their little joys and anxieties-and then he showed his face with apologies for intrusion. The flush of love in her face, will it be like that to-night, or . . . What

He thrusts his head out of the window Will that procession of luggage at Dover in despair, and sees the guard trying to find a compartment for a family that had mistaken their train.

> The husband is explaining, with English garrulity, all the station hearing, what an inconvenience it would have been, had they gone in the Holborn Viaduct carriages.

" Half an hour's longer drive, you know, brown, plastered with hotel labels. Some and it's very important we should get home

For what? Dinner, most likely. What , to-day did it matter when they got he

he were made late for dinner. They come into his compartment, and explain the situation at great length, while he pretends to listen.

A husband and wife returning from a month in Italy, full of their experiences: the Corniche Road, the palaces of Genoa, the pictures in the Pitti, St. Peter's at Rome. Her first visit to the Continent, evidently; it reminded them of a certain tour round the Lakes in '80, and she withdrew her hand from her husband's as the train came out from the tunnel. They were not smart people-very pronounced middle-classbut they were lovers, after fifteen years.

They forgot him, who was staring on the you can drive." bleak landscape with white, pinched face.

"How kind to take me this trip. I know how much you denied yourself, but it has made me young again;" and she said "Edward." Were all these coincidences arranged? Had his purgatorio begun already?

"Have you seen the 'Globe,' sir? Bosworth, M. P. for Pedlington, has been made a judge, and there's to be a keen contest.

'Trevor, I see, is named as the Tory candidate—a clever fellow, I've heard. Do than any man of his years.

"Some say that it's his manner; he's such a good sort, the juries cannot resist him, a man told me—a kind heart goes for something even in a lawyer. Would you like to look .

"Very sorry; would you take a drop of brandy? No? The passage was a little rough, and you don't look quite up to the mark.

drank his cup to the dregs.

It was for Pedlington he had been working and saving, for a seat meant society and the bench, perhaps . . . What did it matter now?

She was to come and sit within the cage when he made his first speech, and hear all the remarks.

"Of course it will be a success, for you do everything well, and your wife will be the proudest woman in London.

"Sir Edward Trevor, M.P. I know it's do. foolish, but it's the foolishness of love, dear, so don't look cross; you are everything to me, and no one loves you as I do."

What are they slowing for now? There's no station. Did ever train drag like this

one?

Off again, thank God. only were conscious, and he could ask her to forgive his selfishness.

At last, and the train glides into Victoria. No, he had nothing to declare: would they let him go, or they might keep his luggage altogether.

Some vision was ever coming up; and now he saw her, kneeling on the floor and packing that portmanteau, the droop of her

figure, her thin white hands.

He was so busy that she did these offices for him—tried to buckle the straps even; but he insisted on doing that. It gave him half an hour longer at the Club. What a brute he had been.

"Do anything you like with my things. I'll come to-morrow . . . as fast as

Huddled in a corner of the hansom so that you might have thought he slept, this man was calculating every foot of the way. gloating over a long stretch of open, glistening asphalt, hating unto murder the immovable drivers whose huge vans blocked his passage. If they had known, there was no living man but would have made room for him . . . but he had not known Only one word to tell her he knew now.

As the hansom turned into the street he you know about him? He's got on quicker bent forward, straining his eyes to catch the first glimpse of home. Had it been day-time the blinds would have told their tale; now it was the light he watched.

> Dark on the upper floors; no sick light burning . . . have mercy . . . then the blood came back to his heart with a How could be have forgotten?

Their room was at the back for quietness, and it might still be well. Someone had been watching, for the door was instantly Then they left him in peace, and he opened, but he could not see the servant's face.

A doctor came forward and beckoned

him to go into the study. . .

It seemed as if his whole nature had been smitten with insensibility, for he knew everything without words, and yet he heard the driver demanding his fare, and noticed that the doctor had been reading the evening paper while he waited; he saw the paragraph about that seat.

What work those doctors have to

" An hour ago . . . we were amazed that she lived so long; with any other woman it would have been this morning; but she was determined to live till you came home.

"It was not exactly will-power, for she . . . If she was the gentlest patient I ever had; it was"-the doctor hesitated-a peremptory Scotchman hiding a heart of fire beneath a coating of ice—"it was simply all day, for I had hoped to fulfil her love."

When the doctor had folded up the evening paper, and laid it on a side table, which took some time, he sat down opposite that fixed, haggard face, which had not yet been softened by a tear.

"Yes, I'll tell you everything; perhaps it will relieve your mind; and Mrs. Trevor said you would wish to know, and I must in her hands. 'My husband was so thoughtbe here to receive you. Her patience and ful.

thoughtfulness were marvellous.

"I attend many very clever and charm- simply torture. Wait till to-morrow. . . . ing women, but I tell you, Mr. Trevor, not one has so impressed me as your wife. Her self-forgetfulness passed words; she thought of every one except herself. Why, one of the last things she did was to give directions about your room; she was afraid you might feel the change from the Riviera. But that is by the way, and these things are not my business.

"From the beginning I was alarmed, and urged that you be sent for; but she pledged me not to write; you needed your holiday, she said, and it must not be not to vex yourself; but I believe a letter

darkened with anxiety.

"She spoke every day about your devotion and unselfishness; how you wished her to go with you, but she had to stay

with the boy.

"The turn for the worse? It was yesterday morning, and I had Sir Reginald at once. We agreed that recovery was hopedelay.

"We also consulted whether she ought to be told, and Sir Reginald said, 'Certainly; that woman has no fear, for she never thinks of herself, and she will want to leave

messages.'

"'If we can only keep her alive till tomorrow afternoon,' he said; and you will like to remember that everything known to the best man in London was done. Sir Reginald came back himself unasked today, because he remembered a restorative that might sustain the failing strength. She thanked him so sweetly that he was quite shaken; the fact is, that both of us would soon have played the fool. But I ought not to trouble you with these trifles struggle." at this time, only as you wanted to know

before I spoke, and only asked when you the first time she did not color with joy at would arrive. 'I want to say "Good- his coming, that her hand was cold to his by," and then I will be ready; but per- touch. He kissed her, but his heart was haps

"'Tell you everything?' That is what I am trying to do, and I was here nearly side that silence.

"No, she did not speak much, for we enjoined silence and rest as the only chance; but she had your photograph on her pillow, and some flowers you had sent.

"They were withered, and the nurse removed them when she was sleeping; but she missed them, and we had to put them

"This is too much for you, I see; it is

"Well, if you insist. Expecting a letter . . yes . . . let me recollect . . No, I am not hiding anything, but you must not let this get upon your mind.

"We would have deceived her, but she knew the hour of the Continental mails. and could detect the postman's ring. Once a letter came, and she insisted upon seeing it in case of any mistake. But it was only an invitation for you, I think, to some country house.

"It can't be helped now, and you ought would have done more for her than . . .

What am I saying now?

"As she grew weaker she counted the hours, and I left her at four full of hope. 'Two hours more and he'll be here,' and by that time she had your telegram in her

"When I came back the change had less, and I telegraphed to you without come, and she said, 'It's not God's will:

bring Bertie.'

"So she kissed him, and said something to him, but we did not listen. After the nurse had carried him out-for he was weeping bitterly, poor little chap-she whispered to me to get a sheet of paper and sit down by her bedside. . . . I think it would be better . . . very well, I will tell you all.

"I wrote what she dictated with her last breath, and I promised you would receive it from her own hand, and so you will. She turned her face to the door and lay quite still till about six, when I heard her say your name very softly, and a minute afterwards she was gone, without pain or

She lay as she had died, waiting for his coming, and the smile with which she had "Yes, she understood what we thought said his name was still on her face. It was numbed, and he could not weep.

Then he took her letter and read it be-

"DEAREST: They tell me now that I shall not live to see you come in and to cast my arms once more round your neck before we part. Be kind to Bertie, and remember that he is delicate and shy. He will miss me, and you will be patient with him for my sake. Give him my watch, and do not let him forget me. My locket with your likeness I would like left on my heart. You will never know how much I have loved you, for I could never speak. You have been very good to me, and I want you to know that I am grateful; but it is better perhaps that I should die, for I might hinder you in your future life. Forgive me because I came short of what your wife should have been. None can ever love you better. You will

take these poor words from a dead hand, but I shall see you, and I shall never cease to love you, to follow your life, to pray for you-my first, my only love.

The fountains within him were broken, and he flung himself down by the bedside in an agony of repentance.

"Oh, if I had known before; but now it

is too late, too late!"

For we sin against our dearest not because we do not love, but because we do not imagine.

THE PIERRE LOTI OF PRIVATE LIFE.

LUXURIOUS HOME - HIS METHODS OF WORK AS A NAVAL HIS LIEUTENANT AND A NOVELIST.

BY MADAME ADAM.

iage de Loti," "Spahi," "Fleurs d'Ennui," say, one wishes for an intimate knowledge ment on his own exaltation. of Pierre Loti, he needs but to seek for him in his works. Few writers more than he have looked at life through themselves. Just as he sees with his own eyes the incomparable picture which he sets before us, so he judges through his own experiences; his heroes pass through the same sorrows which he has suffered, and are struck by the same shocks which he has Those who live in intimate comreceived. munion with the life of Pierre Loti can give double names to the faces of all his characters; and I will add that it is by his own family, by his most intimate friends, that he is most admired, for they only can appreciate the degree of art with which he enhances reality. It is likewise true that I have heard worthy praise of Pierre Loti's descriptions only from those who themselves able imagination like his. had seen the places which he described.

In the first pages of the "Romance of a Child "Pierre Loti reveals to us the double nature which prompted him to observe himself from his childhood. His first recollection of these observations is curious, and is one which, by looking backward,

F one wishes for thorough acquaintance ish imagination. He bounds and dances; with the author of "Azayde," "Mar- he whirls about till he is giddy. For the first time he is conscious to the point of "Pêcheur d'Islande," "Madame Chrysan- intoxication of the exhilaration of life, and theme," "Roman d'un Enfant," "Fan- yet he is a looker-on at his own transports; tôme d'Orient," and of "Matelot"—if, I he observes them, and coldly passes judg-To me all of Pierre Loti is in this first scene. time to come is he to experience the irresistible sway of enthusiasm without selfanalysis, and he must ever feel the measure of the inadequacy of this process.

> Of extreme sensibility, dreaming of that which lies beyond sight in all things, Pierre Loti is ever searching out two things in life —his own sensations and those which he may be able to call forth in others. Doubtless he is not always engaged in weighing himself, is not striking a balance between the exigencies of his heart and those of his art, and yet he suffers unconsciously from being an artist at the same time as a man.

> He can never be satisfied with what he comes across, real things being always inferior to those realized by an incompar-

AN EXCEPTIONAL CHILD WITH A TASTE FOR MUSIC.

Loti was an exceptional child; not, perhaps, in those manifestations which are the ground of his family pride in him, but in point of originality and imagination. we may all duplicate closely. He was not have often talked with his sister, who is more than two years old, and he sees him- much older than he, and she is inexhaustible self at nightfall in a large, low room, with in the relation of striking anecdotes of the his beloved aunt Claire at his side, before child and of the very young man. Inventhe fire. He looks deeply into the flames, tive beyond expression, he made games which communicate their ardor to his child- which delighted his young comrades, es-



THERKE I THIS THE CAST ME OF A MEMIER OF THE PRENCH ACADEMY.

pecially the little girls, and he was already a social centre. He grouped about him oped in the members of his family a love those of both sexes who nourished his own of the beautiful in all its forms. Flowers, intelligence. He told touching stories, of landscapes, nature, filled him with delight, which his little friends could never hear and it was often difficult to arouse him enough; he built little theatres, composed from ecstatic contemplation. He dreamed plays and acted them; he busied himself of a life other than the one he saw lived with making collections, and enlisted the about him, and he persuaded himself and his

A musician at a very early age, he develpassionate sympathy of all about him, so friends that he was some hero, whose part that they took part in his researches. he often played to the verge of danger, when he had his strength or his agility to prove; and he thus entered on that extraordinary education which, unaided, he gave himself, and which has made of him a gymof all physical exercises.

What a singular medley of characteristics we find in Pierre Loti! A dreamer to the point of absorption in dreaming, so active as to be fond of the tour de force. All this gives Pierre Loti the aspect of a man of well-balanced, cool spirit, and at the same time of a certain supple inflexibility which is peculiar to himself.

Pierre Loti speaks little, and listens but for an instant. Devoted to his friends, he takes interest in all that renders them either joyful or sad; but spare him empty phrases, the slow lengths of a story that could be told in a few words. His eyes soon take on that look, directed inward, which it is so difficult to recall or to eatch again. cannot be said that he has a happy nature. He is disturbed to excess by an enemy; he instantly scrutinizes an agreeable event, and looks at the dark side of it: it is almost true that he suffers more from the discordance of one jealous or evil-speaking person in the concert of praises which rise before him than he enjoys from the full harmony of that concert.

Among the rarest of the artistic qualities with which Pierre Loti is endowed, is one which gives pleasure to all who approach him; that is, the exquisite and truly incomparable taste which enables him to turn the smallest object to account in giving character to a decoration. The slightest drapery, a vase, furniture disposed in a certain manner, and you say to yourself: "I am in such a country," or "I find myself back in another century." What in France is called "style" in the arrangement of interiors reaches the same perfection in Loti as his ability to render what he sees. In reading one of his descriptions it is impossible not to see what he has seen. On entering a salon or a room with whose decoration he has been occupied, one has a precise representation of the time and of the country which he has sought to recall.

LOTI'S FAMILY HOME.

The paternal residence at Rochefort is the most astonishing habitation imagin-Small in appearance, in a street of a provincial city, it is impossible to foretell what will be seen on entering within. very small façade attracts no attention. One enters a narrow, roofed passage, which with tall posts of oak, and curtains of red

communicates with another passage, also narrow, but without a roof, which is called the garden; there are low walls, allowing the windows of the upper story to enjoy a nast, even an acrobat, a passionate lover view of the adjoining gardens, otherwise I do not know how they would be lighted.

> The first drawing-room in Loti's house is a modern room, richly furnished, very elegant, and altogether of the fashion of to-day; but this drawing-room looks out on a pagoda—not an imitation, but a real pagoda—brought back piecemeal from the island of Formosa. Loti and his comrade, Jean Dargène, went night after night, at the risk of their lives, to bring away some portion of it, before demolishing it altogether, to carry it home to France. Thus bit by bit Loti had traced its smallest detail, and was enabled to reconstruct it with such exactitude that it gives one the sensation of having been instantly transported to the scenes which witnessed both the glory and the sufferings of our great Admiral Courbet. Pierre Loti made the campaign of the isles of Formosa on the "Triomphante." From the pagoda we ascend a little stairway which leads to a Turkish salon of such strikingly original character that the impression made upon one who has once entered it can never be forgotten. It copies the interior of an Arabian dwelling with such scrupulous fidelity that I do not exaggerate when I say that in spite of the poetry and grace of every detail, in spite of the richness of the arabesque, the shimmering of the hangings, the attraction of the furnishings, which all invite to far niente, and the incomparable beauty of the carpets, of which Loti possesses a choice collection, a woman there feels the oppressive anguish of a prison.

From the Turkish apartment one passes, by stairways leading back to the front of the house, to Madame Pierre Loti's own room, of which you could scarcely conjecture the style. It is a bed-chamber of the First Empire. A mahogany bed with brasses which are veritable gems, hangings of yellow rep with blue borders, long chairs, easy chairs, footstools, pier tables, bibelots, ceilings adorned with enormous golden honey-bees in relief; the decoration of the chimpey-pieces, the writing-table, all the small objects, everything, absolutely everything, is executed with the most absolute exactitude and scrupulousness of style.

But here is Loti's chamber, the room of a Breton peasant. The bed is very high. dresser, and an ancient oaken table, which, Beauce with its little basin and ewer of water, serves as washstand. The floor is tiled. There is a pair of sabots at the foot of the bed. Here we find ourselves in Brittany, Turkey and China.

But we go down-stairs now, cross the so many astonishing things, by far the he had planned. greatest wonder of the house. Loti was three years in finding and putting in place quired such fame in the city of Rochefort the wainscoting and the loggia. The ban- that the loungers in the streets fully exners and window glass he had copied from pected to see me brought in a chariot old models; the table, in the shape of drawn by oxen, and that I would alight a horseshoe, and the immense chimney- en costume. How shall I give an idea of an piece, he found. One might think him- entertainment on which Loti and two

and white checked cotton; there is a tall recesses of the oldest of the châteaux of

A GRAND FRTE GIVEN BY LOTE.

It was for the inauguration of this adat home with the Pêcheur d'Islande, after mirable apartment that Loti gave to forty having traversed the First Empire, and selected guests a file Louis XI., which we can never forget.

He had written or given verbally to us garden, and ascend again, to enter a medi- all the design and color of our costumes, zeval dining-room, which is a most beauti- so that each of us might contribute to the ful, most radiant room, and is, even among perfect harmony of the general effect which

The preparation for this fête had acself in a hall untouched by time, in the young pupils of Jacob de Chartes had



INTERIOR OF PIERRE LOTE'S PAGODA,

by our ancestors.

Lott had discovered in an isle of La-

few days after his triumph. In the anteroom, as we entered. we saw the body of a man swinging from a gallows. Scarcely were we seated at the tables when the sound of trumpets announced the arrival of a troop of Saracenic prisoners. Since we were in joye et festin, we bestowed pardon on them, and they seated themselves in our company. It was a surprise that wrung cries of terror from me, to feel a trapdoor rising under my feet, and to see thus admitted a band of acrobats, who proceeded to execute most curious feats of strength and agility. Meantime we continued to feast; foods and drinks were set before us in long succession; it would take a volume to describe it all Adrien Marie, a friend of ours,

ing the traditional peacock's march,

lavished their efforts during six months? the torches. The smoking flames flitting The viands and drinks had been the sub- about the white draperies, outlining the jects of much research; the former had been intricacies of the figures of the dance, kept frequently essayed during a long period of us in constant fear of danger; and, at the time, and the latter were carefully made same time, the sensation of witnessing a ready in advance, that they might most sacred dance, revived after the lapse of perfectly reproduce the sensations enjoyed centuries of neglect, aroused our enthusiasm.

The illustration will enable you to judge Charente two old musicians who played of Lott's manner of composing a costume. airs of that by-gone time. One of them was It represents his attire at an entertainment more than eighty years old, and he died of of mme, in which each guest was to come the joyous excitement of the occasion, a in the costume of some famous character,

and then to play his part during the even-Thus Osiris was ing. brought into conversation with Cleopatra, Charlotte Corday with Marat, Charles the First with Cromwell. a grisette with Nero, Adrienne Lecouvreur with Scapin, and Mahomet with Pourceaugnac. Pierre Loti came as the Fisher of Iceland to a garden party which I gave at the Abbage de Gif.



FIERRY LOTE A FANCY COSTONE AS MOURES A

HOW HE APPORTIONS HIS WORK EACH DAY.

Pierre Loti is evidently never idle. Since I have to speak of him only in private life, I need not linger to describe his manner of writing. It is, moreover, perfectly simple, and can be described in a word. In the

had come from Paris with a tall greyhound morning Lieutenant Julien Viand is wholly which never left his side, and he had put devoted to his work or to his study, or to on the disguise of a fool. He was one of his service as a mariner. If he has comthe most amusing features of the evening, mand of a vessel, as soon as he rises he is But it would be impossible to mention all occupied with his men; he either questions the details of that unique entertainment, the second in command, summoning him I will speak only of the ceremonious entry to his house for the report, or he goes in of a superb roast peacock, with tail spread, person to inspect his vessel; for when he carried on the shoulders of four squires, is Lieutenant Viand, this dreamer becomes and preceded by a band of musicians play- the most serious and most accomplished of officers. His bearing, his gesture, his After dinner there was a dance that was glance, his voice, and one might almost especially applauded—the torch dance—in add his stature, undergo a complete change which young girls wrapped in long muslin when Pierre Loti of the Academic Française veils, and young men, danced the dance of becomes a lieutenant in the French navy.



THE TURKISH SAL NON HIERRE IS IT'S HOUSE

in place some object. No one of his subventured to contend with him as gymnast becomes of or as marksman. The sailors ascribe to is writing. him a very complex superiority made up of all in him that they can see and understand, as well as of much that is beyond their grasp, and they are devoted and sub-

The young commander is adored by his has the leisure to do so, becomes Pierre men, who find him devoted to the execu- Loti from two o'clock until six o'clock in tion of justice, at once implacable towards the afternoon. He requires no more time a wilful fault, and indulgent towards an than this to write in his superb, large, corunwitting error. Although of small stature, rect handwriting a volume in a few months. he is so strong that he calls forth the ad- His study is always full of flowers; he has miration of his men, when, in the case of a a passion for them, and in a few seconds manœuvre badly executed or in the re- he can arrange in a vase an exquisite moval of some cargo, he indicates with a bouquet of what had appeared to be the gesture what is to be done, or lifts or sets most insignificant of flowers. The more perfume his flowers have the more he ordinates could get the better of him, if he loves them. The odor of flowers never becomes oppressive to him, even when he

HOW LOTE LIVES,

If Loti is stationed in a city, it is quite missive to him to the point of fanatic- certain that within an hour of his arrival he will have found and selected for his Lieutenant Julien Viand, whenever he residence the house commanding the widest Hendaye.

serves as frontier to the two countries, attached to the netting, When the tide rises, the Bidassoa is an arm

of the sea, a gulf.

view, situated in the most original manner, ows to flit over the walls. "The gray of and in which one can find the greatest re- the nets waving over the softened whitetirement. In such a house I saw him at ness gives the impression of an evanescent. decoration seen in a dream. Huge crab-The house was situated on the Bidassoa, shells which have become transparent. a river as much Spanish as French, which rough and ugly monsters of the sea, are

" On every hand, in the many vases, aremany beautiful flowers, which Loti can-My readers will permit me to copy a never be denied. Hangings draped in the description of Loti's house which I have corners, portières, furnishings disposed already made, for I wrote my first impres- with taste, all combine to make one exsions of the place on the spot, and I can-claum, on entering for the first time: 'How not improve it. "Loti's house is small, beautiful this is! Loti's study, placed but is decorated by the fancy of a great above the drawing-room, looks out also on artist. Over the white woodwork of the the Bidassoa; one might say at certain drawing-room, very commonplace and bare hours that the view is over the sea, To in itself, Loti has draped fishing-nets, which write in peace, Loti has condemned the are agitated by the warm airs from with- inner door to the room, and his visitors out, and cause light and mysterious shad- must go up to his sanctum by means of a



A MOORISH ROOM IN PIERRE LOTT'S HOUSE,



PARKET (-1) IN LANCA CONTEMP AS AS REPLANDED FINITEDERS.

slightly incommodious for others.

during your sojourn at Hendaye."

rope ladder, an easy way for sailors, but paise, Loti has described his impressions while the question of his nomination was "On the terrace, at the foot of this lad- under consideration at Paris. He was mader, is a laurel of Apollo, bushy, enormous, skiff on the sea, returning from his small colossal in size. Sale was fully per-" This was an omen,' I said to him, suaded that he, so far away, so great a "that you were to become an academician stranger to the factics which often have an influence with the learned assembly, could ""That did not occur to me till after not be proposed. And yet, in spite of his my election, he answered" doubts, he had an impulse to stop at the In his address to the Academic Fran- telegraph station before going to his house. despatches which awaited me, I understood, even before I had opened one of them, that I had been elected.

Pierre Loti is a musician of a high order. He sings in a beautiful, true baritone voice, and as an accompanist he is unrivalled.

He loves quiet life with his family. mother, Madame Viand-for Pierre Loti eighty-two years old, but she is as active sufferings of animals. Loti feared greatly lest the violent impression received from the combat should in jure tarian. his mother. But she instantly grasped the picturesque side of the spectacle, and was letters cannot be a sailor in serious earnest. absorbingly interested in it.

loves to bear the name of Madame Pierre Loti, in preference to that of Madame Ju- men; it is not true in regard to Loti. lien Viand. much as the most impassioned of his read-tions of his career, more attentive or skilers, and she is sufficiently literate to under-ful in performing his duties. Here again stand him. ers, it is one of her favorite occupations to renew the flowers on his table and in the activity. The calling of a sailor has this drawing-room for the great gratification of peculiarity, which would naturally attract

Loti's eves.

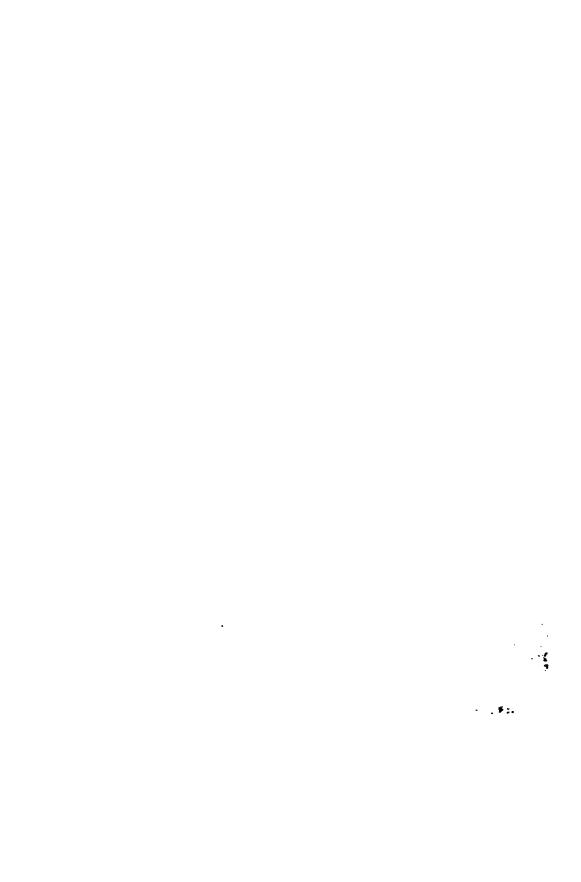
given his second son the name borne by be given to dreaming. The young Samuel, the first, Samuel. a person of pronounced character. much as his trousers are white, they must which they may find him.

"And," said he, "when I saw the heap of be changed several times daily, for the future admiral is somewhat too fond of playing on all fours with his cats.

Loti is passionately fond of cats. He attracts them to him to such a degree that all the unfortunate cats in a city where he is living seem to give each other the word, His and flock about him to enlist his sympathy in their lot, to which he is never insensible. is Lieutenant Julien Viand—is the source This brings to mind his wonderful "Book from which he has drawn the distinction, of Pity and of Death," in which he has sensibility, and grace of his mind. She is drawn us to participate so deeply in the The four pages as a young woman, and she performed feats devoted to the last but one of the cattle of mountain climbing last autumn which slaughtered on the deck of the ship while were beyond the powers of her daughter, the officer is on watch, and at whose execu-Madame Bou, the sister of Loti. It is a tion the last of the animals looks on, is curious fact that Madame Viand, at her man's most elegant protest against the present age, has just witnessed for the first sufferings, the tortures, which we inflict time a bull fight at Fontarabia, that ador- on dumb creatures. After reading these able little Spanish city, which is on the pages one must be wholly without heart other side of the river from Hendaye, not to be moved, at least while the impression of the reading lasts, to become a vege-

It has often been said that a man of Such an affirmation may be true in regard Pierre Loti is married, and his young wife to others, although the French navy has counted distinguished authors among its She admires her husband as one is more conversant with the occupa-Knowing Loti's love for flow- he gratifies the old passion of his childhood for physical exercises, his love of Loti's choice, that in it one is always on Loti lost his first little son, who came the eve of a battle between the elements. prematurely into the world, and he has of an unfolding of moral and physical never ceased to mourn for him. He has power, and that it affords many days to

I repeat to my readers that if, after this although scarcely four years old, is already hasty sketch, they feel themselves insuffi-Of ciently acquainted with Pierre Loti, they course he intends to be a sailor, and he is may look for him in his works. In any always dressed in sailor's costume. Inas- case, I believe I have given them a key by



fitted her to undertake the life of Napoleon, and she has written it most satisfactorily. C. Ropes, who is probably the greatest authority on Napoleon in the United States, stated in a letter to the editor of this of Napoleon' gives what we most want to know about him. Her account of his administration of the internal affairs of France was very clear and satisfactory." We believe that for its length it is one of the most satisfactory lives of Napoleon ever produced.

MR. HUBBARD'S RARE NAPOLEON COLLECTION.

Mr. Hubbard's collection is well known both here and abroad. He has been fourteen years gathering these pictures, and has spent large sums of money for them. He is known to the principal dealers in prints in America and Europe, and they keep him informed of whatever is worth buying in the way of portraits of Napoleon. His collection is valuable not only because of the individual worth of each picture, but also because of its completeness. It was meant to present Napoleon as he appeared at every important epoch of his life, from youth to death, as painted by the great masters, and also to include the notable masterpieces which show him in the various great scenes of his life. And in presenting the free use of this collection to us, Mr. Hubbard rendered a service that cannot be overestimated.

It was decided to print of the November number 10,000 copies more than the 40,000 that had been printed of the October But so rapidly did subscriptions and news-stand orders pour in on the announcement of the Napoleon series, that the order was increased before the plates left the press to 60,000 copies. This edition was exhausted in one week, and subscriptions were coming in at the rate of 150 a day; so that a second edition of 10,000 copies, making 70,000 in all, showing a gain over any previous number of 30,000 copies, was necessary to supply the demand for the first number containing the Life of Napoleon.

A GAIN IN SIX MONTHS OF 60,000.

It is therefore not hard to trace the principal cause of the extraordinary pros-

Her studies as well as her inclinations copies were required of the December number, and the Magazine has gone on prospering until with the April number it No less a critic than Colonel John was found necessary to increase the edition to 100,000 copies, a gain in six months of 60,000 copies.

It is rather an interesting fact that Magazine: "I think Miss Tarbell's 'Life during the three years in which Abbott's "Life of Napoleon" was appearing in "Harper's Magazine," more than forty years ago, the circulation of that magazine increased nearly 100,000. This was one of the results of the first Napoleonic revival, which received a great impulse from the return of Napoleon's body to France. Another result of that revival was the elevation of the third Napoleon to the imperial throne. The extraordinary vitality of Napoleon's fame is well evidenced by this fact that two magazines, established more than forty years apart, have each owed their first great success to a life of Napoleon.

THE BEST LITERATURE BY THE GREATEST WRITERS.

Of course it would be impossible to increase the circulation of a magazine 60,000 copies in six months in the face of the extraordinary competition in the magazine world, unless the magazine possessed many excellences; and while the Life of Napoleon has placed McClure's Magazine in the hands of many thousands of people who otherwise would not have taken it, the whole table of contents has been valuable in retaining their continued support. The Magazine has aimed to publish the best literature by the greatest writers, and while it is no slave to famous names, and has published a great deal of matter by writers heretofore unknown, at the same time there are few contemporary writers of the highest rank who have not contributed to its pages, and some of the very greatest writers have contributed some of their most important matter.

NOTABLE CONTRIBUTORS AND CONTRIBU-TIONS.

Mr. Stevenson, besides writing a serial for the Magazine, also contributed an autobiographical article of rare charm and interest, and, at the time of his death, was under engagement to write for the Magazine a long and important novel. This novel, we have reason to believe, was perity of the Magazine. Eighty thousand left practically finished, and, if so, it will

1. . . .

McClure's Magazine.

Vol. IV.

MAY, 1895.

No. 6.

OUR FIRST ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND.

I N one year and ten months from the pal portraits of Napoleon, the belief being issue of the first number, the circulation of McClure's Magazine has grown such a collection, printed in one number, to 100,000 copies, the increase in twelve would increase the circulation another 5,000

months being 65,000 copies.

The growth of the Magazine has been gradual from month to month, and has come from no special effort in pushing or advertising it, but mainly from the acceptability of the Magazine itself. In fact, so continuous has been the increase that only once, during the past eight months, has a sufficient number of copies been printed; and so closely has the Magazine sold out each month that there are on hand few more than sufficient copies to meet the need for bound volumes. Hence the size of each edition is a very accurate measure of the actual circulation. This fact is significant; because, while it is a mere matter of money to print large editions, and anybody can do it who has the purse and will, to print them and sell them is quite another affair.

CIRCULATION DOUBLED INSIDE THE FIRST YEAR.

The first issue of McClure's Magazine (June, 1893) consisted of 20,000 copies. The edition gradually grew until, with the December, 1893, number, it was 35,000; this particular number showing an advance of 5,000 copies over any previous sale. The edition for May, 1894, was 40,000 copies, showing another clean advance over previous issues of 5,000 copies.

The increased sale of this number was historian was luckily at hand in the perattributed to the very complete series of son of Miss Ida M. Tarbell, who had done portraits of General Grant, as well as to a great deal of work for the Magazine the valuable articles on his life and character by General Horace Porter and others. In Paris studying the epoch of the French And at that time it was decided to devote, in Paris studying the epoch of the French Revolution, and had just written a life of in a similar way, some pages to the principal women of that time.

pal portraits of Napoleon, the belief being that, with the revived interest in Napoleon, such a collection, printed in one number, would increase the circulation another 5,000 copies. The circulation fell off somewhat during the summer months of 1894; but with the October number it was found that an edition of 40,000 copies was considerably too small, that number selling out in four or five days.

THE NAPOLEON PICTURES AND PAPERS.

In seeking for portraits of Napoleon, we accidentally learned of Mr. Hubbard's remarkable collection. This collection we were invited to examine and to use, Mr. Hubbard putting it freely at our disposal. Even a cursory examination showed that it would be impossible to do justice to the collection and to the possibilities of the subject in one or even in four numbers of the Magazine. In fact, it was found that the pictures finally selected could not be published, even in very large installments, in less than eight numbers. So the plan first contemplated, of publishing one article with portraits of Napoleon showing him at different periods of his life, developed into a series of articles illustrated in a more interesting and complete manner than any previous publication on Napoleon. At the same time it became necessary to publish a compact, clear, and interesting life of Napoleon to accompany these pictures. The pictures came to us freely, and the historian was luckily at hand in the person of Miss Ida M. Tarbell, who had done a great deal of work for the Magazine previously, and who had spent three years

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torily. thority on Napoleon in the United States. stated in a letter to the editor of this of Napoleon' gives what we most want to know about him. Her account of his administration of the internal affairs of France was very clear and satisfactory.' We believe that for its length it is one of the most satisfactory lives of Napoleon ever produced.

MR. HUBBARD'S RARE NAPOLEON COLLECTION.

Mr. Hubbard's collection is well known both here and abroad. He has been fourteen years gathering these pictures, and has spent large sums of money for them. He is known to the principal dealers in prints in America and Europe, and they keep him informed of whatever is worth buying in the way of portraits of Napoleon. His collection is valuable not only because of the individual worth of each picture, but also because of its completeness. meant to present Napoleon as he appeared at every important epoch of his life, from youth to death, as painted by the great masters, and also to include the notable masterpieces which show him in the various great scenes of his life. And in presenting the free use of this collection to us, Mr. Hubbard rendered a service that cannot be overestimated.

It was decided to print of the November number 10,000 copies more than the 40,000 that had been printed of the October But so rapidly did subscriptions and news-stand orders pour in on the announcement of the Napoleon series, that the order was increased before the plates left the press to 60,000 copies. This edition was exhausted in one week, and subscriptions were coming in at the rate of 150 a day; so that a second edition of 10,000 copies, making 70,000 in all, showing a gain over any previous number of 30,000 copies, was necessary to supply the demand for the first number containing the Life of Napoleon.

A GAIN IN SIX MONTHS OF 60,000.

It is therefore not hard to trace the principal cause of the extraordinary prosperity of the Magazine. Eighty thousand

Her studies as well as her inclinations copies were required of the December fitted her to undertake the life of Napo- number, and the Magazine has gone on leon, and she has written it most satisfac- prospering until with the April number it No less a critic than Colonel John was found necessary to increase the edi-C. Ropes, who is probably the greatest aution to 100,000 copies, a gain in six months of 60,000 copies.

It is rather an interesting fact that Magazine: "I think Miss Tarbell's 'Life during the three years in which Abbott's "Life of Napoleon" was appearing in "Harper's Magazine," more than forty years ago, the circulation of that magazine increased nearly 100,000. This was one of the results of the first Napoleonic revival, which received a great impulse from the return of Napoleon's body to France. Another result of that revival was the elevation of the third Napoleon to the imperial throne. The extraordinary vitality of Napoleon's fame is well evidenced by this fact that two magazines, established more than forty years apart, have each owed their first great success to a life of Napoleon.

THE BEST LITERATURE BY THE GREATEST WRITERS.

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THE HON, GARDINER G MURBARD IN HIS LIBRARY

appear in our pages during the next year, and in such matters Thanet, Walter Besant, Joel Chandler Har- equal. ris, Thomas Hardy, Robert Barr, Bret Harte, Gilbert Parker, Henry M. Stanley, Ian Maclaren, and others have contributed short stories; and it would be hard to W. E. Gladstone, General Horace Porter, the high-priced magazines. strates the fact that it has published a great last June. deal of the really great literature produced during its lifetime. In addition to contributions by authors of the first rank, it has had a staff of highly trained writers, who have investigated the most interesting develop- Magazine, aside from its rapid success, is ments of contemporary activities, and have the fact that it was founded practically written about subjects in historical, scien- without capital. It had been regarded in tific, biographical, and other fields, in a New York as an absolute axiom that not

In the field of Rudyard Kipling, Conan Doyle, Octave popular science the Magazine has no

THE PIONEER OF CHEAP MAGAZINES,

The list of readers has grown so rapidly make a list outside of these that contained that the larger part of the present constituanything like so many of the greatest writ- ency do not know that McClure's MAGAers of our time. Articles of great impor- zine was the first magazine published at as tance, and such as have commended them- low a price as 15 cents a copy. It was selves by their interest and timeliness, have the pioneer in the field of cheap magazines, been contributed by the Right Honorable and now its imitators actually outnumber Just one Sara Orne Jewett, Herbert Spencer, Ed-month after the first number of McClure's ward Everett Hale, General A. W. Greely, was issued, a prominent 25-cent magazine Charles A. Dana, M. de Blowitz, Professor cut its price in two, and three or four months Henry Drummond (who has contributed later, another magazine reduced its price four very important articles on subjects still further; and the aggregate circulation, identified with his name), J. M. Barrie, at the present moment, of the magazines Washington Gladden, S. R. Crockett, Ham-sold at 10 or 15 cents is probably more than lin Garland, H. H. Boyesen, Beatrice Harra- twice that of the higher-priced magazines. den, and others. Indeed, a glance through And this has all come to pass since Mcthe back numbers of the Magazine demon- Clure's Magazine was started, a year ago

FOUNDED WITHOUT CAPITAL,

An interesting fact in regard to the manner to introduce almost a new stand- less than \$200,000, and probably as much even getting established. It therefore culation. seemed to many a foolhardy enterprise to

a matter of fact, the success of the Magazine was so rapid that there was no real discouragement from the publication of the first number. and if the publishers, when they began, had had any money ahead, even a small amount, say \$10,000 or \$15,000, they really would never have known an anxious moment.

TO BE MADE BETTER AND BETTER.

The Magazine has been singularly fortunate in many ways. It is really a child of the newspaper syndicates established by its proprietors more than ten years ago, and their previous experience as editors enabled

tial charges. This, of course, may have \$5.00 to \$8.00. interfered to a certain extent with the azine in any other manner. contemplate the policy of republication to pressly for this work.

as \$500,000, would be required to found any extent in the future. By another year an illustrated monthly magazine, and the they will be able to carry out a numexperience of more than one publisher ber of plans for the enlargement and imseemed to prove the soundness of this provement of the Magazine in different opinion. Indeed, several magazines have directions. The enterprises for the fubeen attempted in recent years which ex- ture justify us in expecting continued hausted enormous sums of money without increase of support and growth in cir-

Our present circulation has come unon start a magazine with no capital, and there us almost unawares; we were simply conwere times when we ourselves felt that we scious of doing our best to make a good had undertaken a very large task, espe- magazine, and, before we knew it, the circially during the first few months, in the culation had reached the first stage in our midst of the financial panic of 1893. But, as progress, viz., 100,000. We intend to work

just as hard for the next 100,000, which, judging by our past experience, will soon be attained.

NAPOLBON AS A LIBUTENANT OF ARTILLERY.

This charming portrait of Napoleon (from McClure's QUARTERLY) is now published for the first time. It is from a water color by an unknown artist, in the collection of Baron Larrey, Paris.

McCLURE'S QUAR-TERLY.

This prompt and generous support of McClure's Maga-ZINE now enables its publishers to undertake another new enterprise,-a verv important departure in the publication of expensive books. On May tenth will appear the first number of McClure's QUARTERLY, the largest and most magnificently illustrated magazine in the world, to appear, as its name indicates, every three months, each

them to avoid many mistakes. And, be- number devoted to one subject in the fields sides, the Magazine was established in a of history, biography, science, adventure, very modest way, and reprinted many of portraiture, etc. The price will be fifty the short stories and articles which its pub- cents a copy. It will contain illustrations lishers had published previously through and text equivalent, if published in the the newspaper press, thus reducing its ini- ordinary way, to volumes costing from

The first number of the Quarterly will growth in circulation; but it was impos- contain the complete Life of Napoleon, sible for the publishers to found a mag- by Miss Tarbell, already printed in the But this Magazine, but with important additions, reprinting of matter has been only an in- and illustrated with between two and three cident of the lack of capital, and is in no hundred pictures. It will contain 256 way a necessity of the low price of the pages of text, and will be printed on the Magazine; and the publishers' plans do not finest quality of coated uner made ex-

The second number of the Quarterly have. They secured the assistance of M. will be a collection of the series of portraits of distinguished men and women, who possessed rare qualifications for the known as "human documents," which have task. His official position he owed to his been appearing in the Magazine since its familiarity with the great art collections, foundation. It will contain an aggregate both public and private, of France, and his of not less than six hundred pictures, in- official duties made him especially familiar cluding portraits of W. E. Gladstone, Prince With the great paintings relating to French Bismarck, General Grant, Oliver Wendell Holmes, John G. Whittier, W. D. Howells, Napoleonic iconography. He had written, Alphonse Daudet, R. L. Stevenson, Professor Henry Drummond, C. A. Dana, Raffet and Charlet, whose lithographs are Eugene Field, Thomas A. Edison, Cardinal

Gibbons, and others.

THE LIFE OF NA-POLEON.

Miss Tarbell's Life of Napoleon as enlarged will contain an aggregate of about 70,000 words. It tells the story of this extraordinary man's career vivid-Ivanddramatically, and yet avoids the fables and maccuracies that characterize the earlier histories, being written in the light of the most recent publications, memoirs, letters, and state papers of the period. It is easily read, and easily understood,

ception of the character and career of lection. Napoleon than he could derive from any other volume.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS,

The chief source of illustrations for the Life of Napoleon in the Quarterly, is still, as in the case of the Napoleon papers in the Magazine, the great collection of Mr. Hubbard, the owner having generously

of the events of Napoleon's life. On account of his qualifications and special knowledge, he had been selected by the great house of Hachette & Company to edit their book on "The Life of Napoleon in Pictures," which was the first attempt to bring together in one volume the most important pictures relating to the military, political, and private life of Napoleon. Dayot had just completed this task, and was fresh from his studies of Napoleonic pictures, when his aid was secured by the publishers of McClure's Maga-

JOSEPHINE. 1796.

This portrait, never before published, is from a miniature by Roches, now in the collection of the Marquis of Girardin, Paris. It is one of a great number of hitherto unpublished pictures in McClure's QUARTERLY.

and gives the average reader a clearer con- ZINE in supplementing the Hubbard col-

The work was prosecuted with the one aim of omitting no important picture, When great paintings indispensable to a complete pictorial life of Napoleon were found, which had never been either etched or engraved, photographs were obtained, many of these photographs being made especially for our use.

A generous selection of pictures was made placed the entire collection at the service from the works of Raffet and Charlet. M. of the publishers for use in the Quarterly, Dayot was able also to add a number of as he had previously for use in the Maga- pictures—not less than a score—of unique zine. But in order to make it still more value, through his personal relations with comprehensive, a representative of Mc- the owners of the great private Napoleonic CLURE'S MAGAZINE and an authorized agent collections. Thus were obtained hitherto of Mr. Hubbard visited Paris, to seek out unpublished pictures, of the highest value, there whatever it might yet be desirable to from the collections of Mgr. Duc d'Au-

rapher of Isabey; of M. Albert Christophle, France; of M. Paul le Roux, who has perhaps the richest of the Napoleonic collections; and of M. le Marquis de Girardin, son-in-law of the Duc de Gaëte, the faithful Minister of Finance of Napoleon I, It will be easily understood that no doubt can be raised as to the authenticity of documents borrowed from such sources.

It is, therefore, not too much to say that we have here the most complete reunion of important Napoleonic documents which has ever been published. In this magnificent collection of pictures, chronologically presented, we see, in succession, portraits of Napoleon as pupil at Brienne, as lieutenant in the regiment of la Fère, as captain of artillery, as lieutenant-colonel of the volunteers of Corsica, as the hero of Vendémiaire, as conqueror at Arcola, as First Consul, and finally at all the different periods of the emperorship, from the death at St. Helena.

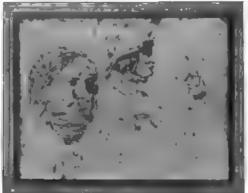
And not only the figure of Napoleon, not, Lannes, Bernadotte, Masséna, Kléber, most powerful interest.

male; of H. I. H., Prince Victor Napoleon; etc.; and of all the members of his famof Prince Roland; of Baron Larrey, the ily, to which are added the historic figson of the chief surgeon of the army of ures of his implacable enemies : Alexander Napoleon; of the Duke of Bassano, son of I., Francis II., George III., Pitt, Metterthe minister and confidant of the emperor; nich, Wellington, Nelson, and Blücher. of M. Edmond Taigny, the friend and biog- Amongst the throng of emperors, empresses, kings, queens, warriors, and states-Governor General of the Credit Foncier of men, smiling or grave, appear the faces of well-known artists, poets, actors, scientists, and thinkers: Bernardin de St. Pierre, Berthollet, Chénier, Talma, Girodet, Isabey, Gérard, and others.

It is, in a word, a picturesque and complete résumé of the astonishing existence of Napoleon, or, rather, an artistic and captivating expose of the whole history of his reign, presented to the reader under this attractive form of an endless series of pictures, each one of which is accompanied by a commentary as interesting as it is instructive.

Only exceptionally have pictures, statues, or prints by living artists been chosen. It is especially in documents of the Napoleonic epoch that we must seek for historic verity. Gros, Guérin, Boizot, David, Longhi, Isabey, Gérard, Dâhling, Girodet, and Vernet (to cite only the best) will always conqueror at the battle of the Pyramids, as teach us more of the subjects which they painted de visu than the most charming work executed at the present day by artists solemuities of the sacre to the exile and however rich in imagination. It is from the great historical value of Mr. Hubbard's extraordinary collection, to be reproduced multiplied to infinity by various interpreta- almost complete, and supplemented by the tions, appears on almost every page of this pièces inédites, from the rare collections book, but also the portraits of his most named above, and to the reproduction of celebrated generals, of his heroic compan- which their owners have kindly consented, ions marms: of Ney, Lefebyre, Murat, Ju- that this Life of Napoleon will derive a







NAPOLEON AT BRIENNS.

NAPOLEON AS GENERAL OF THE ARMY OF ITALY.

A set of crayon sketches by Napoleon's friend, the artist David, now in the collection of M. Cheramy. From McClure's QUARTERLY.



GASTON TISSANDIER. THE BALLOONIST.

A TALK WITH HIM IN HIS WORK-ROOM-THE PAST AND FUTURE OF THE AIR-SHIP.

BY ROBERT H. SHERARD.

quiet, modest, and reserved, but most cor- ascensions which have rendered his name

dial, and, when speaking on a subject which interests him, especially when talking on aëronautics, or when showing his wonderful collection of curiosities relating to ballooning, he becomes quite ardent. His eyes light up, he speaks rapidly, and the wonderful energy which has enabled him to do so much in the course of his career is betrayed in every word and gesture.

Gaston Tissandier is a Parisian by birth, and was born on the 21st of November. 1843. On his mother's side he is descended

from a remarkable scientist, Lhéritier de discussed at the time, it was because it

THERE is, perhaps, no more charming contributed frequently to the "Moniteur man in all Paris than M. Gaston Tis-Scientifique," and discovered a new color-sandier, the great aeronaut and editor of ing matter in the tar extracted from ciderone of the most successful scientific pub- apple pulp. It was at the age of twenty-lications of the day, "La Nature." He is five that he began to make the balloon

famous. His first was undertaken at Calais, on the 16th of August, 1868, in company with the aëronaut Duruof. The result of it was that Tissandier was encouraged to hope that, by the use of the various air currents, it might be possible. after all, to solve the problem of the direction of balloons. By rising and falling in their balloon the two aëronauts, on that occasion. were able to proceed in a given direction a distance of twenty-eight kilometres, and, if this otherwise unremarkable ascension was so greatly



GASTON TISSANDIER,

Brutelles. He was educated at the Lycée seemed that at last—that is to say, by a Bonaparte and afterwards entered the Con-servatoire des Arts et Metiers, as pupil the problem referred to might be considto P. P. Dehérain. At the age of twenty-ered to be capable of solution. It may one he was appointed director of the Experimental and Analytical Laboratory of sandier has since that time made no less the Union Générale, a most important in- than forty-five ascensions, he does not condustrial establishment. While here he sider the problem any nearer solution than

it was a quarter of a century ago, as transpires in the conversation I have recently had with him.

M. Tissandier lives on the fifth floor of a modern house in the Rue de Chateaudun, in a luxuriously furnished apartment. The ante-chamber is filled with bookshelves, and with cases laden with curiosities relating to the science with which his name is associated. Against the walls of the antechamber, as of the passages which lead from it to the various rooms, are pictures, mostly of the last century, depicting the heroes of aërostatics and various historical ascensions. In the fine drawing-room, into which the visitor is shown, are to be remarked a series of drawings representing the various episodes of the terrible ascension of 1875, which nearly cost M. Tissan-dier his life. This was the ascension of the balloon "Zenith" on the 15th of April, following closely upon the maugural ascension undertaken in that balloon on March 23d, when M. Fissandier, in company with his brother Albert, a M. Jobert, and MM.

Crocé-Spinelli and Sivel, remained over twentythree hours in the air, thus beating the record of the world in the matter of length of a balloon voyage. Starting at noon on its second voyage, the "Zenith," manned by MM, Gaston Tissandier, Crocé-Spinelli, and Sivel, soon reached an altitude which had never been reached by a balloon before; that is to say, an altitude of twenty-eight thousand two hundred and fifteen feet. Before this height had been reached M Tissandier lost consciousness and did not recover until the balloon had descended to an altitude of twenty-two thousand nine hundred and sixty-five feet. Then he had the horror to discover that his two companions, less fortunate than himself, had passed from the swoon to death. Not discouraged by this fearful experience Tissandter continued his experiments and ascensions. In 1881 he showed at the exhibition of electricity in the Palais de I'Industrie the model of an electric dirigible balloon, which seemed so satisfactory that some time after, having in vain tried to form a company, he associated himself with his brother Albert; and at their own expense they constructed, in an aërostatic workshop at Auteuil, a working air-ship of the same pattern, in which an ascension was first made on the 8th of October, 1883 Although the results obtained were not such as to allow it to be thought that the problem of steering balloons had been solved, it seemed established that in the use of electrical apparatus the solution of the problem must be expected, Captains Krebs and Rénard, of the government aërostatic service, took up the idea, and at Chalais-Meudon obtained some greatly superior results with improved apparatus.

"It is chiefly because of the success of these gentlemen," said M. Tissandier, "that I have of late abandoned my investigations. My brother and I have been the first to

applaud the success of MM. Krebs and Rénard, because where the sacred interests of science or of fatherland are concerned, there can and should be no question of personalities."

A SCIENTIFIC WORK-ROOM AND CURIOSITY SHOP.

M Gaston Tissandier's work-room-wherein. seated at a table covered with papers and books, with his back to a huge book-case reaching from floor to ceiling, the savant receives his visitors -contains, amongst other objects of interest, the unique plaster cast of a group designed by the sculptor Clodion in 1784, which it was intended to erect on the Place des Tuileries in honor of the brothers Montgolfier, The cast, which was never executed, represents a Genius inflating a balloon by means of a burning torch. Two little Cupids present to a sitting woman, who may



TISSANDIER A. 32 YEARS,



DESCENT OF THE BALLOON "NEPTUNE" AT CAPE GRO-NEZ, AUGUST 10, 1868.

a medallion on which are designed in pro- cabinet filled with bonbon and snuff boxes file the heads of the two brothers who of the last century, all of which are ornadiscovered ballooning. Behind sits a figure mented with designs and pictures relating of Time with a scythe, and above him are to the discovery which, as M. Tissandier two other Cupids. The cast is signed by says, "was, it was thought, to revolutionize Clodion, and is a unique and highly intertube world." Many of these, apart from esting work of art. M. Tissandier's apart-this interest, are of great intrinsic beauty

be supposed to represent France, or Fame, the stand on which this cast is placed is a ment is full of such curiosities. Adjoining and value. In a cupboard in an adjoining thinking world. One very curious book, and dans la Lune, ou le Voyage Chimerique fait au Monde de la Lune, nouvellement decouvert, Par Dominique Gonzalés, Aventurier Espagñol, auterment dit Le Courier Volant," This work was published in 1648, Another volume of great interest, forming part of this collection, is a work published in 1757, entitled, "The Art of Navigating in the Air, by Eather Galien,"

M. Tissandier's aërostatical collection contains upwards of three thousand differ-

ing in character. One may mention especially a government announcement dated Tuesday, September 2, 1783, from the "Gazette de France." which was posted all over the environs of Paris, explaining that people had no reason to be frightened by the appearance of a balloon in the air. and should not consider it or its crew as dangerous; giving a brief explanation of what the balloon was and what might be expected of it, and commanding that the lives and apparatus of the aeronauts should be respected M. Tissaudier said: "I have been collecting everything relating to the history of ballooning for upwards of twenty-five years, and have, I think, the most complete collection of the kind in the world. I continue adding to it year by year, and have no difficulty now, as I always hear at once of any curiosity that may be on sale in any part of the world."

Perhaps the piece of his collection which M

room M. Tissandier has a quantity of very Tissandier is proudest of is the original rare old books, printed long before the of a letter written by Franklin to Sir Joseph Montgolfiers had made their discovery, Banks, president of the Royal Society, Lonproving that the possibility of aerial navi- don, describing the first ascension of the gation had long impressed itself on the Montgolfiers, which he witnessed from the little house at Passy, where he was then reas rare as curious, is entitled, "L'Homme siding. This letter, entirely in Franklin's writing, is dated November 21, 1783. It was bought by M. Tissandier, together with other papers, at a sale in England, a great bargam, for the price of ten guineas. The whole apartment overflows with aeronautic curiosities. In the bedroom is a chest of drawers inlaid in wood mosaic, highly colored, with a representation of the transport of Charles's balloon, the first one to be inflated with hydrogen, in December, 1783, from the Champs de Mars, where the ent objects. In the huge portfolios stored inflation had been executed, to the Place in the dining-room, are hundreds of engrav- des Tuileries, where the ascension was to ings, colored pictures, posters and hand- take place. There is against the wall a bills of the period of the discovery, amongst wash-fountain in copper, on which is enwhich are many most curious and interest- graved a balloon bearing the inscription;



A CORNER IN TISSANDIBR'S DRAWING-POOM.



THE "SAILOR PRINCE LOST IN THE SPA LURING THE SIEGE OF TARIS. AFTER A DRAWING, IN DE MYRBAÇIC

very modern furniture is in harmony with "Martyrs of Science," "Heroes of Labor," the general character of the place. The "Souvenirs of a Military Aëronaut in the

"Vive la Nation," which dates from 1794. frères at Meudon, and also that he is kept Here may be seen a portrait of Blanchard, very busy with his literary work. He has here one of Charles, here a colored sheet found time to contribute largely to French on which the game of balloons has taken literature. Among his most important the place of the royal game of goose, works, apart from those of a more strictly here a magic lantern with slides painted scientific character, may be enumerated in Nuremberg, on which are depicted vari- his "Scientific Recreations," which was ous ballooning scenes and heroes. The crowned by the French Academy; "Water," chairs in both drawing-room and study are covered with tapestry on which are worked representations of balloon ascensions.

Army of the Loire," the magnificent "History of Ballooning," and "History of my Ascensions," Besides these works, he has Yet M. Tissandier says that now for written largely for the principal papers and some time he has given up research in this reviews of France. It was shortly after the field of study, the reason being chiefly that war that he founded the magazine "La he does not wish to compete with his con- Nature," which he still edits, and which has

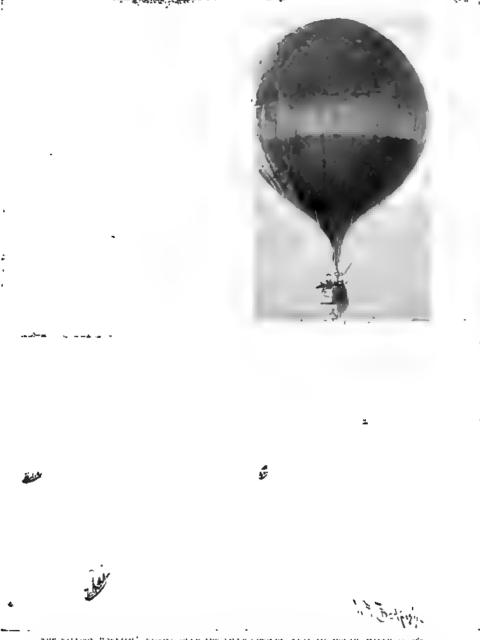
become so valuable a property in his hands. as the rudder of a ship. A balloon of elon-"I founded that journal," said M. Tissandier, "because I felt that everybody ought to work towards the regeneration of France; that everybody who could do something towards reconstructing our dear country should do so; that everybody who could work should work, according to his abilities; and that was the best way that we could serve the fatherland at a time when it was in such sore distress."

THE FUTURE OF BALLOONING.

In answer to a question as to his opinion on the future of ballooning, M. Tissandier said: "I believe that the sanguine expectations which were aroused at the time of Montgolfier's first experiments will some day be realized, and that the conditions of human life will, in consequence, be completely revolutionized. Already very great progress has been made within recent years towards the solution of the problem of steering balloons, on which the whole question of the future of ballooning, as a science of practical utility to man, entirely depends. The recent experiments at Chalais-Meudon seem to point to the fact that the various conditions of success have at last been discovered, and that it is only a question of time and perseverance now.

"The conditions of success, on which the solution of the problem of steering balloons depends, are four: a motor, a screw, a rudder, and a speed superior to that of the wind. If balloons are to be steered, the balloon must have a motive power by which it can be moved forward and upwards and downwards when it is necessary to take it out of a current of wind superior to its own speed. For, as we discovered, the rate of speed of the wind varies according to the altitude. You find layers of atmosphere, if I may use that expression, one above the other, moving at very different rates of speed. The motor must move a screw, because the screw is the most powerful means known of propelling a body through a fluid. Just as it is the best means of propulsion for a ship in water, it is the best for a ship in the air, which is only a fluid of less density than water. Similarly, the shape of the balloon should resemble that of a ship, because the same conditions are applicable to the one as to the other; that is to say, it should be of an elongated form and should be fitted with a rudder, placed at its stern, made of stuff

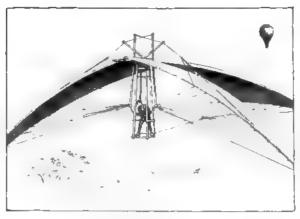
gated shape, fitted with a screw, set in motion by a motor, and with steering gear such as I have described, would sail as surely in any direction that might be desired as a steamship in the sea, so long as the air was still. It is the opposing force of the air currents—that is to say, of the wind—which makes the steering of the air-ship a matter of such difficulty. When the speed of the air, coming in the face of the balloon, is equal to that generated by the balloon itself, the air-ship remains stationary; when it is superior, the balloon is driven back. The problem is to find a motor of sufficient power to maintain a rate of speed superior to that of the strongest air current. All kinds of motors have been tried without result in the past. The first motor essayed was the oar, worked by the aëronaut himself. This was the invention of Blanchard in 1784. He claimed to have solved the problem and to have been able to direct his balloon against the wind by means of his oars, which were worked by hand, much like the oars of a boat. Similar attempts were made in the same year by Guyton de Morveau and Abbé Bertrand at Dijon, the oars in this case being more in the form of paddles, made of silk tightly stretched over a light wood frame, and worked by hand like the wings of a bird. Abbé Miolan and his companion, getting nearer to the truth, about the same time experimented with a balloon which was fitted with one gigantic oar worked like a scull over the stern of a boat. I say that they got nearer to the truth, because it was from the scull worked over the stern of the boat that the idea of the screw was taken as a means of propulsion; and it is in the screw, and the screw only, that the hope of the modern aëronaut lies. But all these experiments were, from the outset, destined to remain impracticable, for the simple reason that man's arm power is too feeble to compete with the wind even at an ordinary rate of speed. As to the next development, which was that of the use of sails, it cannot but have proceeded from a perfect ignorance of the most elementary principles of physics. A M. Tissandier de la Mothe—no, he was no relation of mine solemnly proposed to the Academy of Sciences an invention for applying to the 'aërostatic globe' the same sails that are applied to ships in the water. It was an absurdity, because the balloon, relatively to the air by which it is surrounded, is in smooth and taut, and fulfilling the same a state of such absolute immobility that functions and obeying the same principles the flame of a candle lighted in a balloon



THE EXILORS "PENCH". PASSING OVER THE RIVER GIRONDE NEAR ITS MOUTH, WARTH 24, 1975.

tried this myself again and again) can be elementary scientific knowledge, thought laid down on any part of the balloon and to solve the problem of the steering of balwill remain as utterly motionless as a stone- loons by the use of sails. An Englishman weight. The sails applied to a balloon, named Martyn, a certain Guyot—who, by even in the strongest hurricane, would not the way, proposed that balloons should be receive a breath of air. It is fair to the made egg shaped--a savant named Robert-Academy of Sciences of the time to say that son, who ought to have known better, and they at once saw the absurdity of M. de la a M. Terzuolo, who proposed, as late as

does not flicker, and a soap-bubble (I have not the only man who, from a want of Mothe's proposal. But De la Mothe was 1855, that the sail to be fitted to the balloon should be inflated with air generated by a hand pump, all committed the same error. About as absurd as Terzuolo's idea was that of an inventor who proposed to me that the balloon should be constructed of magnetized material, by reason of which it would be attracted, invariably, in the



FLYING MACHINE IN WHICH DE GROOF WAS KILLED, JULY 9, 1874

water-mark is a balloon.

THE PROBLEM OF STEERING.

Tissandier, "until a motor of sufficient away from the capital, power could be discovered, it was thought

returned to France without any danger. Duruof at Cherbourg, Jovis at Nice, and M. Bunelle at Odessa, repeated these experiments with equal success. But, as I say, this taking advantage of the aërial currents for following any given direction can only be consid-

direction of the North Pole. I think that ered as a pis aller in certain cases. Very I have his letter here." M. Tissandier took often, of course, there are no favorable curdown a box and opened a number of paper rents of which advantage can be taken. cases which, as he showed me, were im- At other times the winds are entirely adpressed with the water-mark of Montgolfier verse, for the phenomena of contrary winds brothers, descendants of the famous Mont- at different heights are not reliable. I have golfiers, who are engaged in the manufact- been frequently disappointed, even when ure of paper in the centre of France. The setting out with the hope of being able, thanks to a favorable current, to reach a given point, notably on one occasion when, during the war, I travelled from Rouen with letters and official despatches. I as-"Although it had long been established cended with every ground for hoping that that it was useless hoping for any practical the wind would take my balloon to Paris, results in aerial navigation," continued M. but was forced to interrupt my journey miles

"What must be the essential is a motor that, in the meanwhile, by taking advan- of sufficient power to turn a screw so as to tage of the very forces which it had to com- generate a force of propulsion superior to bat, some sort of practical result, as a pis the force of the wind. Of course, nobody aller, might be obtained. I fancy that it expects that there will ever be discovered was M. Duruof and myself, in our ascent a motor powerful enough to generate a on the 16th of August, 1868, near Calais, force superior to that of the strongest who first demonstrated that, by using the winds which may be met with in the air, but various air currents, one might more or less certainly one should be practicable of suffisail in the direction that it was desired to cient force to compete with ordinary air curtake. At a distance of one thousand nine rents, such as in nine cases out of ten would hundred and sixty-nine feet from the sur- be met with by the aeronaut. Tempests face of the earth the air current blew from are not of such frequent occurrence as to northeast to southwest. Above that height discourage the experiment. A great step there was an air current which blew in ex- was taken by Henri Giffard, and I believe actly the opposite direction. Between the that if that great man had lived-he died two was a thick layer of clouds. Thus by by his own hand, discouraged when failing rising above or by sinking below this layer health interrupted his wonderful career, of clouds we obtained two absolutely op- just at a time when he was preparing an posed directions. Thanks to this circum-experiment of the highest interest-I bestance, we were able to travel a distance of lieve, I say, that the problem would already twenty-seven kilometres in one direction, have been solved. His first experiments and then, by a mere manœuvre with the were with balloons propelled by a steamballast, to return to nearly the same spot motor. He was only twenty-six. It was we had started from. By tacking, more- in 1851 when he took out a patent for a over, had we dared, we could, I believe, system of balloon navigation by the use of have crossed right over to England and steam power, and on the 24th of September,

1842, he made his first ascent at the Hip-sults obtained by Giffard and by De Lôme. podrome. His balloon was elongated in has been abandoned, it is for a number of shape, measuring forty-four metres from practical reasons. In the first place, it is point to point, and eleven in diameter at very dangerous. Consider the peril of a its longest diameter.

that the balloon must be of an elongated One shudders to think of the accidents model, so as to present the least surface to which might ensue in the air. For this the friction of the air. In 1855 he con- reason alone the use of the steam-motor structed another balloon of elongated must be considered impracticable. Anform, containing three thousand two hun- other objection, and a very serious one, is dred cubic metres of gas. Though winds that the balloon worked by a steam-motor were unfavorable, and the force of propul- would always be diminishing weight as sion generated by the steam-motor inferior the fuel and the water were consumed: to that of the winds against which it had the former dissipating in gas and smoke

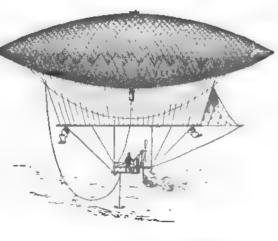
to battle, the balloon made a very good fight of it, and at the same time the usefulness of the rudder was established. Giffard was able to tack in the directions he wished, moving from right to left and from left to right in his efforts to escape the full force of the opposing currents. He may be said to have definitely proved the fact that the balloon, to be steered, must be fitted with a rudder, and that this may be made effective by a motor of sufficient power. It is to Giffard, whom I shall always con-

sider as my master and my Mæcenas, that the boiler, to reduce it to water, and, using it we owe it, that the problem of aërial navi- again, to avoid the loss of weight, which was gation can no longer be treated as the such a fatal objection to the steam-boiler. Utopia of science. M. Pupuy de Lôme He also proposed to use hydrogen gas as confirmed this by the remarkable ascent fuel, using for this purpose the gas which, which he effected in 1872. De Lôme's as the balloon ascends and the pressure of motor was again of insufficient strength, yet certain results were obtained in the way of deviation from the current, and it was ing, and no fuel would have had to be carfinally made clear that results could be ex- ried, thus still further reducing the inconvepected from the elongated balloon fitted nience caused by a constant loss of weight. with steering gear and propelled by a to be found.

"If the steam-motor, in spite of the re- enormous weight,

furnace placed under a mass so inflamma-"It was Giffard who established the fact ble as an immense body of hydrogen gas,

and the latter in steam. The balloon, accordingly, would be constantly rising in the air, and the only way of lowering it would be by sacrificing its contents; that is to say, by diminishing its volume of gas, the result of which would be that its duration would be singularly shortened. Giffard knew of all these objections and had planned measures for overcoming them, which unfortunately he was never able to execute. Thus, by the use of a condenser, he hoped to collect the steam as it left





GIFFARD'S DIRIGIBLE BALLOON IN FLIGHT, SEPTEMBER 24, 1852.

the atmosphere diminishes, is forced from it. The balloon would thus have been self-feed-

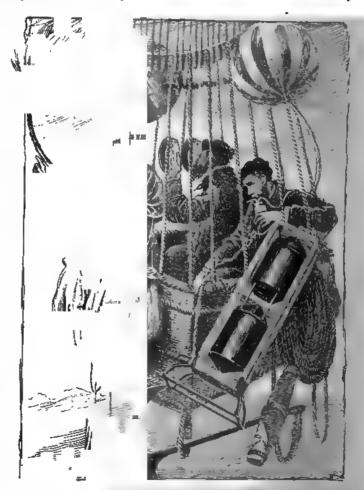
"Other experiments have been tried with screw. But the motor had yet, and has yet, compressed air-motors, gas-motors, and others. The objection to all these is their

plication of electricity to aerial naviga- by tacking, with the greatest facility. tion.' That was in 1881, and in a note com-

in 1881. It was inflated with pure hydrogen, and the screw, worked by an electric motor, attained a speed of three metres a second. It was not, however, until 1883 that, with the help and collaboration of my brother, Albert Tissandier, I was able to construct a balloon worked by an electric motor for actual navigation. Our balloon, following the principles verified by the experiments of De Lôme and of Giffard, was of elongated form, measuring twenty-eight metres from point to point, and having a diameter of nine metres at its broadest part. The tissue was of calico. glazed with a varnish specially invented for the purpose by M. Arnoul of Saint Ouen-l'Aumone. The volume of the balloon was ten hundred and sixty cubic metres. Our motor was not, however, of sufficient force to overcome that of the wind, and the best result obtained was that we remained stationary. When sailing with the wind, however, our screw propelled us in a very satisfactory manner. We were delighted with the easy working of the motor, and the result of this ex-

THE POSSIBILITIES OF THE ELECTRIC MOTOR. periment was to confirm absolutely the principle that it is the electric motor that must "My opinion is, that the only motor be used. Although we did not make headwhich will solve the question is the electric way against a wind blowing at a rate of motor. It was I who first took out a patent three metres the second, we were able to for this idea, my patent being for 'the ap- resist it and to deviate from its current

"In September, 1884, having in the meanmunicated to the Academy of Sciences I while improved our rudder, we made another explained the advantages of the electric ascent with an improved machine, and, motor. In the first place, it works without heading against a wind blowing at the rate a furnace. Secondly, its weight never di- of four metres the second, were able to prominishes nor increases during its working, gress against it for about a quarter of an and it is set in motion with the greatest hour. Unfortunately, we had only enough ease. Assisted by M. Gaston Plante and material to work our motor for a limited other savants and engineers, I was at last period, and were driven to interrupt our able to realize my project of an electric mo- voyage about an hour too early. At that tor. A reduced model of the electric balloon time the wind was blowing with a force was exhibited at the Electricity Exhibition very much inferior to that of our motor.



CAR OF THE "ZENITH" IN THE ASCENSION OF APRIL 15, 1875, WHEN MAY CROCK-SPINELLI AND SIVEL WERE RALLED SIVEL, ON THE LEFT, IS CLITTING LOOSE THE BALLAST-SACKS FILLED WITH SAME TISSANDIER, IN THE CENTRE, IS ORSERV-ING THE SAROMETROS. EROCK SPERSICS, HAVING JUST FINISHED SOME OBSERVA-TIONS OF THE SPECTROSCOPE, IS TAKING A DRAIGHT OF OXYGEN.

which was one of four metres to the second, and had we been able to continue its working we could have sailed back to Paris as easily as if, instead of being in a balloon, we had been in a screw steamer on a calm Altogether, both my brother and myself had every reason to be satisfied with the result of our experiments, and to consider that a step had been taken toward the solution of the problem on which the whole future of ballooning will de-We were unable to continue our experiments, because we had not the necessary funds; and this was also to a great extent the reason why we did not obtain better results at the time. material was altogether insufficient, our it has been established that a well-conmotors too weak, but we were not able to afford anything more expensive. Another reason why we do not continue our experiments—for perhaps money could be found for executing them on a really practical scale—is, that we do not wish to enter into competition with the aeronauts at Chalais-Meudon, who are supported by, and work for, the French Ministry of War. The director of the Chalais-Meudon works is Captain Rénard, who, in collaboration with Captain Krebs, took up my screw at the bow, which screw was worked by a very powerful dynamo of special construction. The ascent took place on the 4th of August, the trip lasting twenty-three minutes, during which a space of four and a third miles was covered, the balloon being guided from start to finish with a precision which can only be compared to that with which a screw steamer is manœuvred in the water. Again, in 1885, another ascent was made with a perfected balloon. balloon was steered towards Paris, and returned to the point of departure with the greatest ease and precision.

"The result of these experiments is, that with elongated balloons fitted with a screw propeller, generating a force of speed of from three to six metres the second, the aeronaut can travel in whatever direction he chooses for a limited space of time, provided that the weather be favorable; that is to say, provided the speed of any head-wind he may encounter be not superior

to the speed generated by the motor carried, and working on his balloon. sult shows what remains to be done; we must improve the motors in point both of speed and of weight. It is also clear that the bigger the balloon the better the results to be looked for; because, while the resistance only increases in proportion to the surface presented, the ascensional force increases in proportion to the cube of its dimensions. All the objections made to the possibility of steering balloons have one after another been proved futile. It has been said that balloons cannot resist the pressure of the air, and that they must be Our torn to pieces after a short passage, structed balloon of elongated form can travel without any such danger for a very long distance, and that, by increasing the solidity of the material of which it is made, this danger can be entirely removed. think that the balloon which will finally solve the problem will be one of an even more elongated form than any tried up to the present time. It will have a screw, because that is the best means of propulsion known to-day. But while I believe the balloon of the future will be worked by electricity, I do not see why experiments should not be continued with the steam motor; for, by the use of condensers, such as were suggested, and, but for his unfortunate death, would have been experimented on, by Henri Giffard, and by isolating the furnace with metal work, the objections and danger would be reduced to a minimum. Similarly the gas motor might be experimented with further, provided its great intrinsic weight can be reduced to reasonable limits.*

"In conclusion," said M. Tissandier, "I may say that I am extremely hopeful that it may be given to me to see the problem which I have so long worked at solved even in my lifetime. All that is required is time, money, and perseverance."

The requirement of lightness in the material of construction, it may be added to what M. Tissendier says above, seems to be fully met in aluminium, which has now become a commercial metal. This has only one-third the specific gravity of steel, and its tensile strength is equal to that of mallo-

THE SECOND FUNERAL OF NAPOLEON.

REMOVAL OF NAPOLEON'S REMAINS FROM ST. HELENA TO THE BANKS OF THE SEINE IN 1840.

By IDA M. TARBELL.

With engravings from the collection of the Hon. Gardiner G. Hubbard.

It is my wish that my ashes may repose on the banks of the Seine, in the midst of the French people, whom I have loved so well.—Testament of Napoleon, 2d Clause.

He wants not this; but France shall feel the want Of this last consolation, though so scant : Her honor, fame, and faith demand his bones. To rear above a pyramid of thrones; Or carried onward, in the battle's van, To form, like Guesclin's dust, her talisman. But be it as it is, the time may come, His name shall beat the alarm like Ziska's drum.

-By RON, in The Agr of Bronse,

THE FRENCH CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES SURPRISED.

ber of Deputies was busy with a discussion enduring tomb to Napoleon,' on sugar tariffs. It had been dragging somewhat, and the members were showing signs of restlessness. Suddenly the Count a great national duty, asked England for

appeared, and asked a hearing for a communication from the government.

"Gentlemen," he said, "the king has ordered his Royal Highness Monseigneur the Prince de Toinville* to go with his frigate to the island of St. Helena, there to collect the remains of the Emperor Napoleon."

A tremor ran over the House. The announcement was utterly unexpected. Napoleon to come back! The body seemed electrified. and the voice of the minister was drowned for a moment in applause. When he went on, it was to say:

"We have come to ask for an appropri-N May 12, 1840, Louis Philippe being ation which shall enable us to receive the king of the French people, the Cham- remains in a fitting manner, and to raise an

"Très bien! Très bien!" cried the House. "The government, anxious to discharge de Rémusat, then Minister of Interior, the precious treasure which fortune had

put into her hands. "The thought of France was welcomed as soon as expressed. Listen to the reply of our magnanimous ally:

" ' The government of her Majesty hopes that the prompiness of her response will be considered in France as a proof of her desire to efface the last traces of those national animosities which armed France and England against each other in the life of the emperor. The government of her Majesty dares to hope that if such sentiments still exist in certain quarters, they will be buried in the tomb where the remains of Napoleon are to be deposited."

The reading of this generous and dignified communi-



COUNT BERTRAND,

*The Prince de Joinville of the third son of Louis

cation caused a profound sensation, and grew eloquent.

The time has come when the two nations ment lasting as his memory.

should remember only their glory. The frigate freighted with the mortal remains of Napoleon will return to the mouth of the Seine. They will be placed in the Invalides. A solemn celebration and grand religious and military ceremonies will consecrate the tomb which must guard them forever

"It is important, gentlemen, that this august sepulchre should not remain exposed in a public place, in the midst of a noisy and inappreciative populace. It should be in a silent and sacred spot. where all those

who honor glory and genius, grandeur and misfortune, can visit it and meditate.

those who are called to defend it will seek their inspiration. His sword will be placed on his tomb.

" Art will raise beneath the dome of the cries of "Bravo! bravo!" reëchoed through temple consecrated to the god of battles, a the hall. The minister, so well received, tomb worthy, if that be possible, of the name which shall be engraved upon it. "England is right, gentlemen; the noble This monument must have a simple beauty, way in which restitution has been made grand outlines, and that appearance of will knit the bonds which unite us. It will eternal strength which defies the action wipe out all traces of a sorrowful past, of time. Napoleon must have a monu-

> " Hereafter France, and France alone. will possess all that remains of Napoleon, His tomb, like his fame, will belong to no one but his country. The monarchy of 1830 is the only and the legitimate heir of the past of which France is so proud. It is the duty of thismonarchy, which was the first to rally all the forces and to conciliate all the aspirations of the French Revolution, fearlessly to raise and honor the statue and the tomb of the popular hero. There is one thing, one only, which does not fear comparison with



glory-that is liberty," * Throughout this speech, every word of which was an astonishment to the Cham-"He was emperor and king. He was ber, sincere and deep emotion prevailed. the legitimate sovereign of our country. At intervals enthusiastic applause burst He is entitled to burial at Saint-Denis, forth, For a moment all party distinctions But the ordinary royal sepulchre is not were forgotten. The whole House was enough for Napoleon. He should reign under the sway of that strange and powerand command forever in the spot where ful emotion which Napoleon, as no other the country's soldiers repose, and where leader who ever lived, was able to inspire. When the minister followed his speech

*" Le Moniteur Universel," May 13, 1840.

legal preliminaries. The president refused gave it to O'Connell, the Irish agitator.* to put so irregular a motion, but the hemicycle, surrounded the minister, congratulating him with fervor. They walked up and down, gesticulating and shouting. It was fully half an hour before the president was able to bring them to order, and "That is not the question," answered then they were in anything but a working O'Connell. "The question for me is

"The president must close the session," cried an agitated member; "the law which has just been proposed has caused too great emotion for us to return now to dis-

cussing sugar,"

But the president replied very properly, "So be it," said Lord Palmerston, and a little sententiously, that the Cham- "Only give me fifteen days." ber owed its time to the country's business, and that it must give it. And, in spite of their excitement, the members had to go back to their sugar.

THE AUTHOR OF THE "GRANDE PENSEE."

But how had it come about that the French government had dared burst upon



LORD PALMERSTON

by the draft of a law for a special credit of the country with so astounding a communione million francs, a member, beside him- cation? There were many explanations self with excitement, moved that rules be offered. A curious story which went laid aside and the law voted without the abroad took the credit from the king and

As the story went, O'Connell had warned House would not be quiet. The deputies Lord Palmerston that he proposed to preleft their places, formed in groups in the sent a bill in the Commons for returning Napoleon's remains to France,

"Take care," said Lord Palmerston, "Instead of pleasing the French government, you may embarrass it seriously."

what I ought to do. Now, my duty is to propose to the Commons to return the emperor's bones. England's duty is to welcome the motion. I shall make my proposition, then, without disturbing myself about whom it will flatter or wound."

"Very well," answered O'Connell. Immediately Lord Palmerston wrote to M. Thiers, then at the head of the French Ministry, that he was about to be forced to tell the country that England had never refused to return the remains of Napoleon to France, because France had never asked that they be returned. As the story goes, M. Thiers advised Louis Philippe to forestall O'Connell, and thus it came about that Napoleon's remains were returned to France

The grande pensee, as the idea was immediately called, seems, however, to have originated with M. Thiers, who saw in it a means of reawakening the waning interest in Louis Philippe. He believed that the very audacity of the act would create admiration and applause. Then, too, it was in harmony with the claim of the régime; that is, that the government of 1830 united all that was best in all the past governments of France, and so was stronger than any one of them. The mama of both king and minister for collecting and restoring made them think favorably of the idea. Already Louis Philippe had inaugurated galleries at Versailles, and hung them with miles of canvas. celebrating the victories of all his predecessors. In the gallery of portraits he had placed Marie Antomette and Louis XVI, beside Madame Roland, Charlotte Corday, Robespierre, and Napoleon and his marshals.

He had already replaced the statue of Napoleon on the top of the Column Vendôme. He had restored cathedrals,

*"Histoire de la vie politique et privée de Louis Philippe," par M. A. Dumas, vol. fi., page 152

the individuals honored.

sonages were being exalted, the remains forgotten? Was it the business of Louis of the greatest leader France had ever Philippe to resurrect a rival? Would known, were lying in a far-away island. Napoleon's tomb be a gage of security Louis Philippe felt that no monument be within, a symbol of peace without? His could build to the heroes of the past would first moment of surprise passed, however,

churches, and chateaux, put up statues was almost overpowered by his orders * to and monuments, and all this he had done sound the British ministry on the subject, with studied indifference to the politics of Had the Emperor Napoleon no more partisans or heirs? Were the attempts of Yet while so many little important per- Joseph in 1830, of Louis Napoleon in 1836,



11117385

remains

was even willing to ask a favor,

The proposal was so sudden that even Guizot, then French ambassador at London, M. Guizot, v 5. p. 106.

equal the honor of restoring Napoleon's Guizot accepted the sentimental explanation of the enterprise, and played his part The matter was simpler, because it was with zest, "The consequences are none almost certain that England would not of my business," he told his London friends block the path. The entente cordiale, whose who were alarmed at the idea. "Free base had been laid by Falleyrand nearly countries are three-decked vessels living ten years earlier, had become compara- in the midst of tempests. They rise and tively solid peace, and either nation was fall, and the very waves which rack them, willing to go out of the way, if necessary, send them ahead. I like this life, this to do the other a neighborly kindness, spectacle. It is worth living for! And France was so full of good will that she there are so few things of which one can say that!"

📲 Mémoirs pour servir à l'histoire de mon temps," 🗫

his request, he had his reply.

the disposition of the French. Of the "emmade Napoleon emperor as well as genafraid.

HOW THE COUNTRY RECEIVED THE NEWS,

mains were to be brought back, produced probably would bring on the country an

the same effect upon the country at large that it had upon the Chamber-a moment of acute emotion, of all-forgetting enthusiasm. But in the Chamber and the country the feeling was short-lived. The political aspects of the bold movement were too conspicuous. A chorus of criticisms and forebodings arose. It was more of M. Thiers' claptrap, said those opposed to the English policy of the government, What particularly angered this party, was the words "magnanimous ally" in the minister's address.

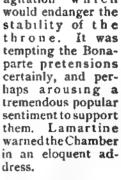
The Bonapartes feigned to despise the proposed ceremony. It was insufficient for the greatness of their hero. One million francs could not possibly produce the display the object demanded. Another point of theirs was more serious. The emperor was the legitimate sovereign of the country, they said, quoting from the minister's speech to the Chamber, and they added: "His title was founded on the senatus consultum of the year 12, which, by an equal number of suffrages, secured the succession to his brother Joseph. It was then unquestionably Joseph Bona-French by the Minister of the Interior, and amid the applause of the deputies."

Scoffers said that Louis Philippe must

Two days after Guizot had explained have discovered that his soft mantle of the project to Lord Palmerston, and made popularity was about worn out, if he was going to make one of the old gray redin-The remains of the "emperor" were at gote of a man whom he had called a monster. The Legitimists denied that Napoperor," notice! After twenty-five years leon was a legitimate sovereign with a England recalled the act of her ministers right to sleep at Saint-Denis like a Bourbon in July, 1815, and recognized that France or a Valois. The Orleanists were wounded by the hopes they saw inspired in the eral. It is easy to be just where one is not Bonapartists by this declaration. The Republicans resented the honor done to the man whom they held up as the greatest of all despots.

There was a conviction among many The announcement that Napoleon's re- that the restoration was premature, and

agitation which



" The ministers assure us that the throne will not shrink beside such a tomb. Will these ovations, this cortége, this posthumous crowning of what they call a legitimacy, this great movement given by the impulsion of the government itself to the sentiment of the masses, this shock to the popular imagination, these prolonged and touching spectacles, these recitals,

these popular publications, these editions of the Napoleonic idea live hundred million copies strong, these bills of indemnity given to a happy despotism, this adoration of success-will all this have no danger for the future of representative monarchy?"

While the press and government, the clubs and cafes, discussed the political side of the question, the populace quietly revived the Napoleon legend. Within two days after the government had announced its intentions, commerce had begun to take advantage of the financial possibilities in the approaching ceremony. New editions parte who was proclaimed emperor of the of the "Lives" of Napoleon which Vernet and Raffet had illustrated, were advertised. Dumas' "Life" and Thiers' "Consulate and

* " Le Moniteur Universel," May 27, 1840.



GUIZOT

Empire" were announced. Memoirs of the them their opportunities for adventures period, like those of the Duchesse d'Abran- and glory; and, besides, he was sick of tès and of Marmont, were revived.

pamphlets in verse and prose; of portraits and war compositions, lithographs, enlittle objects such as the French know so well how to make. The shops and street swept over France during the last two thousands of old soldiers who had served to discuss my orders.' under him. This gave a genuineness to the feeling, quite unlike anything to be ashamed of his task, publicly he adapted seen in France to-day, where there is more or less affectation in the cult professed. There was, too, in 1840, a decided political character to the movement. The imperial cause had hosts of defenders then. To-day there is only the feeblest political force in the Napoleon movement. The present interest is preëminently literary.

Day by day the legend grew among the people. It was fed in a thousand ways. There were numbers of thrilling public presentations, as when Bertrand sent to Louis Philippe his master's sword, to be put upon the coffin when it should reach France. There was a revival of the tales of the Empire, and hundreds of old men related, about the café tables, stories like those of General Marbot, rife with heroism, adventure, pathos, and wit. The preparations for the expedition excited great curiosity. Thousands went to see the splendid ebony casket made to receive the remains. The chambre ardente prepared in the "Belle Poule," the vessel which was to conduct the Prince de Joinville, the commander of the expedition, and his suite. to St. Helena, was the object of numberless pilgrimages during all the time that the vessel lay in the harbor of Toulon. The Napoleon legend grew as the people gazed.

THE VOYAGE TO ST. HELENA.

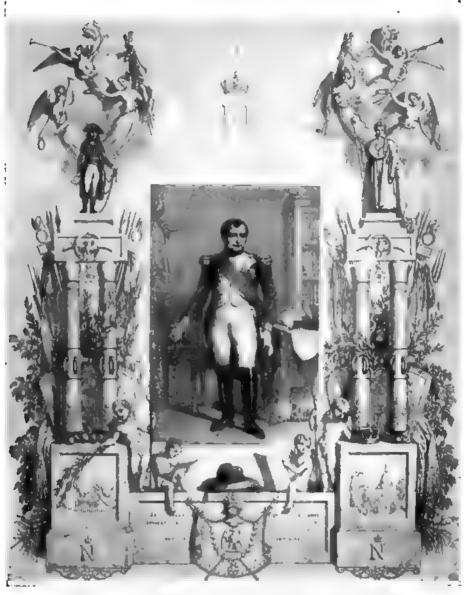
On July 7th the "Belle Poule" sailed from Toulon accompanied by the "Favorite." The commander of the expedition, the Prince de Joinville, had not received his orders to go on the expedition with great pleasure. Two of his brothers had just been sent to Africa to fight, and he envied

a most plebeian complaint, the measles. As on the announcement of Napoleon's "One day as I lay in high fever," he says death in 1821, there was an inundation of in his "Memoirs," "I saw my father appear, followed by M. de Rémusat, then Minister of the Interior. This unusual gravings, and wood-cuts; of thousands of visit filled me with astonishment, and my surprise increased when my father said, 'Joinville, you are to go out to Saint Hecarts were heaped with every conceivable lena and bring back Napoleon's coffin.' article à la Napoléon. In a short time If I had not been in bed already I should the country was experiencing a movement have fallen down flat, and at first blush I similar in character to that which has felt nowise flattered when I compared the warlike campaign my brothers were on years, with this difference: In 1840 there with the undertaker's job I was being sent was a deep and sincere personal affect to perform in the other hemisphere. But tion for Napoleon still existing among I served my country, and I had no right

If the young prince was privately a little



MAPOLEON'S BODY AS IT APPEARED AT THE DISSISTER. MENT IN ST. MELENA.



Le H. LD B. LO ALL L. ING SCRIP OF ENDINANTSC STOR AND LABOR.

suite were several old friends of Napoleon: the Baron las Cases, General Gourgand, Count Bertrand, and four of his tormer servants. All of these persons had been with vorite."

himself admirably to the occasion. In his uncertainty gave solemnity and majesty to the enterprise.

A rude blow to the really solemn temper of the country came in August, when Louis Napoleon, son of the ex-king of Holland, him at St. Helena. Marchand, one of the afterwards Napoleon III., landed one mornexecutors of the emperor, was on the "Ta- ing at Boulogne-sur-Mer with some sixty followers and a tame eagle, and attempted Save once, France heard nothing of the to excite a revolution, "In the proclamaexpedition from its sailing on July 7th tions which he scattered, he told the people until its return to Cherbourg on Novem- that he came to discharge the providential ber joth. But the silence only made the mission left him by the martyr of St. Helmission loom larger. The mystery and ena, and he assured them that the remains



of Napoleon returned from exile with sen- government began seriously to turn public young man was promptly shut up at Havre assisted them materially in this. He received little sympathy for his weak. And in the meantime where He received little sympathy for his weak imitation of the return from Elba—the "Belle Poule"? A voyage of sixty-six days French only applaud success, and they embrought her, on October 8th, to St. Helphatically oppose any interruption of what ena, where she was welcomed by the Engpromises to be a great spectacle—but the lish with every honor. Indeed, through-

timents of love and reconciliation. The attention into other channels. Trouble attempt was a ridiculous fiasco, and the with England over the Eastern question

out the affair the attitude of the English expose to them all that was left of the Empride and sentiment of the French.

EXHUMATION OF THE BODY.

It had been decided that the exhumation of the body and its transfer to the French should take place on the twenty-fifth anniversary of the arrival of Napoleon at the island. The disinterment was begun at mid-The work was one of extraordinary difficolors were easily distinguished. death as had been in his life.

the place had come to be called, was surrounded by an iron railing set in a heavy stone curb. Over the grave was a covering of six-inch stone which admitted to a vault eleven feet deep, eight feet long, and four feet eight inches broad. The vault was apparently filled with earth, but digging down some seven feet a layer of Roman cement was found; this broken, laid bare a layer of rough-hewn stone ten inches thick, and fastened together by iron clamps. It took four and one-half hours to remove this layer. The stone up, the slab forming the lid of the interior sarcophagus was exposed, enclosed in a border of Roman cement strongly attached to the walls of the vault. So stoutly had all these various coverings been sealed with cement and bound by iron bands, that it took the large coffin.

As soon as exposed the coffin was purified, sprinkled with holy water, consecrated by a *De Profundis*, and then raised with the had been prepared for it. After the religious ceremonies, the inner coffins were royal salute. opened. "The outermost coffin was slightly injured," says an eye-witness; "then came one of lead, which was in good condition, and enclosed two others—one of tin and one of wood. The last coffin was lined inside with white satin, which, having befallen upon the body and enveloped it like precision. a winding-sheet, and had become slightly attached to it.

anxiety and emotion those who were pres- the whole scene.' ent waited for the moment which was to

was dignified and generous. They showed peror Napoleon. Notwithstanding the sinplainly their desire to satisfy and flatter the gular state of preservation of the tomb and coffins, we could scarcely hope to find anything but some misshapen remains of the least perishable part of the costume to evidence the identity of the body. But when Dr. Guillard raised the sheet of satin, an indescribable feeling of surprise and affection was expressed by the spectators, many of whom burst into tears. The emperor himself was before their night on October 15th, the English conduct- eyes! The features of the face, though ing the work, and a number of the French, changed, were perfectly recognizable; the including those of the party who had been hands extremely beautiful; his well-known with Napoleon at his death, being present, costume had suffered but little, and the The atculty for the same remarkable precautions titude itself was full of ease, and but for against escape were taken in Napoleon's the fragments of satin lining which covered, as with fine gauze, several parts of The grave in the valley of Napoleon, as the uniform, we might have believed we still saw Napoleon lying on his bed of state." *

A solemn procession was now formed. and the coffin borne over the rugged hills of St. Helena to the quay. "We were all deeply impressed," says the Prince de Joinville, "when the coffin was seen coming slowly down the mountain side to the firing of cannon, escorted by British infantry with arms reversed, the band playing, to the dull rolling accompaniment of the drums, that splendid funeral march which English people call the Dead March in Saul."

At the head of the quay, the Prince de Joinville, attended by the officers of the French vessels, was waiting to receive the remains of the emperor. In the midst of the most solemn military funeral rites the party of laborers ten hours to reach the French embarked with their precious charge, "The scene at that moment was very fine," continues the prince. "A magnificent sunset had been succeeded by a twilight of the deepest calm. The British greatest care, and carried into a tent which authorities and the troops stood motionless on the beach, while our ship's guns fired a I stood in the stern of my long boat, over which floated a magnificent tricolor flag, worked by the ladies of St. Helena. Beside me were the generals and superior officers. The pick of my topmen, all in white, with crape on their arms, and bareheaded like ourselves, rowed the boat come detached by the effect of time, had in silence, and with the most admirable We advanced with majestic slowness, escorted by the boats bearing the staff. It was very touching, and a deep "It is difficult to describe with what national sentiment seemed to hover over

*" Le Moniteur Universel," December 13, 1840.



But no sooner did the coffin reach the French cutter than mourning was changed to triumph. Flags were unfurled, masts Three days later the "Belle Poule" was squared, drums set a-beating, and salvos en route for France. One incident alone poured from forts and vessels. The em-marked her return. A passing vessel peror had come back to his own!

RETURN TO FRANCE.

brought the news that war had been de-

hot-headed youth, and the news of war order better to see the vessels. torn out and thrown overboard to make room to put in batteries; the men were made ready for fighting, and everybody on sink the vessel before allowing the remains to be taken. This done, the "Belle Poule" went her way peacefully to Cherbourg, where she arrived on November 30th. forty-three days after leaving St. Helena.

The town of Cherbourg owes much to Napoleon—her splendid harbors, and great tracts of land rescued from the sea-and she honored the return of his remains with every pomp. Even the poor of the town were made to rejoice by lavish gifts in the emperor's honor; and one of the chief squares—one he had redeemed from the sea—became the Place Napoleon.

The vessels lay eight days at Cherbourg, for the arrival had been a fortnight earlier than was anticipated, and nothing was ready for the celebration in Paris; but the time was none too long for the thousands who flocked in interminable processions to the vessels. When the vessels left for Havre, Cherbourg was so excited that she did what must have seemed to the nervous inhabitants an extravagance, even in Napoleon's honor. She fired a thousand guns!

FROM CHERBOURG TO PARIS.

The passage of the flotilla from Cherbourg to Paris took seven days. almost every town and hamlet elaborate demonstrations were made. At Havre and Rouen they were especially magnificent.

A striking feature of the river cortége was the ceremonies at the various bridges under which the vessels passed. The most elaborate of these was at Rouen, where the central arch of the suspension bridge had been formed into an immense arch of triumph. The decorations were the exclusive work of wounded legionary officers and soldiers of the Empire. When the vessel bearing the coffin passed under, the veterans showered down upon it wreaths of flowers and branches of laurel.

clared between France and England. The from all the surrounding country, who Prince de Joinville was only twenty-two, a sometimes even pressed into the river in immediately convinced him that England the flotilla saw aged peasants firing salutes had her fleet out watching for him, ready with ancient muskets, old men kneeling to carry off Napoleon again. He rose to with uncovered heads on the sod, and the height of his fears. The elegant fur- others their heads in their hands weeping nishings of the saloons of his vessel were —these men were veterans of the Empire paying homage to the passage of their

It was on the afternoon of December board was compelled to take an oath to 14th, just as the sun was setting radiantly behind Mt. Valerian, that the flotilla reached Courbevoie, a few miles from Paris, where Napoleon's body was first to touch French soil. The bridge at Courbevoie, the islands of Neuilly, the hills which rise from the Seine, were crowded, far as the eye could reach, with a throng drawn from the entire country

The flotilla as it approached was a brilliant sight. At the head was the "Dorade," a cross at her prow, and, behind, the coffin. It was dressed in purple velvet. surrounded by flags and garlands of oak and cypress, surmounted by a canopy of black velvet ornamented with silver and masses of floating black plumes. Between cross and coffin stood the Prince de Joinville in full uniform, and behind him Generals Bertrand and Gourgaud and the Abbé Coquereau, almoner of the expedition. The vessels following the "Dorade" bore the crews of the "Belle Poule" and the "Favorite" and the military bands, magnificent funeral boat, on whose deck there was a temple of bronzed wood, hung with splendid draperies of purple and gold, brought up the official procession. Behind followed numberless craft of all descriptions. Majestic funeral marches and salvos of artillery accompanied the advance.

At Courbevoie the flotilla anchored. Notwithstanding the intense cold, thousands of people camped all night on the hill-sides and shores, their bivouac fires illuminating the landscape.

DECEMBER 15, 1840.

Only those who have seen Paris on the day of a great *fête* or ceremony can picture to themselves the 15th of December, 1840. The day was intensely cold, eight degrees below the freezing point, but at five o'clock in the morning, when the drums began beat-These elaborate and grandiose ceremo- ing, and the guns booming, the populace nies were not, however, the really touch- poured forth, taking up their positions ing feature of the passage. The hill-sides along the line of the expected procession. and river-banks were crowded with people This line was fully three miles in length,



Triomphe by way of Neuilly, thence down The journals of the day compute the num-the Champs Elysées, across the Place and ber of visitors expected in Paris as about Bridge de la Concorde, and along the quar half a million. Inside and outside of the to the Esplanade des Invalides. From one Hôtel des Invalides alone, thirty-six thou-

and ran from Courbevoic to the Arc de side a hundred deep, before nine o'clock. end to the other it was packed on either sand places were given to the Minister of



the Interior, and that did not cover one-filled the windows, and literally swarmed tenth of the requests he received. It is over the walks and grass plots. A brisk certain that nearly a million persons saw business went on in elevated positions. A the entry of Napoleon's remains. The people hung from the trees, crowded the had a cart across which he had been do not be a carted at across which he had been do not be a carted at across which he had been do not cover the same who had a cart across which he had been do not cover the same who had a cart across which he had been do not cover the same who had a cart across which he had been do not cover the same who had a cart across which he had been do not cover the windows, and literally swarmed tenth of the requests he received. It is over the walks and grass plots. A brisk certain that nearly a million persons saw business went on in elevated positions. A ladder rung cost five frances (\$1.00); the man who had a cart across which he had roofs, stood on ladders of every description, laid boards, rented standing-room at from



Elysées. Fifty francs (\$10.00) was the price investment.

five to ten francs. As for windows and of the meanest window; a good one cost balconies—they sold for fabulous prices, in spite of the fact that the placard fenetres sand francs (\$600 00) were paid for good et balcons à louer appeared in almost every balconies. One speculator rented a value many a magnificent hotel of the Champs Elizabete. Elizabete Elizabete expenses (\$1,000,00), and made money on his

The crowd made every preparation to hand-warmers. ers of all sorts of articles did a thriving business. Every article was, of course, and imagination to be so fired? Napoleonized; one even bought gauffrettes Napoleons. There were badges of every Barthelemy; though all these stately odes were far outstripped by one song, thousands upon thousands of copies of which were sold. It ran:

" Premier capitaine du monde Depuis le siège de Toulon, Tant sur la terre que sur l'onde Tout redoutait Napoleon, Du Nil au nord de la Tamise! Devant lui l'ennemi fuvait, Avant de combattre, il tremblait Voyant sa redingote grise." 4

crowd together was magnificent in the Abrilliant military display formed the first portion: gendarmerie, municipal guards, officers, infantry, cavalry, artillery, cadets from the important schools, national guards. But this had little effect on the crowd. The genuine interest began when Marengo, Napoleon's famous battlehorse, appeared—it was not Marengo, but it looked like him, which for spectacular purposes was just as well; and the saddle and bridle were genuine -the defile now became exciting. The commission of St. Helena appeared in carriages, then the Marshals of France, the Prince de Joinville, the crews of the vessels which had been to St. Helena, finally the funeral car, a magnificent creation over thirty feet high, its design and ornaments symbolic. Sixteen black horses in splendid trappings drew the car, whose funeral pall was held by a marshal and an admiral of France, by the Duc de Reggio and General Bertrand.

The passing of the car was everywhere greeted with sincere emotion, profound emperor brings up his own procession. reverence.

* The greatest captain, all agree,
Since the siege of Toulon;
On the earth, as on the sea,
All yielded to Napoleon.
His enemies fled, full of dismay.
Beyond the Thames from off the Nile, Before the fight, trembling the while If they but saw his redingote gray.

Even the opposition recognized the genkeep warm; some of them carried foot- uineness of the feeling; many of them stoves filled with live coals, others little owned to sharing it for one moment of At intervals along the self-forgetfulness, and they began to ask procession great masses of the spectators themselves, as Lamartine had asked the danced to keep up their circulation. Vend- Chamber six months before, what they had been thinking to allow the French heart cynical Englishmen who looked on with and Madeleines cut out in the shape of stern or contemptuous countenances, said to themselves meditatively that night, as form, imperial eagles, B's, crowns, even they sat by their fire resting, "Something the petit chapeau. Many pamphlets in prose good must have been in this man, someand verse had a great sale, especially those thing loving and kindly, that has kept his of Casimir Delavigne, Victor Hugo, and name so cherished in the popular memory and gained him such lasting reverence and affection."*

Following the car came those who had been intimately associated with the emperor in his life—his aides-de-camp and civil and military officers. Many of them had been with him in famous battles; some were at Fontainebleau in 1814, others at Malmaison in 1815. The veterans of the Imperial Guard followed; behind them a deputation from Ajaccio.

From Courbevoie to the Hôtel des Inva-The cortege which had brought this lides, one walked through a hedge of elaborate decorations—of bees, eagles, crowns, N's; of bucklers, banners, and wreaths bearing the names of famous victories; of urns blazing with incense; of rostral columns: masts bearing trophies of arms and clusters of flags; flaming tripods; allegorical statues; triumphal arches; great banks of seats draped in imperial purple and packed with spectators, and phalanges of soldiers.

On the top of the Arc de Triomphe was an imposing apotheosis of Napoleon. Each side of the Pont de la Concorde was adorned with huge statues. On the Esplanade des Invalides the car passed between an avenue of thirty-two statues of great French kings, heroes and heroines—Charles Martel, Charlemagne, Clovis, Bayard, Jean d'Arc, Latour d'Auvergne, Ney. The chivalry and valor of France welcomed Napoleon home. Oddly enough, this hedge of statues ended in one of Napoleon himself: the incongruity of the arrangement struck even the gamins. "Tiens," cried one urchin, "voilà comme l'empéreur fait la queue à lui-même." † (" Hello, see there how the

The effect of the pageant was greatly increased by the splendor of the day. "Napoleonic day," said the crowd, and they recalled how the emperor was said in his

^{*&}quot;Second Funeral of Napoleon." By Michael Angelo Titmarsh (Thackeray).
†"The London Times," December 18, 1840.



slame at the crit of point of his fifter. It the vessel entered the Seine, the survertients was so at the retornation at arise. "Napo concredited frame to-Helena. For devilot too had, was expected by gory, said Martis, a "The homed was a rais of the transfer was saided Visterale salute life retornal to made to the french, then the sun shone hero." At earliestor, on the morning of

afel or most ably to lave had the son- outglorously. At Havre, at the no ment



coffin was taken from the boat first to tropated from several sources; from the touch the soil of France.

DISTURBANCES DURING THE CEREMONY,

the 15th, the sun came out just as the rehef of the authorities. Difficulty was an-Anglophobes, the Revolutionists, the Legitimists, the Bonapartists, and the great mass of dissatisfied, who, no matter what The procession passed quietly from one end to the other of the route, to the great seems to have been on the part of the own nervousness on the morning of the 15th.

"Did the French nation, or did they not, intend to offer up some of us English over the imperial grave? And were the games to be concluded by a massacre? It was said in the newspapers that Lord Granville had despatched circulars to all the English residents in Paris, begging them to keep their homes. The French journals announced this news, and warned us charitably of the fate intended for us. Had Lord Granville written? Certainly not to me. Or had he written to all except me? And was I the victim—the doomed one?—to be seized directly I showed my face in the Champs Elysées, and torn in pieces by French patriotism to the frantic chorus of the Marseillaise? Depend on it, Madame, that high and low in this city on Tuesday were not altogether at their ease, and that the bravest felt no small And be sure of this, that as his Majesty Louis Philippe took his nightcap off his royal head that morning, he prayed heartily that he might at night put it on in safety.

Fortunately Thackeray's courage conquered, and so we have the entertaining "Second Funeral of Napoleon," by "Michael Angelo Titmarsh.

In spite of all forebodings, the hostile displays were nothing more than occasional cries of "A bas les Anglais," a few attempts to promenade the tricolor flag and drown le premier capitaine du monde by the Marseillaise, and a strong indignation when it was learned that the representatives of the Allies had refused to be present at the final ceremony.

Most of the observers of the funeral attributed the good order of the crowd to the cold. A correspondent of the "National Intelligence "of that date says:

"If this business had fallen in the month of June or July, with all its excitements, spontaneous and elaborate, I should have deemed a sanguinary struggle between the government and the mob certain or highly probable. The present military array might answer for an approaching army of Cossacks. Forty or fifty thousand troops remain in the barracks within and camps without, besides the regular soldiery and National Guards in the field, ready to act against the domestic enemy.

"Providentially the cold increased to the utmost keenness; the genial currents of the insurrectionary

and revolutionary soul were frozen.'

AT THE CHURCH OF THE INVALIDES.

The climax of the pageant was the temple of the Invalides. The spacious church was draped in the most magnificent and lavish fashion, and adorned with a perfect bewilderment of imperial emblems. The light was shut out by hangings of violet velvet; tripods blazing with colored

Thackeray, who was in town at flames, and thousands upon thousands the time, gives an amusing picture of his of waxen candles in brilliant candelabra lighted the temple. Under the dome, in the place of the altar, stood the catafalque which was to receive the coffin.

> From early in the morning the galleries, choir, and tribunes of the Invalides were packed by a distinguished company. There were the Chambers of Deputies and Lords -neither of which had been represented in the cortége-the judicial and educational bodies, the officers of army and navy, the ambassadors and representatives of foreign governments, the king, and the

But none of these dignitaries were of more than passing interest that day. centre of attention, until the coffin entered, • was the few old soldiers of the Empire to be seen in the company; most prominent of these was Marshal Moncey, the decrepit governor of the Invalides. His history was one of the greatest valor, and Napoleon never had a more devoted soldier.

He was ill when the remains of the emperor returned. It was believed he would die, and, for days before the funeral, he asked his physician every morning: "Doctor, shall I live till the 15th?" And then he would beg: "Give me until then, and I will die contented." He was alive, and just before the cannon announced the arrival of the coffin, he was wheeled into the church.

It was two o'clock in the afternoon when the Archbishop of Paris, preceded by a splendid cross-bearer, and followed by sixteen incense boys and long rows of whiteclad priests, left the church to meet the procession. They returned soon. Following them were the Prince de Joinville and a select few from the grand cortége without; in their midst, Napoleon's coffin.

As it passed, the great assemblage was swayed by an extraordinary emotion. There is no one of those who have described the day who does not speak of the sudden, intense agitation which thrilled company, whether he refers to it half-humorously as Thackeray, who told how "everybody's heart was thumping as hard as possible," or cries with Victor Hugo:

"Sire: En ce moment-là, vouz aurez pour royaume, Tous les fronts, tous les cœurs qui battront sous le ciel.

Les nations feront asseoir votre fantôme, Au trone universel." *

* Sire, in that moment your kingdom will be on every brow, in every heart which beats under heaven. The nations will seat your phantom on a universal throne.



THE F. NERAL MASS IN THE CH. ROB OF THE HOTEL DES INVALUES. THE CALAFALQUE ON WHICH THE COFFIR RESTS IN SEEN IN THE DISTANCE.

The king descended from his throne and

replied Louis Philippe.

Such at least is what the "Moniteur" advanced to meet the cortége. "Sire," affirms was said, but the "Moniteur" is an said the Prince de Joinville, "I present to you the body of Napoleon, which, in accordance with your commands, I have brought back to France."

"I receive it in the name of France," affirms was said, but the "Moniteur" is an official journal whose business is, not to tell what really happened, but what would have happened if the government had had its way. The Prince de Joinville gives a different version: "The king received the body at the entrance to the news and there body at the entrance to the nave, and there



NAPOTRON S TOMB IN THE CHURCH OF THE HOTEL DES INVALIDERS AS IT APPEARS AT THE TRESENT DAY,

pears that a little speech which I was to the 'Moniteur'" save delivered when I met my father, and ties had omitted to inform me concerning turning to Bertrand, said : t. So when I arrived I simply saluted saw, indeed, that this silent salute, followed mprovised some appropriate sentence, and scene in deepest silence. The only sound

ather a comical scene took place. It ap- the matter was afterwards arranged in

Beside the king stood an officer, bearing also the answer he was to give me, had a cushion; on it lay the sword of Austerlitz. seen drawn up in council, only the author- Marshal Soult handed it to the king, who,

"General, I commission you to place with my sword, and then stood aside. I the emperor's glorious sword on the bier."

And Bertrand, trembling with emotion, by retreat, had thrown something out; laid the sword reverently on his idol's but my father, after a moment's hesitation, coffin. The great company watched the

near the catafalque.

The king and the procession returned to their places, and then followed a majestic funeral mass. The requiem of Mozart, as rendered that day by all the great musical performances of France. archbishop then sprinkled the coffin with holy water, the king taking the brush from him for the same sacred duty.

The funeral was over. Napoleon lay at last "on the banks of the Seine, among

the people whom he had so loved,

AFTER THE FUNERAL,

For eight days after the ceremony the church remained open to the public, and in spite of the terrible cold thousands stood from morning until night waiting of waiting, they frequently were sent away, the imperial army who had made the journey to Paris from distant parts of the kingdom. In the delegation of old soldiers from Belgium were many who had walked part obtained in Finland. of the way, not being able to pay the coach fare the entire distance.

to the immortal memory" was drunk kneeling. In a dozen theatres of Paris the translation of the remains was dramatized. danger of violence from the wrought-up the Invalides. audience.

The advertising columns of the newspapers of the day blazed for weeks with announcements of Napoleonized articles; the holiday gifts prepared for the booths met made for a giant's head.

which broke the stillness was the half- of the boulevards and squares, and for the stifled sobs of the gray-haired soldiers of magnificent shops of the Palais Royal and the Invalides, who stood in places of honor the fashionable streets, whatever their nature—to eat, to wear, to look at—were made up as memorials. Paris seemed to be Napoleon-mad.

In the February following the funeral, the coffin of Napoleon was transferred from singers of Paris, is one of the historic the catafalque in the centre of the church to a chapelle ardente in the basement at one side. The chapel was richly draped in silk and gold, and hung with trophies. On the coffin lay the imperial crown, the emperor's sword, and the hat which he had worn at Eylau, and which he had given to Gros when he ordered the battle of Eylau painted. Over the coffin waved the flags taken at Austerlitz.

Here Napoleon's body lay until the mausoleum was finished. This magnificent structure was designed by Visconti, the eminent architect, who had also planned the entire decorations of the 15th of Decempatiently their turn to enter, After hours ber. Visconti utterly ignored the appropriations in executing the monument, only to come back earlier the next day. In ordering what he wanted, regardless of its this company were numbers of veterans of cost. For the marble from which Pradier made the twelve colossal figures around the tomb, he sent to Carrara; the porphyry which was used to inclose the coffin, he

In this magnificent sepulchre Napoleon still sleeps. Duroc and Bertrand lie on Banquets and dinners followed the either side of the entrance to the chamfuneral. At one of these, a "sacred toast ber, guarding him in death as in life; and to the right and left of the entrance to the church are the tombs of his brothers Jerome and Joseph. On the stones about At the Porte Saint-Martin, the actor who him are inscribed the names he made gloritook the part of Sir Hudson Lowe had a ous; over him are draped scores of troseason of terror, he being in constant phies; attending him are the veterans of

> " Qu'il dorme en paix sous cette voûte! C'est un casque bien fait, sans doute, Pour cette tête de géant." *

* " Let him rest in peace beneath this dome. It is a hel-

"HUMAN DOCUMENTS."

PRINCE BISMARCK.

PRINCE Otto Edward Leopold von Bismarck was born April 1, 1815, of a very old and sturdy German family. He was put early to school, attended several universities, and served his term in the army. His political life began in 1846, when he was elected a member of the diet of his province, Saxony. The next year he went to Berlin as a representative in the General Diet, and immediately attracted attention by the force and boldness of his speeches. In 1851 he began his diplomatic career as secretary to the Prussian member of the representative Assembly of German Sovereigns at Frankfort. He has been described at this time as "in the bloom of early manhood; of very tall, stalwart, and imposing mien, with blue gray, penetrating, fearless eyes; of a bright, fresh countenance, with blond hair and beard." In 1859 he was sent as ambassador to Russia. In 1862 he was transferred to Paris; but a few months later he was made minister of foreign affairs. He inaugurated his ministry by the summary dissolution of the Prussian Chamber of Deputies, because it refused to pass the budget proposed by the throne, curtly informing the body that the king's government would be obliged to do without its sanction. Five times the deputies were dismissed in this fashion. Bismarck

was denounced on all sides as a usurper and despot, and for the time was bitterly hated. But as his profound project, already conceived, of uniting the German states into a compact empire, with Prussia at the head, and the King of Prussia emperor, un-folded itself, and advanced, by one brilliant stroke of statesmanship after another, toward fulfilment, the early distrust was forgotten, and he became, in spite of his "iron hand" and his apparent contempt for popular rights, a popular idol. The short, sharp war of 1806, which ended in the humiliation of Austria at Königgrätz, and the termination of Austrian dominance in Germany, began a national progress, under Bismarck's sagacious and strong direction, which came to its consummation at the close of the war with France, when, on January 16, 1871, in the palace of the French kings, at Versailles, William I., King of Prussia, was proclaimed Emperor of united Germany. In 1890, differences with the present Emperor, William II, led to Bismarck's retire-ment from public life. There are at the present moment, however, signs of a reconciliation, and it may be that, despite his eighty years, he will again become the guiding spirit of the German



BISMARCK IN 1834. AGE 19.

Student in the University of Göttingen.



1851. AGR 36.
Diplomatist at Frankfort. From a photograph by A. Bockmann, Strasburg.



TO 4 MORE 29 STILL SEEVEN AT ARCHIVE



1806, THE VEAR OF THE WAR WITH AUSTRIA. AGE 51.



BISMARCK IN 1871. AGE 56.

From a photograph by Loescher & Petsch, Berlin On January 18, 1871, the war with France having been brought to a triumphant close, Bismarck had the satisfaction of seeing King William of Pruesia crowned Emperor of united Germany in the palace of the French kings, at Versailles, himself becoming at the same time Chancellor of the German Empire. The formal treaty of peace with France was signed a month later.



BISMARUK IN 1871, AGE 56.



PROCLAIMING WILLIAM I REFEROR VENSAILLES, JANUARY 18, 1871 BISMARCK, IN WHATE UNIFORM, STANDS JUST BEFORE
THE THRONE. PROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE BERLIN PHOTOGRAPH COMPANY,



BISMARCK IN 1877. AGE 62

On the eve of the Congress of Berlin, wherein the European powers, largely under Busmarck's guidance, fixed the relations of Turkey From a photograph by Loescher & Petsch, Berlin.



SMARCK IN 1885 A 1-65
From a ph tograph by Ad, Brain & Co. Paris



From a photograph by Loescher and Petsch, Berlin



From a photograph by Loescher and Petsch, Berlin.



BISMARCK IN 1885. AGE 70.

From a photograph by Loescher & Petsch, Berlin. Bismarck's seventieth birthday was celebrated as a great national event in Germany, as have been his succeeding birthdays.



From a photograph taken at Friedrichsruh by A. Bockmann, Strasburg,



HISMARCK IN 1886. AGE 71.
From a photograph by A. Bockmann, Lübeck.



PISMARCK IN 1887. AGE 72.
From a photograph by M. Ziesler, Berlin.



EMPEROR FREDERICK AND PRINCE BISMARCK 1888.

From a photograph by M. Fiesler, Berlin.



1889 ACF 74
From a photograph by M. Fiesler, Berlin.



From a photograph by Jul Braatz, Berlin.



BISSIARCK IN 1800. AGE 75.

In the spring of this year Bismarck's differences with William II culminated in a retirement from office, which was practically a dismissal, after a continuous cabinet service of nearly thirty years. This portrait was taken at Friedrichsruh two months after his resignation. From a photograph by A. Bockmann, Strasburg



BISMARCK IN 1890. AGE 25,
Prom a copyright photograph owned by Strumper & Co , Hamburg



BISMARCK IN 1891 AGR 76.

Greeted by a body of students at Kissingen. From a photograph by Pilarts, Kissingen.



From a photograph by Karl Hahn, Munich

WHAT SHE COULD.

BY IAN MACLAREN,

Author of "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush."

MAUD housewife of her grandmother's, which the purse with the ivory sides. used to be equipped with silk and thread a bank note of value. This capacious rehousehold exchequer, whose transactions were innumerable, and whose monthly budget depended for success on an unfailsign—a bag closed at both extremities. two rings which compressed the gold into one end and the silver into the other. This was marked out by Providence for charity, since it made no provision for pennies, and laid a handicap of inconvenmother loved, and recalled her mother going out on some errand of mercy-a St. Clare in her sacrifices and devotion. Purse three descended from her father, closed with a click, having three compartments within, one of which had its own skin had been a gift of engagement days, and held the savings of the year against birthday and Christmas presents—whose . . contents were the subject of many calcula- wields! She only drooped her head, .

TREVOR was a genuine and from its resources came one way or woman, and kept her accounts with other all he needed, but it happened that the aid of six purses. One was an ancient number six was constantly reënforced from

Saturday forenoon was sacred to bookand needles and buttons, and from a se- keeping, and Maud used her bed as a table cret place yielded to the third generation for this critical operation, partly because it was so much larger than an escritoire, ceptacle was evidently intended for the but chiefly because you could empty the purses into little pools with steep protecting banks. Of course, if one sat down hurriedly, there was great danger of amaling supply of copper. Another had come gamation, with quite hopeless consefrom her mother, and was of obsolete de-quences; and Trevor held over Maud's head the chance of his making this miswith a long, narrow slit in the middle, and take. It was his way, till he grew too busy, to watch till the anxious face would suddenly brighten and a rapid change be made in the pools—the household contributing something to presents, and the dress purse to Bertie, while private and public ience on threepenny bits. It retained a charity would accommodate each other subtle trace of an old-fashioned scent her with change. Caresses were strictly forbidden in those times of abstruse calculation; and the Evil One, who stands at every man's elbow, once tempted Trevor to roll the counterpane into a bundle-purses, and was an incarnation of business-of money, and all-but Maud, when he conchamois leather with a steel clasp that fessed, said that no human being would be allowed to fall into such wickedness.

Trevor was obliged to open her wardclasp, and was reserved for gold. In this robe fourteen days after the funeral, and bank Maud kept the funds of a clothing the first thing he lighted upon was the society, whose more masterly bargains ran purses. They lay in a row on an old acsometimes into farthings, and she was count-book, a motley set indeed; but so always haunted with anxiety lest a new absurd and tricky a spirit is pathos, they farthing and a half sovereign should some affected him more swiftly than the sight day change places. A pretty little purse of a portrait. Was ever any one so faithwith ivory sides and silver hinges—a birth- ful and conscientious, so self-forgetful and day gift of her girlhood—was large enough kind, so capable also and clever in her to hold her dress allowance, which Trevor own sphere? Latterly he had sneered at had fixed at a most generous rate when he the purses, and once, being vexed at somehad barely four hundred a year, and had thing in a letter, he had told Maud she since forgotten to increase. One in seal- ought to have done with that folly and keep her accounts like an educated woman. "A girl of twelve would be ashamed."

What a merciless power memory tions. A cast-off purse of Trevor's had it was on the sealskin purse the tear fell, been devoted to Bertie, their only child, and he saw the bend of the Wye at Tin-

tern where he had surprised her with that sometimes thought, but he knew better she not be like the women he knew? . . . Well, he would not be troubled any magnetic with her simple ways . . . he could lit was the last thing ne ever could do as he pleased now with the purses. imagined, and yet it must be a diary—

hittor madness of grief took Maud's diary! Turns over the leaves, and possession of him, and he arranged them on the bed.

One was empty, the present purse, and rest had gone that he might have something beautiful. . . He knew that it must be done sooner or later, and to-day was best, for his heart could be no sorer. gifts. For every person, from himself to the nurse; all wrapped in soft white paper and ready in good time. . . . She used to arrange everything on Christmas Eve stay at Cannes, . . there would just have been Bertie and his mother, now. . . . But he must open it—an inkstand for his study in solid brass, with pens and other things complete; he noted every detail as if to estimate its value. It came back to him how she had cunningly questioned him about his needs before he left for Cannes, till he grew impatient. "Don't bother me about ink-bottles." Yes, the very words, and others . . . the secret writing of memory came out in this fire of that a man can't answer questions about could swear to the words, and he knew how Maud looked, although he did not

"Don't go away; you promised that you would sit beside me when I worked-hinder me? I suppose you are bidding for a kiss; me." . . . That was ten years ago . . . he might have borne with her me." presence a little longer. . . . She never cruel, and one ought to read books which would come again . . . he would have showed the noble side of life. no interruptions of that kind.

it was (smooths out the glove). memory brings up a dinner-table. Mrs. Chatterby gives her opinion on Meredith's last novel and helps herself to salt; he sees a disgusting hand, with stumpy fingers and, for impudence, a street arab of a thumb. A the monthlies, and had the trick of catch- word to me all the way home. words, people paid her court. And he had

purse. He was moved to kiss away that to-day . . . of all things in the world tear, but his heart hardened. Why could a glove is the surest symbol. Mended. too, very neatly . . . that he might

> catches that woman's name against whom he has suddenly taken a violent dislike.

"January 25. Was at Mrs. Chatterby's he understood . . . the dress purse, of —how strange one does not say anything course, a little silver only . . . the of her husband, yet he is the nicer of the two-and I think it will be better not to go again to dinner. One can always make some excuse that will not be quite untrue.

> "'The dinner is in honor of Mr. Fynical, Yes, here they were, the ungiven who is leaving his college and coming to live in London to do literary work, Mrs. Chatterby has been explaining for weeks, 'and to give tone to the weeklies.

"'The younger men are quite devoted to . . . this year he had intended to him, and we ought all to be so thankful that he is to be within reach. His touch reminds one of '-I don't know the French writer, but she does not always give the same name. 'We hope to see a great deal of him. So delightfully cynical, you know. and hates the *bourgeoisie*.'

"I was terrified lest I should sit next Mr. Fynical, but Mrs. Chatterby was merciful, and gave me Janie Godfrey's father. Edward says that he is a very able man, and will be Lord Chancellor some day; but he is so quiet and modest that one feels quite sorrow. "Why won't women understand at home with him. Last summer he was yachting on the west coast of Scotland, trifles when he has work on hand?" He and he described the sunset over the Skye hills; and I tried to give him a Devonshire sunrise. We both forgot where we were, and then Mrs. Chatterby asked me quite loud, so that every one looked, what I thought of 'Smudges.'

"The dinner-table seemed to wait for my you know the sight of your face inspires answer, and I wish that the book had never come from the library; but I said that I had sent it back because it seemed so bitter and

"'You are one of the old-fashioned Her gloves, sixes—what a perfect hand women,' she replied. 'You believe in a His novel for the young person, with a smile that hurt me; and I told her that I had been brought up on Sir Walter Scott. was trying to say something about his purity and chivalry, when I caught Mr. Fynical's eye, and blushed red. If I had vulgar little woman through and through, only been silent, for I'm afraid every one and yet because she picked up scraps from was laughing, and Edward did not say one

"February 20. Another ordeal, but not

so unfortunate as the last. The Browne-Smythes are very kind friends, but I do think they are too much concerned about having clever people at their house. One evening Mrs. Browne-Smythe said she was happy because nothing had been talked about except translations of Homer. certain guest was so miserable on that occasion that I begged Edward to leave me at home this time, but he said it would not be Greek again. It was science, however, and when we came in Mrs. Browne-Smythe was telling a very learned-looking person that she simply lived for fossils. A young lady beside me was talking about gases to a nervous man, who grew quite red, and tried to escape behind a table. I think she was wrong in her words, and he was too polite to correct her. To my horror, he was obliged to take me in to dinner, and there never could have been two people more deserving of pity, for I was terrified of his knowledge, and he was afraid of my ignorance. We sat in perfect silence till a fatherly old man, quite like a farmer, on my left, began to talk to me so pleasantly that I described our country people, and was really sorry when the ladies had to leave. Edward says that he is one of the greatest discoverers in the world, and has all kinds of honors. We became so friendly that he has promised to take tea with me, and I think he does not despise my simplicity. How I long to be cleverer for Edward's sake, for I'm sure he must be ashamed of me among those brilliant women. I cannot blame him; I am proud of my husband.

" May 15. I am quite discouraged, and have resolved never to go to any charitable committee again. Miss Tabitha Primmer used shameful language at the Magdalene meeting to-day, and Mrs. Wood-Ruler showed me that I had broken Law forty-three by giving a poor girl personal aid. It seems presumptuous on my part to criticise such able and diligent workers, but my mother never spoke about certain subjects, and it is agony for me to discuss them. When the vicar insisted on Sunday that thoughtful women were required for Christian service to-day, and that we must read up all kinds of books, and know all kinds of painful things, my heart sank. It does not seem as if there was any place left for simple folks like me. Perhaps it would be better to give up going out altogether, and live for Edward and Bertie. I can always do something for them, and their love will be enough reward.

"November 30. I have not slept all night, for I made a dreadful mistake about a new book that every one is reading, and Edward was so angry. He did not mean all he said, but he never called me a fool before. Perhaps he is right, and it is hard on him, who is so bright. Sometimes I And then there was no writing, only a tear mark.

Afterwards he opened the letters that had come since her death, and this is what

"MY DEAR TREVOR: The intelligence of Mrs. Trevor's death has given me a great shock of regret, and you will allow me to express my sympathy. Many men not given to enthusiasm had told me of her face and goodness, and before I had seen your wife I knew she was a very perfect type of woman-liness. The few times I met her, Mrs. Trevor cast a certain spell over me-the nameless grace of the former days-and I felt myself unworthy in her presence. Once when a silly woman referred to one of the most miserable examples of decadent fiction, your wife spoke so nobly of true literature that I was moved to thank her; but I gathered from her face that this would not be acceptable. It seemed to me that the mask had fallen from a beautiful soul, and one man, at least, in whom there is too little reverence, took the shoes from off his feet. Pardon me if I have exceeded, and believe me,

"Yours faithfully, " Bernard Fynical."

The next was from the F. R. S.:

"MY DEAR SIR: It is quite wrong for me, a stranger, to intrude on your grief, but I am compelled to tell you that an old fellow who only spoke to your wife once, had to wipe his spectacles over the Times' this morning. It came about this way. The lady I had taken in to dinner at the Browne-Smythes gabbled about science till I lost my temper, and told her it would be a good thing if women would keep to their own sphere. Your wife was on the other side, and I turned to her in despair. She delighted me by confessing utter ignorance of my subject, and then she won my heart by some of the loveliest stories of peasant life in Devonshire I ever heard, so full of insight and delicacy. If the parsons preached like that I would be in church next Sunday. She put me in mind of a sister I lost long ago, who had the same low, soft voice and honest, trusty eyes. When she found I was a lonely man, your wife had pity on me, and asked me to call on her. But I had to go to America, and only returned two days ago. I intended to wish her a Happy New Year, but it's too late. I cannot get you out of my mind, and I thought it might comfort you to know how a fossil like myself was melted by that kind heart.
"Believe me, my dear sir,
"Your obedient servant,

" Archibald Gilmore."

The third was also from a man, but this time a lad in rooms whom Trevor had seen at the house:

"DEAR MR. TREVOR: You perhaps know that Mrs. Trevor allowed me to spend an hour with her of an evening, when I felt down-hearted or had any

trouble, but no one will ever know how much she did for me. When I came up to London my faith began to go, and I saw that in a short time I would be an Agnostie. This did not trouble me so much on my own account as my mother's, who is dead, and made me promise something on her deathbed. So I bought books and heard sermons on unbelief till I was quite sick of the whole business. Mrs. Trevor took me to hear your own clergyman, who did not help me one bit, for he was too clever and logical; but you remember I came home with you, and after you had gone to your study, I told Mrs. Trevor my difficulties, and she did me more good than all the books. She never argued nor preached, but when I was with her, one felt that religion was a reality, and that she knew more about it than any one I had met since I lost my mother. It is a shame to trouble you with my story when you are in such sorrow, and no one need tell you how noble a woman Mrs. Trevor was: but I could not help letting you know that her goodness has saved one young fellow, at least, from infidelity and worse.

"You will not mind my sending a cross to put on

the coffin; it was all I could do.

"Yours gratefully,

"GLORGE BENSON."

There was neither beginning nor end to the fourth letter, but it was written in a lady's hand:

"I am a clergyman's daughter, who left her father's house and went astray. I have been in the Inferno, and have seen what I read in Dante while I was innocent. One day the old rectory rose up before my eyes, the roses hanging over my bedroom window, the birds flying in and out of the ivy, my father on the lawn, aged and broken through my sin, and I resolved that my womanhood should no longer be dragged in the mire. My home was closed years ago; I had no friends, so I went in my desperation to a certain Institute, and told my case to a matron. She was not unkindly, but the committee were awful, without either sympathy or manners; and when an unmarried woman wished to pry into the details of my degradation-but I can't tell a man the shame they would have put upon me-my heart turned to flint, and I left the place. I would have gone back to my life and perished, had it not not been for one woman who followed me out and asked me to go home with her for afternoon tea. Had she said one word about my past, I had flung myself away; but because she spoke to me as if I were still in the rectory, I could not refuse. Mrs. Trevor never once mentioned my sin, and she saved my soul. I am now a nurse in one of the hospitals, and full of peace. As long as

I live I shall lay white flowers on her grave, who surely was the wisest and tenderest of women."

Trevor's fortitude was failing fast before this weight of unconscious condemnation, and he was only able to read one more, an amazing production, that had cost the writer great pains.

"HONORED SIR: Bill says as its tyking too much on the likes o' me to be addressing you on your missus' death, but it's not her husband that will despise a pore working woman oo's lost her best friend. When Bill 'ad the rumatiks and couldn't do no work, and Byby was a-growing that thin you could see thro' im, Mrs. Byles says to me, 'Mrs. 'Awkes, you goes to the Society for the Horganiza-tion of Female Toilers.' Says I, 'Wot is that?' and she declares, 'It's a set of ladies oo wants to 'clp women to work, and they 'ill see you gets it.' So I goes, and I saw a set of ladies sitting at a table, and they looks at me; and one with spectacles and a vice like an 'and-saw arsks me, 'Wot's yer name?' and ''Ow old are you?' and ''Ow many children have you?' and 'Are your 'abits temperate?' then she says, 'If you pay a shilling we 'ill put your nyme down for work has an unskilled worker.' 'avn't got a shilling, and Byby's dyin' for want of food.' 'This ain't a poor 'ouse,' says she; 'this is a Booro.' When I wos a-going down the stairs, a lady comes after me. 'Don't cry, Mrs. 'Awkes,' for she had picked up my name. 'I've some charring for you, and we 'ill go to get somethink for Byby. If ever there wos a hangel in a sealskin jacket and a plain little bonnet, but the true lady hall hover, 'er name was Mrs. Trevor. Bill, he looked up from that day, and wos on his keb in a week, and little Jim is the biggest byby in the court. Mrs. Trevor never rested till I got three hoffices to clean, to say nothing of 'elping at cleanings and parties in 'ouses. She was that kind too, and free, when she'd come hin with noos of some hoffice. 'We're horganizin' you, Missus 'Awkes, just splendid,' with the prettiest bit smile. Bill, he used to say, 'Er 'usband's a proud man, for I never saw the like o' her for a downright lady in 'er wys;' and 'e knows, does Bill, being a kebman. When I told 'im, he wos that bad that 'e never put a match to pipe the 'ole night. ' Mariar, 'e says to me, 'you an' me 'as seen somethink of her, but you bet nobody knew wot a saint she wos 'xcept 'er 'usband.' "

Trevor could read no more, for it had dawned at last upon him_that Christ had lived with him for more than ten years, and his eyes had been holden.





CYTECH PUBLISHED CAMPS OR ACTOR CASE THEOR.

A PRAIRIE COLLEGE.

AN EMINENT FRENCHWOMAN'S STUDY OF CO-EDUCATION IN AMERICA.

By Madame Beand of the Bentzon) of the "Reale less Dely Mondes"

[The author of the following article, Madame Blanc, or, as she is better known to French readers, Th. Bentzon, is one of the ablest and most delightful writers among the literary women of the day in brance. For many years her short stories and novels have been regular features of the Revue des Deux Mondes.

Madame Blanc is even better known in her own country, however, as an authority on contemporary American literature than as a writer of fiction. For years she has been presenting one after another of our writers to the cultivated readers of France, until a great constituency has learned to look to her for information on the literary output of the United States.

The knowledge of our life which she has obtained through our books has been increased by her constant intercourse with Americans travelling in France. She never fails to extend gracious courtesies to literary Americans who seek her in Paris, and she never fails to charm them by her sincere interest in all that concerns our country. Indeed, I never met in Paris a French person who understood our social life so well, or who was so well able to ask intelligent questions about it.

For several years Madame Blanc had cherished the idea of visiting this country, in order to observe for herself what we were like. "I want to see Americans in their homes and at their work," she told me in talking of her plans. "I do not want to see the cosmopolitan life of the few, but the life of the mass of the people."

She carried out her plan in 1893, coming over in October, and remaining until the next June. In this visit of some eight months, she went to nearly all our great cities east of the Mississippi, and from them made numerous excursions out of the beaten paths of sight-seers. She stacked all the great institutions, not only of the East, but of the West. She saw all classes, and talked with people of all conditions. She gathered documents on numerous enterprises peculiar to the country, examined statistics, cross-examined leading men and women. Although interested in all phases of our life, Madame Blanc studied with particular care the effect of our institutions upon women. The one original and peculiar thing which most foreigners believe the United States to have produced, is the American woman, and there is no subject which interests them more. To see the American woman in all stages of her development, and in all lights and shades, and to study her present tendencies, was Madame Blanc's

desire. She did her work of observation and note-taking with the fidelity, sincerity. and good sense which characterize all her literary efforts, and when she returned to Paris, she had an astonishing amount of material. This material Madame Blanc has already used in a series of articles just completed in the Revue des Deux Mondes. The following article is typical of that series - IDA M. TARBELLE.

the Bureau of Education spoke to me en- all. But this modest interior suggests at

thusiastically of the results, from the beginning to the end, of studies pursued under this plan, which in France has recently been the subject of so many earnest discussions, where, however, it could not possibly be established without a complete change in customs and manners.

Perhaps the story of a week or two spent at a prairie college, that of Galesburg, will give my readers the best idea of what co-education, in its most interesting phases, may be The picture of

the college is inseparable in my memory from beginning to end to the same college, ments from the journal in which I wrote pillars. each evening.

A journey of about five hours takes us from Chicago to Galesburg, where I am

X E have yet to become acquainted with leading to the college, lies a street planted co-educational colleges, stranger to with maples, and with board walks upon its our eyes than all the others. It is almost two sides. There are three or four rooms exclusively to the West that one must go upon the first floor; upon the second as to find them. A man of high position in many more, with sloping ceilings. That is

> first sight ideas of order, scrupulous neatness. and studious retirement. The study is full of books, and they are all over the house. In the little parlor there are no mirrors, only very simple furniture, family photographs, good engravings, and flowers; a singular dignity pervades the whole.

This is the frame for one of the most energetic and noble faces I have seen, that of an old man, robust as a young man. a disinterested scholar, whose labor-filled career has been consecrated



REAL GROK R GALL, FOUNDER OF THE TOWN OF GALESSIERG, ILLINOIS,

from that of the little town and its inhab- in spite of what ambition may have counitants. I will therefore copy a few frag- selled him. He is, so to speak, one of its

THE FOUNDATION.

The founding of Knox College, as it is received into the home of one of the col- described to me, presents unique features. lege professors, who, like all Americans, is A band of patriotic and Christian pioneers faithful to the principle, "The friends of laid its foundation. Their declared aim our friends are our friends." Rich or poor, was to establish a college which might furthey offer you, under this maxim, a share nish well prepared recruits for the evanin their family life as easily as we invite to geheal ministry, and which should make dinner. It is a simple wooden house placed women worthy educators of the future almost at the edge of the town. Before it, generation. On January 7, 1836, a meetwhich a sum of twenty thousand dollars and science. The residence quarter is full was voted to pay for fifteen thousand acres of very pretty houses, the most of them of land, the sale of which represented the built of wood and painted, and affecting all first gift to the college; and in the spring styles of architecture. Grassy borders surof that same year the colonists, led by the round them. They might be described as Rev. George Gale, promoter of the project and head of the colony to which he gave scrupulously neat, with the sidewalks, very his name, turned toward the prairie. By ugly by the way, which everywhere in Amerautumn thirty families, composing a homo- ica, along the roads, in the public parks, geneous nucleus, descended from the Pilgrim Fathers of the past, had already built the dust or mud, according to the season. rude cabins upon the place where after- A few streets are paved with an improved wards was to rise the town.

sandstone, in modified Roman style, has a flower-decked bay windows. We come to fine appearance. Its auditorium, which a suburb formed of little houses painted in

ing was held at Whitesboro, New York, at always been especially interested in religion scattered over a lawn. The whole town is and about the houses, permit one to avoid brick. One feels a pleasant intimacy with Alumni Hall, a building of brick and red the interior of the houses seen through the



COLLEGE SE HIDDRES FROM THE CITY PARK

of prayer unites the whole college, and where in turn the professors read the Bible professor of English literature speak upon "Comparisons" apropos of the mote and beam of the Gospel. This custom does the moral atmosphere of Galesburg.

We visit the town, very charming with its shady avenues and green boulevards.

will hold nearly one thousand people, serves light colors, well varnished, like new toys: each morning as a chapel, where a service it is the Swedish quarter. They are an honest people, forming quite an important part of the population, and quickly obtainand give a brief instruction. I hear the ing a competency through their industry. Passing the college we see a vast drill ground for the three companies commanded by an officer of the United States not exist in the universities of the East; it army, delegated as professor of science seems to me that it contributes largely to and military tactics. The service is obligatory, each student being required to procure a uniform.

There are numerous churches, represent-It covers a large area, trees and gardens ing all Protestant sects, and also—a small occupying much space. Trees surround fraction—the Catholic religion. It was the the principal buildings. There are a few efforts and sacrifices of the two Congregabusiness streets, but they have a tranquil tional and the Presbyterian churches which activity, as is fitting in a town in which founded the college. Their influence, theretraffic is a secondary matter, and which has fore, dominates in the council of adminis-



DR. JOHN H FINLEY, PRESIDENT OF THE COLLEGE.

Dr. Finley was born at Grand Ridge, Illinois, in 1863, and spent his early life on a farm After graduating from Knox College in 1887, he pursued a post graduate course at Johns Hopkins University. He was associated with Professor Ely in the authorship of "Taxation in American States and Cities." and has been for some years editor of the "Charitien Review." He was elected president of Knox in 1892. and is the youngest college president in the United States.

tration, but without any narrowness. A true Christian spirit alone is required as a fundamental and indispensable foundation to an education at Knox. The students are expected to frequent their respective churches on the Sabbath.

A STURDY TYPE OF STUDENT.

I was present at a Latin class conducted by a young woman with an expressive and resolute face, who seemed to exercise great power over her pupils. There were grouped about her almost as many boys as girls. Although no rule requires it, the two sexes are separate, and occupy different sides of the room. In general the girls are DE DESMENTON GATEMAN FORMER PRESIDENT OF THE EDELEGA more advanced in their knowledge. They smile a little maliciously at each blunder went to filinois in his boyhood. He has had a most imporof the boys, who, on the other hand, do not tast part in the educational development of the State. He appear sorry to find them in fault. There is no coquetry on the one side or gallantry on the other. I notice the sunburned the still retains his professorship. complexions, the rustic appearance of sevintimate requantance with Libroria eral of the students, grown men; their superintendent of instruction il

good faces express at once energy and purity. They tell me that they come from distant parts of the West, and that before entering college they earned the necessary money by the labor of their hands. The editor of an important magazine said to me one day, while travelling with me: "I used to pass over all this country on foot during vacations, year after year, a pack of goods on my back, to pay my college expenses. They called me the houest little peddler." And I saw that this epithet would always remain among those that had pleased him most, although he has since attained great success. A good many of the students at Knox College are made of the same solid stuff. It is found that these students who are late in beginning, are likely to show superior talents. Several are pointed out to me who, during the exposition at Chicago, without any foolish shame, used their vacation of two months and a half serving in the restaurants of the Fair, and in pushing the wheelchairs. Now behold them buried in the "Æneid."



ent of instruction, in look College as proresidency in 1802, but Bateman enjoyed an - id when he was State un office together.

The kind and bright influence of the young girls upon these country boys is pupils were reading, translating, and exmost happy. The whip of emulation in-plaining a play of Victor Hugo's, "Herspires them; they are ashamed to allow nam," and nothing could be more droll themselves to be distanced by their frail than the accent given to those grand, imcomrades; and, moreover, feminine kind- petuous verses and to those Spanish names, liness polishes them without their know- which they spoke with hesitation and ing it.

they might show a foreigner (very incapable of judging in the matter) how much they knew, I should think that here, perhaps, the boys would have the advantage. But on this subject our preconceived opinions are apparently belied by the aptitudes of American women.

SOCIETY IN A WEST-ERN COLLEGE TOWN.

I was invited to several houses of the town, where I found the best society; women at the same time simple and educated, talking of everything, questioning with mtelligence. Evidently contact with the college is a perpetual stimulus, and the society of the professors a precious resource. Some of

them have travelled, but they are not America. a whole, is curious. At a certain luncheon co-education really did not exist with us. I met half a dozen ladies, all warm friends, her own. Universalists damn no one.

The French lessons attracted me. The robbed of their beauty. But they under-If the professor who teaches the chemis- stood, they understood quite well enough, try lesson with remarkable animation and I believe, to find the character of Hernani clearness had not, on my account, pur- that of a fool, I gave them real satisfacposely questioned the girl-students that tion by telling them that even in France his sentiments ap-



A RASER FERT HERE

Professor Hurd was born at Kemptville Ontario worked on his father's farm, and fitted himself for college Graduating in 185 from M ddlebury College, Vermont he served a year as principal of the Vermont Literary and Scientific Institution at Bran on Vermont. Then he was called to Knox Codege Before taking up his work there, however he studied for a time with Agassiz. He has held the chair of professor of chemistry for forty one years, for sixteen has acted also as professor of Latin and for three was acting president

were some among them who were evidently bewildered by the intricate scene: some of those fine, swarthy fellows, simple and solid, of whom I have already spoken, young giants from distant farms, who have left the plough for their One of books them accosted me with hesitation, and asked in a tone of passionate curiosity if it was true that the admiration for such a great man as Napoleon was growing less in France? Emboldened by my response, he expressed his conviction, shared by many others, that an obscure soldier had been shot in the place of Marshal Ney, and that Ney had taken refuge in

peared a little ex-

There

aggerated.

The questions of the young possessed by that feverish desire for change girls touched upon more personal subjects: which I have noticed elsewhere-a thing they wanted to know if the education of which is restful. The diversity of denomi- women in France was making any progress; nations in that little town, so religious as if we were always shut up in convents; if

We took supper at the semmary, where although belonging to different churches, the young ladies from out of town live to-Opposite me sat a Baptist; at my side gether. Around the table were assembled a pleasant Universalist, whose religion professors, men and women, and a few pleased me, since it permitted her to be as women guests. The dining-room where sure of my eternal salvation as she was of we were, communicated with another, a larger one, in which the boarders had



PROFESSOR GPORGE CHERCHILL

Professor Churchill has been principal of the preparatory department of Knox College since 1855. He was born in New York State in 1829; but his parents were of the colony which in 1837 established the town of Galesburg and founded Knox College, and in the town and the college his life since his tenth year has been mainly passed

taken their places about small separate tables in groups of six or eight. The principal presided. A few of the young men students came in to take their meals with the young ladies. After supper, in the large, handsome drawing-room, all the pupils in the semmary were presented to me, one after another. It was a long line of very different types, often very pleasant to look upon. They came from all quarters of the United States-from Kansas, Colorado, California, Texas, from everywhere. While telling me their names, they told me also their native States. Several were from Utah, from Salt Lake City. I shuddered, thinking myself before Mormons; and they, laughing, explained to me that their parents were " Gentiles."

A VISIT TO AN HELINOIS FARM.

I was invited to spend an afternoon upon "farm" is given in America to all rural estates. With more than ordinary hospitality the proprietor of the farm came for me himself in his buggy. Carried along In 1858 he returned to Knox College as assistant prof by two excellent horses, we rolled across of mathematics. He became full professor in 186s, and 1 the prairie, filling our lungs with the soft, served in that capacity ever since.

velvety air, which, before the winter winds. accompanies that exquisite season so well named Indian summer. The landscape in its monotony was new to me, who had never seen the steppes. It was the immense, rolling prairie, its short little waves cut only by fences, barriers sometimes straight and sometimes zigzag, which all over America separate fields and confine cattle. Their silvery color, like that of the aging fir, harmonizes well with the brown tone of the soil. The corn had been harvested: there only remained the stalks and long leaves stacked for the cattle. Strange long lines of stumps, which no one takes the trouble to remove, were rotting here and there where once stood groves. They are one of the general characteristics of the American landscape as they rise rudely from the newly-cleared plain. The farmhouse, toward which we were going, was situated in the midst of three thousand acres, part cultivated and part in prairie. We stop before a wooden structure built



PROPESSOR MILTON L. COMSTOCK.

Professor Comstock was born October 10, 1814, in Has a great farm in the suburbs. The name County, Ohio, and graduated from Knox College in 1831. Under the necessity of making his own way be be teacher some years before his graduation. He was pri of Knox Academy from 1851 to 1854, when he ren lowa, where he was for a time editor of the "lowa Fare

on the usual plan, with a stoop leading century; French women in politics; origin to it, and the indispensable walks. The of Greek art, etc. Would one expect such mistress of the house comes to meet us, interest in the affairs of the Old World in There is not a shadow of provincial cere- a prairie village? For a town of eighteen mony in her greeting. She takes us into thousand inhabitants is little more than a a drawing-room furnished in black hair- village in the United States. cloth, and we are immediately engaged village has certainly a mind superior in in conversation upon interesting subjects. quality to that of many large towns.

About one o'clock dinner was served, a strictly American dinner: soup of canned path carrying a young man and a young oysters, roast meats, stewed corn, raw girl. I asked the professor who drove me, celery, rhubarb pie, wild grapes that if they were engaged. "They may become tasted like black currants, hickory nuts, so," he replied, "but not necessarily." tea or coffee, as you preferred. Two And I see that this austere man compreyoung girls waited on the table; they hends, approves this state of things; and the house. They are obliged to assist with fathers of families whom I have met, in the housework during one of these do- New York and elsewhere, finding it quite

In one of our drives a buggy crossed our were presented to me as the children of upon this point he is of the opinion of all

> natural for their daughters to ride horseback, to go and come, accompanied by a friend. Still I do not know that his tolerance would be equal to that of many others, in case some one ventured to put the theory into practice in his own family.

> The longer I stayed in Galesburg, the more I felt its resemblance to some little university

annexation of Prussia. There is the same As we talk, I discover that the life of a simplicity, the same veneration for science farmer's wife is rather severe in America, and its representatives, the same patriarchal where the farm-houses are at great dis- manners. The German spirit, shown by a tances from each other, and are upon such general knowledge of the language, prevails an immense scale that the housewife's here, too, as in many other American towns. duties are by no means small. She has no the result of immigration, of a more or less distractions, no neighbors. But in winter pronounced stay made by the professors in my hostess finds compensation at Gales- Germany, and also of that prestige inseparburg, where she belongs to a literary club. able from the victorious when seen from The ladies who are members of it, can read afar. The most of the inhabitants do not much during the summer in connection speak French, though a few recall with



mestic crises so common in the West and town in Germany, as they were before the nearly everywhere.

with the proposed subjects of the coming delight a hurried visit to Paris, meetings. I inquired about the subjects, and learned a number of them; the Troubadours and the Trouvères (the Romance languages being held in great honor in the

COLLEGE MARRIAGES.

My questions were always about the United States, and many people who do system of co-education with its advannot speak French fluently going into ecs- tages and dangers. The pretty wife of tasies over our old Provençal literature); the president replied to me: "We, my husthe influence of the salons of the fourteenth band and I, can say no harm of it, since daughter of my host married in the same strict rules. way, after having received all the diplomas

of the college.

years?"

"But these marriages are premature!"

until the man's position is secure. The to a long test,"

we met and loved at college." The elder of his neighbor without the intervention of

My conclusion, after having heard all, is that the system would not succeed in a "Yes, many marriages are decided at larger city where an incessant moral surcollege; is there any harm in it? Would wellance could not be exercised, or where it be better to meet in society, in the midst religious influences would be less direct, or of frivolity? Do they not become much where there would be temptations, or even better acquainted, and in a more interest- distractions. The still primitive manners ing way, when they study together for of the West permit the realization of what would elsewhere be a Utopia. Many other colleges are founded upon the same basis "Not at all; they do not take place as Knox, and this proves an uprightness of soul, fresh and robust virtues, to which it constancy of the two parties is often put has seemed to me that the more Europeanized America of the East does not give





Tell CM States

work?"

smile. An American thinks of a wife only enough acquainted after having thought of his serious duties The brilliant and almost unique example of the very young president of Knox, who efforts and great success.

and healthful. Each respects the dignity lance of the West.

"And does not love distract you from sufficient justice. Between the two sections, in the West as in the East, there This very French reflection caused a are prejudices, because they are not well

The wild odors of the prairie do not preand first of the means of supporting her, vent me from appreciating certain drawingrooms in Boston or New York. But I have often been shocked at the willing ignorance at thirty years of age has lately succeeded which Americans who have crossed the a universally esteemed man, forced by his ocean ten times, profess for the still new age to a comparative leisure, proves that portions of their own country, as if the college engagements do not prevent great treasures of the future were not buried there. I left Galesburg with regret. I I was asked if I had seen anything either afterwards returned to it from a long disin the college or the town which suggested tance. I think of it yet with respect and any of the disadvantages of which I spoke, with sympathy. It would be a great pleas-Assuredly no. It was because they did not ure for me to take my "knitting" there, exist. The atmosphere of Knox is clear as I was invited to do in the frank par-

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE RENO GANG.

STORIES FROM THE ARCHIVES OF THE PINKERTON DETECTIVE AGENCY.

By CLEVELAND MOFFETT.

ing, band of train robbers that ever of law at defiance. operated in the United States was the noperate outlaws who, in the years immediately following the war, committed crimes without number in Missouri and Indiana, and for some years terrorized several counties in the region about Seymour in the last-named State. The leaders of this band were four brothers, John Reno, Frank Reno, "Sim" Reno, and William Reno, who rivalled each other in a spirit of lawlessness that must have been born in their blood through the union of a hardy Swiss emigrant with a woman sprung from the Pennsylvania Dutch. Of the six children from this marriage only one escaped the restless, law-despising taint that made the others desperate characters, this single sible. white sheep being "Clint" Reno, familiarly known as "Honest" Reno, and much despised by the rest of the family for his peaceful ways. Even Laura Reno, the one daughter, famed throughout the West for her beauty, loved danger and adventure, was an expert horsewoman, an unerring shot, and as quick with her gun as any man. Laura fairly worshipped her desperado brothers, whom she aided in more than one of their criminal undertakings, shielding them from justice when hardpressed, and swearing to avenge them when retribution overtook them after their day of triumph.

During the war the Renos had become notorious as "bounty jumpers," and at its close, with a fine scorn for the ways of dashing young fellows, all well-built, handsome boys, cast about for further means of excitement and opportunities to make an outlawry, the Reno band strenuously obeasy living. Beginning their operations in robberies, they soon proved themselves so reckless in their daring, so fertile in expe-

HE first, and probably the most dar- region under contribution, setting all forms

John Reno and Frank Reno, the elder torious Reno gang, an association of des- brothers, were at this time the dominating spirits of the band, and they soon associated with them several of the most skilful and notorious counterfeiters and safe burglars in the country, among these being Peter McCartney, James and Robert Rittenhouse, George McKay, John Dean, alias "California Nelse," and William Hopkins. The band soon came to be named with the greatest dread and awe, good citizens fearing to speak a word of censure lest swift punishment be visited upon them. Reno influence made itself felt even in local politics, corrupt officials being elected at the instigation of the outlaws; so that their conviction became practically impos-

A SERIES OF DARING TRAIN ROBBERIES.

The Renos, toward the end of 1866, began a series of train robberies which were carried out with such perfection of organization, such amazing coolness, and such uniform success as to attract national attention. The first of these robberies took place on the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad, being accomplished by only four men, Frank and John Reno, assisted by William Sparks and Charles Other train robberies followed in quick succession, the same methods being used in each, with the same immunity from capture, so that people in this region would say to each other, quite as a matter of commonplace industry, these fierce-hearted, course: "The Reno boys got away with another train yesterday."

But while indulging in its own acts of jected to any rivalry or competition on a small way with house-breaking and store the part of other highwaymen. A train robbery was perpetrated on the Jeffersonville Railroad early in 1867. The Renos dients, so successful in their coups, that they had no connection with this robbery. quickly extended their field until, in the It was accomplished by two young men early part of 1866, they had placed a wide named Michael Collins and Walker Ham-

mond, the two men escaping with six thou- ceeded in his task. While Reno was starthe Adams Express Company. But their he was suddenly surrounded and seized by horses had carried them only a short distance from the looted train when they found themselves surrounded by the formidable Renos, who had quietly watched the robbery from a place of concealment, and now unceremoniously relieved the robbers of their plunder. Not content with this, and as if to intimidate others from like trespasses on their preserves, the Renos used their influence to have their rivals arrested for the crime by which they had profited so little, and both were subsequently tried, convicted, and sentenced to long terms in the Indiana Penitentiary. The Renos meantime, although they were known to have secured and kept the six thousand dollars, were allowed to go unmolested, and continued their depredations.

Up to this time the Reno gang had confined their operations, for the most part, to Indiana, but now they began to make themselves felt in Missouri, where a number of daring crimes were committed; notably, the robbing of the county treasurer's safe at Gallatin, in Daviess County. In this last act John Reno was known to have been personally concerned. The case was placed in the hands of Allan Pinkerton.

THE ADROIT CAPTURE OF JOHN RENO.

Taking up the investigation with his accustomed energy, Mr. Pinkerton traced John Reno back to Seymour, Indiana, where the gang was so strongly intrenched in the midst of corrupt officials and an intimidated populace, that any plan of open arrest was out of the question. Recognizing this, Allan Pinkerton had recourse to the cunning of his craft. He began by stationing in Seymour a trustworthy assistant, who was instructed on a given day, and at a given hour, to decoy John Reno to the railroad station on any pretence that might suggest itself. Then he arranged to have half a dozen Missourians, the biggest and most powerful fellows he could find, led by the sheriff of Daviess County, board an express train on the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad, at Cincinnati, and ride through to Seymour, arriving there at the time agreed upon with his assistant. Along with them was to be a constable bearing all the papers necessary to execute a requisition.

When the train reached Seymour there was the usual crowd lounging about the station, and in it were John Reno and Mr. Pinkerton's lieutenant, who had entirely suc-

sand dollars, taken from a messenger of ing at the passengers as they left the train, a dozen strong arms, and before his friends could rally to his aid, or realize what was happening, he was clapped in irons, carried aboard the train, and soon was rolling away to Missouri under arrest.

> Reno's friends stoutly contested the case in the Missouri courts, arguing that the prisoner had been kidnapped and that the law had therefore been violated by his captors. The courts decided against them on this point, however, and John Reno, with several less important members of the gang, was tried and convicted. was sentenced to twenty-five years of hard labor in the Missouri Penitentiary.

THE BANDITS GROW BOLDER AND BOLDER.

This was the first break in the ranks of the band, the first instance in which they had suffered for their crimes. But the bold spirit of the organization was still un-Three brothers still remained to broken. replace the one who was gone, and, so far from learning caution, the band launched forthwith into still more daring and frequent offences. Trains were "held up" right and left, robberies were committed, and early in 1868 the gang made a famous raid across the country through Indiana and Illinois, robbing safes in county treasurers' offices in a number of places. several instances some of the members were arrested, but they always managed to have the prosecution quashed or in some way to escape conviction. In the spring of 1868 their operations became so outrageous, and the situation so serious, that Allan Pinkerton was again called upon to do something in the cause of public safety.

In March of this year the safe of the county treasurer at Magnolia, Harrison County, Iowa, was robbed of about fourteen thousand dollars, and Allan Pinkerton detailed his son, William A. Pinkerton, and two assistants to run down the burglars. Arrived at the scene of the robbery, William A. Pinkerton found that the thieves had made their escape on a hand-car, and had gone in the direction of Council Bluffs. At this time, in Council Bluffs, there was a low saloon kept by a man who had formerly lived in Seymour, and who was known as a bad character. It was decided to keep a sharp watch on this resort, William A. Pinkerton reasoning that since Seymour was the friendly refuge of the Renos, it was altogether likely that the outlaws would

have a friend, and perhaps an abettor, in the by the news that the safe of the county saloon-keeper who had once lived there, treasurer at Glenwood, in Mills County, After two days' watching, the detectives about thirty miles distant, had been robbed observed a large man of dark complexion the previous night. No trace had yet enter the saloon and engage in close conversation with the proprietor, having with him, evidently, some mysterious business.

A SUBSTANTIAL CITIZEN OF COUNCIL BLUFFS COMPROMISED.

Investigation disclosed this man to be Michael Rogers, a prominent and wealthy citizen of Council Bluffs, and the owner of Investigation soon made this absolutely an extensive property in the adjoining counties. that he had found a clue, Mr. Pinkerton put a "shadow" on Rogers, and hurried back to Magnolia, where he learned that, on the day preceding the robbery, Rogers had been seen in Magnolia, where he had paid his taxes, and in doing so had loitered previous suspicions and discoveries, Mr. for some time in the treasurer's office. This also looked suspicious. But, on the other hand, search as he might, the detective could find nothing against Rogers's his suspicions, laughed at him, declaring character, every one testifying to his entire respectability.

Still unconvinced, Mr. Pinkerton returned to Council Bluffs, where he was informed by the man who had been "shadowing" Rogers that several strange men had been seen to enter Rogers's house, and had not been seen to come out again. The watch was continued more closely indignant at the intrusion. than ever, and after four days of patient waiting, Rogers, accompanied by three Mr. Pinkerton. strangers, was seen to leave the house cautiously and take a west-bound train on Rogers. the Pacific Railroad. One of these men, a brawny, athletic fellow, nearly six feet tall, and about twenty-eight years of age, Mr. Pinkerton shrewdly suspected was Frank Reno, although he could not be certain, never having seen Frank Reno. Feeling sure that, if his suspicions were correct, the men would ultimately return to Rogers's house, Mr. Pinkerton did not follow them on the train, but contented himself with

been got of the thieves, but everything indicated that they were the same men who had robbed the safe at Magnolia. One remarkable point of similarity in the two cases was the means employed by the robbers in escaping, a hand-car having been used also by the Glenwood thieves. And they, too, were believed to have fled in the direction of Council Bluffs. certain, for the missing hand-car was Puzzled, but still persuaded found lying beside the railroad, a short distance from the Council Bluffs station.

ROGERS AND HIS GUESTS ARRESTED.

Putting these new disclosures beside his Pinkerton was further strengthened in his distrust of the man Rogers, and, although the local authorities, to whom he revealed that Rogers was one of the most respectable citizens of the State, he resolved to attempt an arrest. Proceeding to Rogers's house with all the force he could command. he placed a guard at front and rear, and then, with a few attendants, made his way inside. The first person he met was Mr. Rogers himself, who affected to be very

"Who have you in this house?" asked

"Nobody but my family," answered Mr.

"We'll see about that," answered Mr. Pinkerton, and then, turning to his men, he ordered them to search the premises.

They did so, and soon came upon the three strangers, who were taken so completely by surprise that they made no effort at resistance. They were about to sit down to breakfast, which was spread for them in the kitchen. A comparison with photographs and descriptions left no doubt that keeping the strictest watch for their return. one of the three was Frank Reno. A sec-The very next morning the same four men ond—a man of dark complexion, tall, and were discovered coming back to the house well built-proved to be Albert Perkins, from the direction of the railroad. But a well-known member of the Reno gang. at that hour no train was due, which was a The third was none other than the notorilittle curious; and another curious point ous Miles Ogle, the youngest member of was that they were all covered with mud, the band, who afterwards came to be known and bore marks of having been engaged as the most expert counterfeiter in the in some severe, rough labor. The hour United States. Ogle, at the present time, was early. The dwellers in Council Bluffs is in the Ohio Penitentiary, serving his were not yet astir. A little later the city third term of imprisonment. At his last was thrown into a fever of excitement capture there were found in his possession some of the best counterfeit plates ever

While they were securing the four men, the detectives noticed that smoke was curling out of the kitchen stove, accompanied by a sudden blaze. Mr. Pinkerton pulled off a lid, and found on the coals several packages of banknotes, already on fire. Fortunately, the notes had been so tightly wrapped together that only a few of them were destroyed before the packages were Those that remained were afterwards identified as of the money that had been stolen from the Glenwood safe. There was thus no question that these were the robbers so long sought for. A further search of the house brought to light two sets of burglars' tools, which served as cumulative evidence.

The men were carried to Glenwood by the next train. They were met by a great and excited crowd, and for a time were in danger of lynching. Better counsel prevailed, however, and they were placed in the jail to await trial.

A MYSTERIOUS ESCAPE.

With the men in secure, safe custody, there was no doubt of their ultimate conviction, and everyone was breathing easier at the thought that at last the Reno gang was robbed of its terrors. Then suddenly -no one will ever know how it happened —the prisoners made their escape. Great was the surprise and chagrin of the sheriff of Mills County, when, on the morning of April 1, 1868, he entered the jail only to find their cells empty. A big hole sawed through the wall told by what way they had made their exit. They left behind the mocking salutation "April Fool," scrawled in chalk over the floors and walls of the jail.

A large reward was offered for the capture of the robbers, but nothing was heard of them until two months later when an express car on the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad was boarded at Marshfield, Indiana, by a gang of masked men, and robbed of ninety-eight thousand dollars. The messenger made a brave resistance, but could not cope with the robbers, who lifted him bodily and hurled him out of the car, down a steep embankment, while the train was running at high speed.

Reno brothers as the authors of this outrage, for, by frequent repetition, their methevidence that it was the work of the of the band.

Renos, from secret agents whom he had stationed at Seymour to watch the doings of the gang. Two of these agents engaged apparently in business at Seymour. one setting up as a saloon-keeper in a rough part of the town, another taking railroad employment which kept him constantly near the station. A third made a wide acquaintance by passing off for a gambler and general good fellow. So successful were they that Allan Pinkerton was soon in possession of facts proving not only that the Marshfield robbery had been committed by the Renos, but that another train robbery which followed was executed by John Moore, Charles Gerroll, William Sparks, and three others, all members of the Reno organization. Moore, Gerroll. and Sparks were arrested shortly after. and placed on a train to be taken from Seymour to Brownstown, the county seat. But they never reached their destination. As the train stopped at a small station some miles from Brownstown, a band of masked men, well armed, rushed on board, overpowered the officers, hurried the three outlaws away to a neighboring farm-yard, and there strung them up to a beech tree, while an old German, who owned the farm, looked on approvingly.

THE VIGILANCE COMMITTEE OF SOUTHERN INDIANA.

This was the first act of retributive justice done by the Secret Vigilance Committee of Southern Indiana, an organization as extraordinary as the situation it was created to deal with. The entire population of that part of Indiana seemed to have risen in self-defence to crush out lawless-A second act followed several days later, when three other men who had been concerned in the latest train robbery, having been captured by the county officials, were taken from their hands and condemned to the same fate as their companions. Each one, as he was about to be swung off, was asked by the maskers if he had anything to say. The first two shook their heads sullenly and died without speaking. The third, standing on a barrel with the rope round his neck, looked over the crowd with contemptuous bravado, and nning at high speed.

All the facts in the case pointed to the Hoosiers," said he was glad he was not of their class, and was proud to die as a good Republican. The barrel was kicked away. ods of robbery had become familiar. Allan the rope stiffened with his weight, and Pinkerton, furthermore, obtained precise there ended the career of the sixth member price was placed on their heads, and be-diana. trayal came quickly. William and "Sim" placed in jail.

The Vigilance stronger and more determined every day, the men were surrendered into the hands now scoured the whole country for other of Allan Pinkerton, who was delegated by members of the gang or for persons be- the United States Government to receive lieved to be in sympathy with it. They literally went on the "war path" through this whole region of Indiana, and it went ill with any poor wretch who incurred their suspicion. Like the "White Caps" of the present day, they sent warnings to all who came on their black list, and administered by night, and sometimes by regardless of cost and time, the prosecuday, such promiscuous floggings and other tion was continued until it issued thus sucforms of punishment that the tough and cessfully. criminal element of the region was entirely cowed, and feared to raise a hand in defence be in Windsor at this time, and he was of the Renos as it had previously done. Up known to have had a hand in the Marshto the time the Vigilance Committee was field robbery. But he escaped arrest and formed, not a member of the Reno gang remained securely in Windsor for a year or had been convicted in that locality, largely because the people were afraid to testify against them. They knew that if they glary done at Tolono, Illinois. On coming should testify their stock would be killed, out, he joined the notorious McCartney their barns burned, and they themselves gang of counterfeiters, and had many narwaylaid and beaten. This was the reason row escapes. offered for the formation of the Vigilance Committee of Southern Indiana. Whether a justification or not, the committee must certainly be credited with having rid the derson, Allan Pinkerton chartered a tug to State of a monstrous evil.

THE MEN WHO ESCAPED AT GLENWOOD.

In the excitement of other events the Pinkertons had not forgotten the men who had escaped from the Glenwood jail. They finally traced Miles Ogle and Albert Perkins to Indianapolis, and there Ogle The prisoners were carried on to Clevewas captured, but Perkins escaped. Frank land by another boat, and from there were Reno was discovered a little later in Wind-hurried on by rail to New Albany, where sor, Canada, where he was living with they were placed in jail along with "Sim" Charles Anderson, a professional burglar, and William Reno.
safe-blower, and "short-card" gambler,
who had fled to Canada to escape prosecuReno gang occurred about a month later,

Hard times followed for the surviving engaged was prospering, and as "Frank Renos. Realizing that their power was Coming," if it was not prospering. He and broken, they fled in various directions. Anderson were now arrested on a charge The three brothers-Frank, William, and of robbery and of assault with intent to "Sim"—though still at large, were not kill, in the case of the express messenger left long to enjoy their liberty. A large hurled from his car at Marshfield, In-Under this form their offence became extraditable, and after a long trial were arrested soon after in Indianapolis before the stipendiary or government and turned over to the local authorities, magistrate, Gilbert McMicken, at Windsor, who, in order to avoid the Vigilance Com- the men were ordered for extradition. mittee, took the prisoners to New Albany, Aided by the ablest lawyers, they carried in an adjoining county, where they were their case, however, to the highest court in Canada. But the decision of the lower Committee, growing court was affirmed, and in October, 1868, them. It was due to the patience and persistence of Mr. Alfred Gaither, the Western manager of the Adams Express Company, and his then assistant, Mr. L. C. Weir, now president of the company, and to the general policy of the company to permit no compromise with thieves, that,

> Michael Rogers was also discovered to two. Later, though, he reached the peni-The last known of him, grown an old man, he was living quietly on a farm in Texas.

> Made at last secure of Reno and Ancarry them to Cleveland, and thus avoid the friends who, as he had reason to know, were waiting across the river in Detroit to effect a rescue. When the tug had gone about twenty miles it was run down by a large steamer and sunk, the passengers, including the prisoners, being saved from drowning with the greatest difficulty.

The final passage in the history of the Reno, operating with Anderson, in the latter part of November, 1868, when made a practice of registering as "Frank one day a passenger car was dropped off. Going," if the enterprise in which he was at Seymour, Indiana, some distance from

ing men, who wore Scotch caps and black command of a tall, dark-haired man addressed by every one as "No. 1." Although there were at least fifty of these men, it is a remarkable fact, developed in a subsequent investigation, that the conductor of the incident, declaring that he did not enter the car, and knew nothing of its being attached to his train. It is certain the company of masked men did everything in their power to avoid attention, scarcely speaking to each other during the ride, and making all their movements as noiseless as possible.

SWIFT JUSTICE AT LAST.

o'clock in the morning. The car was detached, and was presently emptied of its fifty men as silently and mysteriously as it had been filled. A few hurried commands were given by "No. 1," and then the company marched in quiet order to the jail. refusal and the shining barrel of a revolver. There followed an exchange of shots, in which the sheriff received a ball in the arm, and two local police officers were captured. ters in the corridors of the jail. Then having locked the doors of the jail, leaving the prisoners secure, they made their way silently back to the New Albany station, reaching there in time to catch the train that drew out at half past three A. M. The same special car in which they had come at the switch when Seymour was reached. This was just before daybreak on a dreary **November** morning.

Who these fifty men were was never dis-Reno and Anderson had been extradited of Indiana.

There was nothing remarka- from Great Britain, the general governble in this, nor did the car attract any at- ment made an investigation. It was rutention. That night a train passing through mored, however, and generally understood. Seymour took up the car and drew it away. that the company included some of the A few people about the station when the most prominent people in Seymour, among car was taken up remembered afterwards others a number of railroad and express that this car was filled with strange look- employees. It was found that at the time of the lynching all the telegraph wires cloth masks, and seemed to be under the leading from New Albany had been cut, so that it was noon of the following day before the country learned of it.

The newspapers described the leader of the party as a man of unusual stature, who wore a handsome diamond ring on the litthe train could remember nothing about tle finger of his right hand. Later some significance was attached to the fact that a well-known railroad official, who answered this description as to stature, and who had always worn a handsome diamond ring previous to the lynching, ceased to wear his ring for several years afterward.

After the execution of her brothers it was rumored that Laura Reno had taken an oath to devote the rest of her life to avenging them; and for a moment there were threats and mutterings of reprisals The train reached New Albany at two from allies or surviving members of the gang. But these latter were not heard again after a certain morning, the third day after the execution, when the people of Seymour, on leaving their homes, were startled to see on the walls and in other public places large posters proclaiming Arrived there they summoned the jailer to that if any property was injured or deopen the doors, but were met with a firm stroyed, or any persons molested or assaulted, or if there was any further talk in regard to recent happenings, some twentyfive persons, therein frankly named, who were known to be sympathizers with the Without loss of time the jail doors were Renos, or to be more or less intimately battered down; the company entered, and connected with them, had better beware. taking the three Reno brothers and their And as for the sister's deadly oath, she friend, Charles Anderson, from their cells, did no act in proof of the violent intenplaced nooses that they had ready around tions imputed to her, but instead subsethe men's necks, and hung them to the raf-quently became the wife of a respectable man, and settled down to a useful life, though a much more commonplace one than she had previously known. John Reno, after serving fifteen years in the Missouri Penitentiary, was released, and is said to be at present living on the old farm. "Clint" Reno, or "Honest" Reno, always was coupled to this train, and dropped off stayed at the old homestead, and has never been willing to speak of his brothers or of what happened to them. Sevmour, purged of the evil influences that corrupted it, has grown into a thriving and beautiful little covered, although, because of the fact that city, and is to-day one of the model towns

IOURNALISM.

A LECTURE DELIVERED TO THE STUDENTS OF UNION COLLEGE.

By Charles A. Dana. Editor of "The Sun."

MR. PRESIDENT, GENERAL BUTTER- neer who stands behind and lets on the tensely grateful to General Butterfield and man, it is the opportunity of meeting indesire is that this shall be a practical occasion, I want to say at the beginning that if any part of the subject, as I go to be sufficiently explained and elucidated, up and ask the questions that you wish to have answered.

The profession of journalism is com- their merits. paratively new. It really is, as it exists to-day, an affair of the last forty or fifty referred to, was quite unknown. whole world, and of all that has been at the bottom come out at the top. going on in it—all the sciences, all the ideas, all the achievements, all the new lights that influence the destiny of mankind—all that was entirely out of the question. There was no such apparatus; and it has been created by the necessities of the public and by the genius of a few men, who have invented, step by step, the machinery and the methods that are indispensable, and without which we could not undertake to do what we do.

PROMOTION IN JOURNALISM IS ACCORDING TO ONE'S FACULTY.

Of course, the most essential part of this great mechanism is not the mechanism itself; it is the intelligence, the brains, and the sense of truth and honor that reside in the men who conduct it and make it a vehicle of usefulness, or, it may be, of mischief; because what is useful can just as easily be turned to mischief if the engi- engine.

FIELD AND GENTLEMEN: I am in- steam is of an erroneous disposition.

The number of intellectual young men President Webster for the opportunity of who are looking at this new profession, appearing before you to-day. If there is which, for the want of a better name, we anything in life that is delightful to an old call the profession of journalism, is very great. I suppose that I receive myself telligent and earnest young men, and tell- every day, taking one day with another, ing them something out of his experience half a dozen letters from men, many of that may be useful to them; and as our them college graduates, asking for employment, and for an opportunity of showing what is in them. Of course, they cannot all get it in the same paper. Now and over it, shall not seem to any one of you then one obtains a place, but generally the rule that is observed in all well-organized I shall be very much obliged if you will get newspaper offices is that the boys who began at the beginning are taken up step by step, in accordance with their faculties and This is so because, as we know in college, it is impossible that there should be any imposture which sets a man's years. When I began to practise it in a abilities above their real value, since in the weekly paper the apparatus which we have daily intercourse and the daily competinow, and which General Butterfield has tion of study and of recitation the real The worth of a man's brain is demonstrated, so sheets which we daily take in our hands, that there is never any doubt. So it is in and from which we gather a view of the a newspaper office. The boys who begin the same time, these boys do not all start out with the best outfit, that is to say, with the best education; and I have known very distinguished authorities who whether high education was of any great use to a journalist. Horace Greelev told me several times that the real newspaper man was the boy who had slept on newspapers and ate ink. Although I served him for years, and we were very near in our personal relations, I think he always had a little grudge against me because I came up through a college.

Now, here before us are a number of young gentlemen who, I have no doubt, will be led to embrace this profession. We know that among a certain number of students there are so many doctors, so many clergymen, so many lawyers-sometimes too many lawyers—and there are also, of course, a considerable number who are looking forward to this great civilizing engine of the press; and it is a great

Just consider the clergyman. preaches two or three times in a week, and trying to learn. he has for his congregation two hundred, three hundred, five hundred, and, if he is a great popular orator in a great city, he may have a thousand hearers; but the newspaper man is the stronger, because, throughout all the avenues of newspaper communication, how many does he preach A million, half a million, two hundred thousand people; and his preaching is not on Sundays only, but it is every He reiterates, he says it over and over, and finally the thing gets fixed in men's minds from the mere habit of saving it and hearing it; and, without criticising, without inquiring whether it is really so, the newspaper dictum gets established and is taken for gospel; and perhaps it is not gospel at all.

SCHOOLS OF JOURNALISM.

In regard to this profession there are two stages, and we will consider each of them separately. The first is the stage of preparation. What sort of preparation, what sort of preliminary education, should a man have who means to devote himself to this business? There are some colleges which have lately introduced schools of journalism, or departments of journalism, where they propose to teach the art of newspaper making, to instruct the student in the methods that he should employ, and to fit him out so that he can go to a newspaper office and make a newspaper.

Well, I will not say that is not useful. I do not know that there is, in any intellectual study, or in any intellectual pursuit, or in any intellectual occupation that is followed with zeal and attention, anything that can be described as useless. No, I do not know of anything, if you really learn it, although it may seem to your is certainly a great utility and a profound of any great value as a practical worker to get the thing exactly as it is. The man

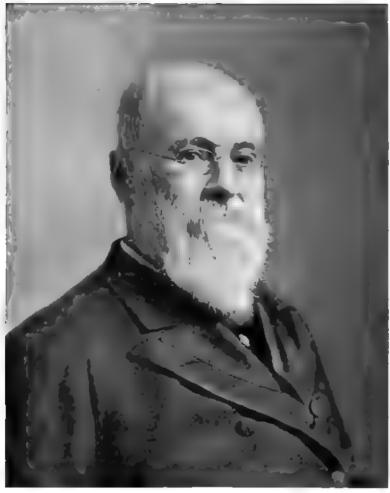
He in the newspaper work that he had been

In fact, it seems to me, if I may be allowed a little criticism, that the colleges generally are rather branching out too much, until they are inclined to take the whole universe into their curriculum, and to teach things which do not exactly belong there. Give the young man a firstclass course of general education; and if I could have my way, every young man who is going to be a newspaper man, and who is not absolutely rebellious against it, should learn Greek and Latin after the good old fashion. I had rather take a young fellow who knows the Ajax of Sophocles, and who has read Tacitus, and can scan every ode of Horace, I would rather take him to report a prize-fight or a spelling match, for instance, than to take one who has never had those advantages. I believe in the colleges; I believe in high education; but I do not believe in scattering your fire before you are in the face of the enemy.

THE BEST TIME TO BEGIN TO LEARN JOUR-NALISM.

When you begin to practise the profession of a newspaper man, then is the best time to begin to learn it; but while you are in college, with the daily series of professors and all the appliances of study that belong to the college, make the best of them, and pursue vigorously those studies that give accuracy in learning, and that give fidelity and accuracy in recitation. The great end of education, President Walker used to say, is to be able to tell what you know; and he used to say, too, that some bright men carried it so far that they were able to tell a great deal they did not know.

There is no question that accuracy, the next neighbor around the corner rather faculty of seeing a thing as it is, of knowtrivial, that is not useful after all. There ing, for instance, that it is two and onequarter and not two and three-eighths, and science in baseball, and the man who pur- saving so, is one of the first and most sues it and acquires it has acquired some-precious ends of a good education. Next thing that will be useful to him. He has to that I would put the ability to know how got a knowledge, he has got an intellec- and where most promptly to look for what tual discipline, that will be valuable all his you don't know, and what you want to life through. So it is with every study know. Thirdly, I would put Dr. Walker's that a man may pursue, so that we cannot great object, being able to tell what you say that anything is useless. But as for know, and to tell it accurately, precisely, these departments of journalism in the without exaggeration, without prejudice, colleges, I have never found that a student the fact just as it is, whether it be a report or graduate who had pursued that depart- of a baseball game or of a sermon or of a ment, instead of pursuing other studies, was lecture on electricity; whatever it may be,



CHARLES A DANA. PROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDERSON, NEW YORK

the winter evenings by the firelight, and say, but perhaps his mistakes were more

who can do that is a very well educated never wasting a chance of learning something. But he lacked one of the most In addition come the qualities of per- precious faculties, which it is another great sonal talent and genius. Now, genius is a object of the college education to cultigreat factor. When we think of such a vate and bring out, and that is what we genius as the one I have just mentioned, will call the critical faculty, the judgment the late Mr. Greeley, why, our minds may which, when a proposition is stated to you well be filled with admiration. I do not or a fact is reported, looks at it calmly and suppose more than one or two gentlemen says; "That is true," or else, "That is here ever knew Mr. Greeley personally; false;" the judgment, the instinct—the but he was a man of immense ability, of developed and cultivated instinct-which instincts of extraordinary correctness in knows the truth when it is presented, and many respects, and of the power of expres- detects error when it comes masquerading sion, of telling what he knew, in a delight- before you, without the necessity of any fully picturesque, humorous way which long examination to ascertain whether it not merely instructed the hearer and reader, is truth or error. This great man of whom but gave him a sense of delight and satis- I am speaking, this great and brilliant faction from the mere art that was applied journalist, one of the greatest we have in the telling. He had had no great advan- produced, was deficient in that faculty, so tages of education. He had to pick up that sometimes he was mistaken. We are his education as he went along, reading in all of us mistaken occasionally, I dare writing and his rare genius.

Now, as for the preliminary studies of the journalist, apart from the ancient languages, whose importance, I think, cannot be overestimated; and the reason why this importance, in my judgment, is so great, not know three or four of those old lanknows three, if he knows the old Teutonic, knowledge does not really know the Engabilities of expression which are in it. Certainly, without Greek and Latin no man knows English; and without Teutonic no man's knowledge of English is perfect.

A THOROUGH KNOWLEDGE OF ENGLISH THE FIRST REQUISITE.

The first thing for the man who is looking forward to this profession, in which the use of the English language is the main thing—since it is the instrument that he must apply continually for the expression of ideas and for the dissemination of knowledge—is to know this language thoroughly; and that is the very cornerstone of the education that a journalist should look forward to and should labor after, and should neglect no opportunity of improving himself in.

After a knowledge of the English language comes, of course, in regular order, the practice, the cultivation of the ability to use it, the development of that art which in its latest form we call style, and which distinguishes one writer from andifficult to tell in what it consists. I sup- work. pose it is in the combination of imagination and humor, with the entire command of the word-resources of the language, all applied together in the construction of sentences. I suppose that is what makes style. It is a very precious gift, but it is not a gift that can always be acquired by practice or by study.

It may be added that certainly, in its highest perfection, it can never be acinstance, that everybody who should en-

conspicuous because of his great power in years ago in Boston, and his style is of the most beautiful and remarkable character. As a specimen of it, let me suggest to you his essay on Napoleon Bonaparte. was, perhaps, the very best of the critical analysis of Napoleon that succeeded the period of Napoleon worship which had is that they lie at the foundation of our run all over the world. Channing's style own language; and the man who does was sweet, pure, and delightful, without having those surprises, those extraordinary guages, or, at least, two of them-if he felicities, that mark the styles of some writers. It was perfectly simple, transluall the better—the man who has not that cent throughout, without effort, never leaving you in any doubt as to the idea; and you lish language, and does not command its closed the book with the feeling that you wonderful resources, all the subtleties and had fallen in with a most sympathetic mind, whose instructions you might sometimes accept or sometimes reject, but whom you could not regard without entire respect and admiration.

Another example of a very beautiful and admirable style which is well worth study is that of Nathaniel Hawthorne. In his writings we are charmed with the new sense and meaning that he seems to give to familiar words. It is like reading a new language to take a chapter of Hawthorne; yet it is perfectly lovely, because, with all its suggestiveness, it is perfectly clear; and when you have done with it you wish you could do it yourself.

A KNOWLEDGE OF POLITICS THE SECOND REQUISITE.

The next thing that I would dwell upon would be the knowledge of politics, and especially of American politics. This is a very hard subject. Its history is difficult. If you go back to the foundation of the republic, you find it was extremely complicated even then; and it requires very careful study and a very elevated impar-This style is something of such tiality to make your analysis at all satisevanescent, intangible nature that it is factory to yourself as you go through the

Still, it is indispensable to a man who means to fill an important place in journalism, and all who begin upon it certainly have that intention. No young man goes into any profession without a good degree of ambition; no young man can carry his ambition very far in journalism—I mean, in general, universal journalism, not in special; no man can carry his ambition very far who does not know politics, and quired by practice. I do not believe, for in order to know politics there must be in the man some natural disposition for polideavor to acquire such a style as the late tics. I have often been appealed to by Dr. Channing possessed could succeed in friends, who said: "Can't you take this doing so. He was a famous writer fifty young man and give him employment?"

Then I will watch that young man for a into journalism. part of the paper, and is interested in that, expenses. why, that is a good symptom of his intellectual tendencies; but if, instead of that, he takes up a magazine and sits down to read a love story, why, you cannot make a newspaper man out of him.

always in demand, and to bring pretty sphere of activity which the generoushearted and courageous youth looks forward to.

In order to be of importance in the affairs of this world in the newspaper profession you must be a politician, and you must know not merely the theories and doctrines of parties, not merely the recondite part of politics, but you must know practical politics, the history, the men, the individuals, their ideas, their purposes, and their deeds; know them, if you can, as they really are, not as the blind and the prejudiced may imagine them to be.

Now, Mr. Greeley is my great exemplar in journalism. He thought a newspaper just the number of votes in every township in the State of New York, and in every voting precinct, and who could not tell whether the returns from the second district of Pound Ridge, in Westchester County, were correctly reported or not, without sending to the place to find out how many votes had really been cast. That was one of his great points of distinction and success; but I would not advise you to labor after that sort of knowledge unless you have inherited a natural Government, you should know where this Republic began, where it came from, and where it belongs in the history of mankind, and what part it is destined to play in the vast drama of human existence. •That is the sort of politics that must apwe are on this point, we may say in passing that an American who thinks another

You must be for the month or so, and see what it is that he Stars and Stripes every time, or the peotakes up in the morning. If he takes up ple of this country won't be for you, and the newspaper and turns to the political you won't sell enough papers to pay your

STUDY THE CONSTITUTION.

In order to understand the theory of the American Government, the most serious, And yet he may make a very good calm, persistent study should be given to writer of love stories; and as that is a the Constitution of the United States. I sort of merchandise which seems to be don't mean learning it by heart, committing it to memory. What you want is to fair prices, why, if you have a talent in understand it, to know the principles at that direction, go ahead. You may make the bottom of it, to feel the impulse of it, a good living, I have no doubt; but you to feel the heart-beat that thrills through will not play any momentous part upon the whole American people. That is the the stage of public affairs, and that is the vitality that is worth knowing; that is the sort of politics that excels all the mysteries of ward elections, and lifts you up into a view where you can see the clear skies, the unknown expanse of the future. And besides the Constitution of the United States, it is well to be acquainted with the Constitutions of all the States. All these Constitutions are more or less modelled upon the central Constitution; but there are differences, and those differences a man ought to know. The citizen of New York ought to understand the Constitution of New York, and for himself get at the reason for this and that provision. for instance, the great question which has occupied the people of New York so man was of little use who did not know long, the question of an elective judiciary or of a judiciary appointed by the governor; which is better, which is right? That is better and that is right, evidently, which gives better judges, and which produces a more equable, steady, consistent, and just administration of law. now, the young man who sets to work and studies out that question has accomplished a great deal; he has got a light in his mind that will go with him a great way, and that will help out his judgment in other things. Supposing that he is contalent for it. But you should understand ducting a newspaper, and is responsible to and appreciate the theory of the American the people for conducting it in an instructive and useful manner, and for having it such that when he says a thing is so the people will know that it is so; the man who knows the Constitutions of the States, of his own State, and of all the principal States, as well as the Constitution of the peal to any intelligent man, and that will United States, is well fitted for conducting surely test his utmost powers. And while a newspaper, or even for administering a government.

The modern newspaper, however, is not country is better than this should not go confined to any neighborhood or to any human action, and especially for political of Holy Scripture? action. The history of France is a chapsuch results been produced? What is there from which this or that effect has proceeded? These are the sort of questions that careful study can bring an answer to; get the answer.

But I do not propose all these things as a course of preparatory study for a young man. You cannot learn everything in a It is as much as many men can do to learn a few things in the lapse of a long life; but at least try to learn something solid, to add to your stock of efficacious knowledge, to add to your understanding of principles, and to feel that as little effort time as possible flung away.

THE NEWSPAPER MAN SHOULD KNOW THE BIBLE, SHAKESPEARE, AND MILTON.

The next point to be attended to is this: what books ought you to read? There are some books that are indispensable—a few books. Almost all books have their use, even the silly ones, and an omnivorous reader, if he reads intelligently, need never feel that his time is wasted, even when he bestows it on the flimsiest trash that is But there are some books that are absolutely indispensable to the kind of education that we are contemplating, and

country. You have got to look beyond can be learned. I am considering it now your own land; you have got to study the not as a religious book, but as a manual history of every European country. You of utility, of professional preparation and must know, first of all, the history of Eng- professional use for a journalist. There is land. We came from England; the Amer- perhaps no book whose style is more sugican Constitution is rooted in English prin- gestive and more instructive, from which ciples and in English history. You want you learn more directly that sublime simto know where it started from. You want plicity which never exaggerates, which reto go into the garden where the seed was counts the greatest event with solemnity, first sown, and watch the growth of this of course, but without sentimentality or great product of wisdom and beneficence affectation, none which you open with such which we call the American Constitution, confidence and lay down with such rev-You see, the course of preparatory study erence; there is no book like the Bible. is pretty large; and it is not very easy; it When you get into a controversy and want must be carried on in earnest. It is not a exactly the right answer, when you are matter of fancy or of play. And so not looking for an expression, what is there merely with the history of England, but that closes a dispute like a verse from the with the history of all of Europe, of every Bible? What is it that sets up the right great and every little country. The course principle for you, which pleads for a policy, of human history offers a safe guide for for a cause, so much as the right passage

Then, everybody who is going to practer that is worthy of the utmost attention tise the newspaper profession ought to that can be given to it. Why have such and know Shakespeare. He is the chief master of English speech. He is the head of English literature. Considered as a writer, considered as a poet, considered as a philosopher, I do not know another who can and without careful study you will never be named with him. He is not merely a constructor of plays that are powerful and impressive when they are shown upon the stage, with all the auxiliaries of lights and scenery and characters; he is a high literary treasure, a mighty storehouse of wisdom, the great glory of the literature of our language; and, if you don't know him, knowing the language may not be of much avail after all. Perhaps that is an exaggeration, and I take it back; but it is an as possible has been wasted and as little object to know Shakespeare; it is indispensable to a journalist.

Then there is another English author who ought not to be neglected by any young man who means to succeed in this profession. I mean John Milton, and I invite your attention to that immortal essay of his, too little known in our day, the Speech for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing. It is a treasury of the highest wisdom, of the noblest sentiments, and of the greatest instruction; study that, and you will get at once the philosophy of English liberty and the highest doctrine that has ever been promulgated, to my knowledge, with regard to the freedom of the press.

When I advise you to make yourselves to the profession that we are considering; familiar with these glories of English litand of all these the most indispensable, erature, I do not say that these writers the most useful, the one whose knowledge ought to be taken as models. Do not take is most effective, is the Bible. There is no any model. Every man has his own natbook from which more valuable lessons ural style, and the thing to do is to develop

it into simplicity and clearness. Do not, little humor in his style, why, his report late Mr. Carlyle, for example, did, in my judgment, a considerable mischief in his day because he led everybody to write after the style of his "French Revolution," and it became pretty tedious. They got over it after a time, however. But it was not a good thing. Let every man write in his own style, taking care only not to be led into any affectation, but to be perfectly clear, perfectly simple, or, in other words, to follow the honored and noble traditions of Union College.

REPORTING.

That is all that it seems to me necessary to say with regard to the studies and the education of the journalist. Now, let us turn to the practice of this profession. One of the parts of the newspaper profession which employs the greatest number of men, and I may also say the greatest amount of talent, is the business of report-In a large newspaper office, as in the "Tribune" in New York, for example, who are attached to the paper as writers, one hundred, sixty or seventy will be re- that fire? a bank breaks, when a great fire takes place, when there is an earthquake, to inquire into the facts and collect inforvery liberally, I am glad to say. instance, I know many reporters who earn earn more. They have constant employ- tell it, write it out. ment, and their labor is entirely agreeable to themselves. That is one of the first things, when a young man comes for employment, and you take him on and give considering is at once brought into action.

for instance, labor after such a style as will be perfect. It must be accurate; it Matthew Arnold's, one of the most beau- must be free from affectation; it must be tiful styles that has ever been seen in any well set forth, so that there shall not be literature. It is no use to try to get an- any doubt as to any part or detail of it; other man's style, or to imitate the wit or and then, if it is enlivened with imaginathe mannerisms of another writer. The tion or with feeling or with humor, why, you have got a literary product that no one need be ashamed of. Thus we see this department of the newspaper is really a high art, and it may be carried to an extraordinary degree towards perfection. At the same time, the cultivated man is not in every case the best reporter. One of the best I ever knew was a man who could not spell four words correctly to save his life, and his verb did not always agree with the subject in person and number; but he always got the fact so exactly, and he saw the picturesque, the interesting, and important aspect of it so vividly, that it was worth another man's while, who possessed the knowledge of grammar and spelling, to go over the report and write it out. Now, that was a man who had genius; he had a talent the most indubitable, and he got handsomely paid in spite of his lack of grammar, because, after his work had been done over by a scholar, it was really beautiful. But any man who is sincere and earnest, and not always thinking about himself, can learn where there may be one hundred men to be a good reporter. He can learn to ascertain the truth; he can acquire the as correspondents, as reporters, and to the habit of seeing. When he looks at a fire, strictly editorial department, out of this what is the most important thing about Here, let us say, are five porters, that is, men who are sent out houses burning; which is the greatest? when any event of interest occurs, when whose store is that which is burning? and who has met with the greatest loss? Has any individual perished in the conflagration? Are there any very interesting cirmation, and to put that information into cumstances about the fire? How did it form, so that it can be printed the next occur? Was it like Chicago, where a cow That is one of the most important kicked over a spirit lamp and burned up branches of the profession, and it is paid the city? All these things the reporter has to judge about. He is the eye of the paper, and he is there to see which is the ten or fifteen dollars a day, and some who vital fact in the story, and to produce it,

THE EXCHANGE READER.

Next to the reporter, a very important him a chance, that he is set to do. There, functionary in the newspaper is the man you see, all this culture that we have been who reads the other newspapers and makes extracts from them. Mr. Greeley used to He must learn accurately the facts, and he think that it was enough to make a good must state them exactly as they are; and paper if he had an able man to read the if he can state them with a little degree of exchanges, provided he himself was there life, a little approach to eloquence, or a in person to add up the returns of the elections. The man who reads the exchanges is have to pay for it and not use it. Masses regularly. All the newspapers in the coundo anything else. He sits at his desk all cultivation, to be able to fill that position. day, and a pile of newspapers, or, say, a every morning; he starts to work and turns them over and over to see what is in them. He has to know what it is that should be taken from them and put into his paper. What is the interesting story? It requires judgment to know this; it requires knowledge and experience as well It also requires a sense of as talent. humor, because there are a great many things that are really important that may not seem so at the first glance, and the newspaper reader has got to judge about that. He must always be on hand and spend a great many hours at his desk; and he is pretty tired when he gets through with his day's task. It is a hard duty, but he has lots of amusement, and, as I said, he is very well paid. So he is happy.

THE MANUSCRIPT READER.

newspaper organization comes the man whose duty it is to receive manuscripts and examine them and prepare them for the press, to edit them, correct them; where the writer has made a little slip of right turn of the phrase; to clarify it all; to make the sentences clean. That is a hard job in the writing of a great many They interject; they put subpersons. begin and say the thing in its exact order, taking first the man and then what he did. and where he went; but they mix it up and complicate it. The editor who examines the manuscripts has got to go through all these things and straighten them out and disentangle the facts that must correct the punctuation, mark the a new idea begins. He also receives the correspondence. Letters from all over the world go into his hands. You will get a letter from Madagascar, perhaps. Ought it to be published? There is a lot of news in it, perhaps, that is of no interest in New York or in Schenectady. He has got to determine whether it is worth while to put that in or to leave it out, although you may is very costly, to collect and to bring here

a very important man; and, let me say, too, of matter are paid for in a large newspaper he is a pretty highly paid man. He has to office that are never used. So you see he read, we will say, three thousand papers is a very important functionary, and it requires a great deal of knowledge, a great try come into the office, and he does not deal of judgment, a great deal of literary

Then finally you come to the editor-incord of newspapers, is laid before him chief, and he is always a man who gets into his place by a natural process of selection. He comes there because he can do the work; and I have known some young men who had no idea that they would ever have control of a newspaper, who have risen to that place, and who have filled it with wisdom and success and force. Yet at the bottom of it all, it is always a question of character as well as of talent. A fellow that is practising arts of deception may last a little while, but he cannot last long. The man who stays is the man who has the staying power; and the staying power is not merely intellectual, it is moral. It is in the character; and people believe in him because they are sure he does not mean to say anything that is not so.

Now, every one who has written or talked about newspapers has made a great account of the matter of news, and in Next to the exchange reader in the these remarks that it has been my.opportunity to make, I have not said anything yet on that subject. News is undoubtedly a great thing in a newspaper. A newspaper without news is no newspaper. The main function of a newspaper is to rhetoric, to put the right word in or the give the news and tell you what has happened in the world, what events have occurred of all sorts, political, scientific, and nonsensical. By the way, one person that I have not mentioned is the scientific sentences in parentheses. They do not man. That is also a place that has to be filled by special cultivation. A scientific man, one who knows electricity and chemistry; one who can really understand the inventions of Edison, and who can tell what is going on in the scientific world, where so many men of genius are incessantly at work bringing out and developthe writer has twisted up; and then he ing new things: there must be a man of that sort on a newspaper. That is a deparagraphs where one idea is finished and partment of news of supreme consequence.

NEWS COLLECTING DECLINING INTO SECOND PLACE.

But the business of collecting news, which has always been regarded as of prime importance, is rather declining into a second place. It is a necessity, and it



the immense expense attendant upon it, whole world, so that the individual editor under such auspicious circumstances, sitting at his desk has only to look after has got that, he gets from the United farewell!

to Schenectady, for instance, for printing Press the news of all the rest of the world, to-morrow morning, the news of the whole and, putting them together, his report of world; from England, from Germany, from the day's history of the globe is complete. Russia, from France, from Africa, from That is an institution which has revolu-South America, from the Pacific, so that it tionized and is revolutionizing the operamay be presented to the reader who takes tions of the profession, so that instead of up the paper to-morrow, and he may have the struggle to hunt after the news, to a panorama of all the events of the pre- appreciate the importance of events that ceding day. What a wonder, what a mar- people generally do not see, and to report vel it is, that here, for one or two cents, them so that you may have in your journal you buy a history of the entire globe of something that the others have not got, the day before! It is something that is that struggle is mainly obviated by this miraculous, really, when you consider it, organization of the United Press. The All brought here to Schenectady and news of the entire world is brought to you, printed! All brought here by electricity, and the editor, the newspaper, is put back by means of the telegraph! So that the into the position which the thinker occuman who has knowledge enough to read, pied before the supreme attention to news can tell what was done in France yester- was regarded as indispensable. The ediday, or in Turkey or in Persia. That is a tors and writers of the newspapers are wonderful thing. But the very necessity now emancipated from all that drudgery, of bringing all this matter together, and and have become intellectual beings again. The work of news getting is performed have led to the formation of associations by this great and wide-reaching agency of among newspapers and to the organiza- the United Press, and the individual edition of agencies. I won't undertake to tor here in Schenectady or in Chicago or say now how much the expense is, because New Orleans has no anxiety on that sub-I do not remember it with absolute cer- ject any longer. He devotes himself to tainty; but it is an enormous sum, say per- the intellectual part of his business, and is haps three to five thousand dollars a day; able to carry that on with a nearer apbut when it is divided among the four or proach to perfection than he has ever been five or six thousand newspapers in the able to attain before. That, I think, is a United States, first divided among all the revolution that is going to make a great great cities and then among the cities of change in the profession of newspaper the second class, which pay less, and so on making, raising it to a higher dignity than until finally it is distributed all around, it has ever occupied. I look forward towhy, it costs each individual newspaper the effects of this revolution with the very little; and the system which is most greatest hope and confidence, and I think perfectly organized is the establishment in you young gentlemen who have not yet Chicago and New York, known as the embarked in the profession may be con-United Press. It supplies the news of the gratulated on being able to come into it

Gentlemen, I am greatly indebted to the news of his own locality. When he you for your kind attention, and I bid you



A GAME POSTPONED.

BY GERTRUDE SMITH,

Author of 'The Rousing of Mrs. Potter, and Other Stories."

T had been snowing for two days, and

of being built of brick. There was a daughter's love there would never be an dignity in its solidity over the usual white opportunity to gain the consent of the frame houses on the surrounding farms young lady, that well became the dignity of the judge

bred. There is the veneration for Puritan ancestry in the entirely Western soul that the Paritan mind still has for good old English blood.

Isabel Hilton was her father's housedied while she was a baby, and she had ruled the house and been ruled by her father since that time.

She had all her father's reserve and pride now the snow-ploughs were out, and of family, and at the same time his happy the first really good sleighing of the winter nature and gracious manner, that won her friends when she desired to make friends. The great fields lay in unbroken white- Those who found it impossible to win their The woods along the banks of the way into her favor, called this reserve in lowa River were billows of snow. The Isabel, her "down East airs," There was large farm-houses, and the number and a discouraging belief among the young size of the barns and other outlying build- men in the country around, some of whose ings, gave evidence of the richness of the fathers owned farms and herds of cattle soil that lay buried and resting for another large enough to divide and establish them in enviable beginnings, that if the judge Judge Hilton's house had the distinction thought any of them worthy to win his

The judge had theories against Isabel's The judge was New England born and entertaining young men alone, nor would he permit her to go with any escort but himself.

The privilege of spending the evening with Isabel, in the presence of her father, was considered a mark of distinction, and keeper and only child. The mother had held the one so honored on the wave of

> " If a fellow had the backbone to out-sit the judge some night, he might propose

to the daughter," was the comment Mr. Holderman made to his son one Clint Holderman had been one of Isabel's most persistent admirers.

"The trouble with all of you is, you go there shaking in your boots, and talk to the judge, and come away with the big head because you dared do that: but I tell you, if I was a young fellow I'd out-sit him if I sat till the break of day. It's some such pluck as that the judge is looking for, He raised her, and he knows her value; and she ain't going cheap to none of you. If you can go in ahead of the other fellows and tow her in, I'll give you ten thousand dollars and deed you a section of land.



Come, now, let's see what you're made

In some way this lordly promise got adrift the current of country gossip, and roused the admirers of Isabel, one and all, to new interest in the contest. Large stories were told of the late hours the judge kept that winter with Isabel's suit-

Clint Holderman drove over to the brick house early on the evening that he had set his mind with flint-like determination to give his father's advice the trial.

It was a cold night, and as he sped along in his new cutter, drawn by a handsome span of black horses, and well tucked in with buffalo robes, his heart was warm with hope.

He had spent many evenings of the winter playing chess with the judge, so he was sure of his welcome; but to-night he looked beyond all this. He thought of the hour when, at last, with his heart and understanding touched, the judge would bid them good night, and he should be left alone with Isabel.

There was no handsomer young man in the country than Clint Holderman; none who danced better, or who drove better horses; but more than all this, the judge had repeatedly told him that he had never known a man who played a better hand at chess.

This was an encouragement indeed; for if the judge had a weakness, it was for chess, and it would be decidedly pleasant to have a son-in-law who could be to him such a ready source of entertainment. As he drove into the yard, the judge came out on the side piazza.

your horses,'

stable as he spoke, and Clint threw him derman. Have some corn." the reins and followed the judge into the house.

"Snapping cold, but splendid sleighing," Hilton," he said, plunging his hand into the judge said, while Clint was pulling off the corn, and laughing. "That would be his overcoat in the hall.

"Yes. I believe my ears are touched," we've known each other.' Clint answered, rubbing them.

"Isabel is popping some corn. She'll

He led the way into the long sittingroom at the end of the hall.

Isabel was on her knees before an open wood fire, shaking a corn-popper.

The white kernels snapped and expanded with a pleasant sound.

The lamp had not been lit, but the firelight made the room bright and cosy.

"Isabel, here is Mr. Holderman, my dear.

She sprang up.

"I didn't hear you come in. Good even-



"Good evening," he called out. "Just ing. Come over here by the fire. Why, drive on to the barn; the man will put out it's Clint!" she said, as he came into the glow, "I thought father meant your One of the farm hands came out of the father. I never think of you as Mr. Hol-

She held the popper open before him. "I'm sure I never think of you as Miss a little too much like strangers, as long as

The judge cleared his throat.

"I have always decidedly disliked the be glad you happened over to help eat informality of country people in calling every one by their Christian names," he But I suppose it is impossible to know animated political discussion. where to draw the line."

Isabel went back and knelt before the things in order for the night.

fire again.

a custom I don't think any one feels it a mark of special intimacy, and so the custom is protected by being a custom."

chair, and was silent.

They seemed to be closing the doors against any thought he might have of ing forward with interest.

closer intimacy with the family.

The judge left the room for a moment, and came back with a lighted lamp, and placed it on the claw-legged table in the centre of the room. He had put on a long silk, and now he drew his great chair up before the fire, and stretched himself out

"Come, Clint, I will let you shake the popper for me, and I'll go down cellar and get some apples." Isabel looked at him with a merry twinkle in her eyes, as she held the handle towards him, and then ran out of the room.

Clint grasped the handle of the popper Isabel had never before given him a reason to believe that she cared for him that could compare with that look.

Daylight would find him sitting right there, but he would beat the judge's the color of that deep flame there." watch and gain the opportunity of speak-

ing to her.

partook of the popcorn, and the conversation was more than usually affable and of calling mine red." entertaining.

fireplace and crocheted on a blue wool There were pink spots burning her cheeks, and her eyes were very sweet.

on the mantel clearly and forcibly an-

nounced the hour of ten.

It had been comparatively easy this far, but now was the time when Clint usually went home.

The real contest was about to begin.

The judge shoved his chair back to the table, picked up a paper, and began to read.

From time to time he glanced over the top of his paper at the two talking before moment of triumph was at hand. the fire, but still read on.

When the clock struck eleven, he threw the paper down, pulled his chair back to followed him nervously.

"It leaves no degree in intimacy. the fire, and drew the young man into an

Isabel stirred about the room, putting

It was nearing midnight. For the last "Oh, I don't know," she said, shaking fifteen minutes the conversation had begun the popper vigorously. "As long as it is to lag.

There were cold moments of complete

silence.

m is protected by being a custom."

"Had you noticed that I had traded The young man sat awkwardly in his horses?" Clint asked in one painful

"No; have you?" Isabel asked, com-

"Yes. I've traded the grays for George Merwin's blacks. Of course there was considerable to boot. They go like the

wind in my new cutter."

"I should think they would." Isabel dressing-gown faced with crimson quilted drew a deep breath. "I do like black horses. I never cared for gray ones. always think of having to look for a redheaded girl," she laughed. "I should think you'd always be on the outlook for one when you ride behind them."

" Perhaps Mr. Holderman is looking for a red-headed girl," the judge said, with a queer look in the direction of the young "There's a superstition that a redheaded girl has a violent temper. Now, with the delight of success flooding his that isn't always true," he said, after a moment's silence, in which his thought seemed to have been far away. "Isabel's mother had as sweet a disposition as any woman that ever lived, and her hair was

Isabel was leaning on the back of her father's chair. "Why, father, you've It was a delightful evening. The judge always said my hair was almost the color of mother's. I'm sure no one would think

"I don't know about that," the judge Isabel sat on the opposite side of the laughed; "and I don't know about the temper, either," he added, reaching up and pinching her cheek.

"I never liked red hair, but I'm sure I The time passed on until the noisy clock don't believe in that sign," Clint said clumsily. He gazed fixedly into the fire, and felt as though he were turning to stone.

> The clock struck twelve with a resonant, defiant stroke, as though it understood the contest in which it held the stakes, and refused to commit itself as to whose side would win.

> At a quarter past twelve the judge stood

Clint felt his heart beating wildly.

The judge crossed to the bay window at the other end of the room. Isabel's eyes



From one side, among the geraniums shadows of their fantastic terracings. and ivy, he drew the chess-table, and sleighing never was better. pushed it before him toward the fire.

"I think it would be pleasant for us to have a game of chess," he said affably.

Clint sprang to his feet.

going home."

"Oh, must you? Well, come over again and we'll get at it earlier in the evening."

It seemed hours before Clint finally found himself out on the smooth snowbeaten road, spinning along toward home.

He would have been completely wretched in his defeat if it had not been for that look in Isabel's eyes when she handed him the corn-popper. He could endure his father's ridicule and wait his time, remembering that look.

And so he made a good story of it at breakfast the next morning, and added, elevating his voice above the roaring laugh of his father and the shrieks of his mother and sister:

"Never you mind. The judge isn't through with me yet. I've only fired my first gun. I'll own when I came out of the house I was out of shot, but I haven't given up the fight yet."

"Oh, you'll let some other bantam rooster carry her off. I guess I'm safe enough on the cash and land I promised you," his father answered with a provoking laugh.

"Don't you count on it," Clint said, springing up from the table with fire in his "I'm not downed yet, I tell you."

"All right, sonny; we'll give a big dance to celebrate your engagement, and an ovster supper. I suppose there's no rush about ordering the oysters?'

"I'll hold you to that," Clint said, bringing his fist up against the door. the thing's settled by Saturday week, we'll have the dance. If it isn't—well, it won't be. I'm going over to town after the mail."

He turned and went out of the room. As the door closed, he heard his sister say, tittering:

"Clint has about as hard a time courting Isabel as you had courting mother."

This was a warm thought of comfort to him. At least Isabel had never denied had been hardly won.

Iowa River, three miles away.

The white fields on either side sparkled in the sunlight. The great drifts, rolled up along the fences, looked blue in the

All at once Clint heard the noise of sleigh-bells, and a voice called to him: "Give me the road."

He turned and saw Isabel Hilton com-"Oh, thank you, sir. I think I must be ing toward him, driving her own bay ponies at a fearful rate.

> Clint drove quickly out at one side of the road, and she sped by him.

> He saw that her horses were running away.

> There had been no alarm in Isabel's face, though she was holding the reins with all her strength, and had looked neither to the right nor the left as she passed him. If there was one thing more than another that the Holdermans prided themselves in, it was their knowledge of a good horse and splendid horsemanship.

> Isabel Hilton's love of horses and her daring in driving them had been one of the first things that had won Clint's admiration. Her control and courage now appealed to him tremendously. His own horses seemed to have caught the spirit of the runaway pair ahead, as they flew along over the snow after them.

> Clint knew that at any moment Isabel's slight arms might lose the power to hold those tense reins so securely, and the horses dash to one side and the crash come, and there was nothing he could do. On went the cutter ahead of him, swaying to the left and the right, but still keeping the The bridge across the Iowa River was just ahead. Clint thought of the bridge with terror. If the cutter swayed to one side, as it was doing now, the crash would come on entering.

> He saw Isabel's strength tightening on the reins, and knew that she felt the danger.

> Her horses flew up the slight incline to the bridge, and Clint braced his nerves to withstand the shock. But to his amazement he saw that the horses were slowing up, and entering the bridge with all the respect of well-trained horses; and by the time they were over the frozen current below, they were walking as quietly as though they had decided on that point as the end of their excitement.

Clint entered the bridge as Isabel was him her love, and he knew that his mother leaving it. She drove out to one side of the road and waited for him to come up to It was a bright winter morning. Before her. "I'll let you go on ahead of me now, him was a clear stretch of road to the if you want to," she called out, as he stopped.

"Look here," Clint called back, you think of those horses stopping at the bridge that way, I'd like to know?

"Yes; didn't you? I knew they might

not, but I thought they would if I could keep them in the road. Didn't you think of their doing it?"

"Well, no. I had something else to think about," he answered, looking at her admiringly.

him smiling.

"I wasn't afraid as long as the road was clear, but I should have lost all courage if I had seen a team coming.'

"Talk of pluck!" Clint said, driving a little nearer to her cutter. "Isabel, what did you think of last night? What did you think of me, anyway?"

She drove out into the road ahead of him. and then looked back over her shoulder, "I thought if you had only waited half an hour longer I would have been eighteen. It is my birthday to-day. I'm of age." And with that she touched her ponies with the whip, and kept well ahead of him all the way to the village.

When they met again, it was before the fire in the sitting-room at the brick house, where they had held the hours the night before. But the contest with the judge

had lost its seriousness.

Between them he sat, imperturbable, as he had sat the night before; but to-night he was only an amusing barrier, and not a serious obstruction. Love had leaped the bounds, and was free. It triumphed in their eyes as they looked across him, and over him, smiling knowingly at each other.

"We're going to have a dance over at our house Saturday week, and an oyster supper. It is going to be a celebration of a great event in our family," Clint announced with a meaning gesture to Isabel.

"What's the event you're celebrating?" the judge asked, looking over his specta-

cles.

"Well, that's something of a secret until to-morrow. I hope I can tell you then, smiled. You must be sure and come. We're going to have a great time.'

The judge looked at Isabel. "Do you

think we can go, my dear?"

Her cheeks were rosy. "Why, yes, I should think we could, father."

"Thank you, then. We'll come," the judge said, leaning back in his chair, and looking at the ceiling. "And now would iringly. you like to play that game of chess we Isabel's face flushed, but she looked at didn't have last night?"

It was evident he had no intention of giving up the field. Clint did not answer. He was not as fearless of the judge as he had supposed. His heart throbbed

excitedly.

Isabel pressed her hands together hard and looked into the fire. The clock ticked loudly, emphasizing the silence.

Finally the judge brought his eyes from the ceiling, and looked at the young man.

"Didn't you hear what I said to you?" he asked, running his hand through his forelock and grasping the arm of his chair.

"Yes, sir, I did," said Clint respectfully.

"Well, then?"

"If you'll allow me to say it, sir, I think I've won the game already.

"What's that?"

"I believe, sir, I've won the game."

The judge glared at him for a moment, and then his eyes fell on Isabel.

He looked from one to the other.

The ticks of the clock seemed to choke each other.

"Well, my boy," he said, drawing a deep breath—the tears had started to his eyes— "I don't know but you have." He held out his hand. "I don't know but you have, my boy.'

"Thank you, sir, thank you."

Her father reached the other hand to Isabel, and stood up and drew her into his arms, then pushed her from him, and crossed the room to the door leading into

Isabel's eyes followed him lovingly.

He turned and looked back at them and

"Well, children, I'm feeling a little tired to-night," he said, "and I think, if you'll be kind enough to excuse me, I'll go to bed."

He went out and shut the door.

TAMMANY.

EARLY SPOILSMEN, AND THE REIGN OF THE PLUG-UGLIES.

By E. I. EDWARDS.

With portraits and other illustrations.

The Public Offices Become Tammany Spoils.—Birth of the Campaign Fund and of the Lobby.—An Early Tammany Official a Defaulter for upwards of a Million.-Riot between Rival Police Forces.-Marshal Rynders and his High-handed Rule.

Secretary of State, Martin Van Buren, of politics, and the levers by which per-

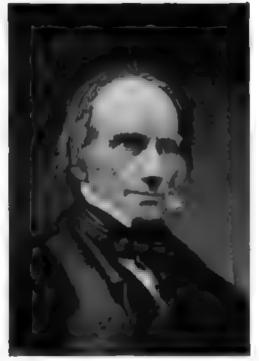
This influence caused the President to depart from the policy which he had in his letter of 1824 declared to be the just and patriotic method of appointment to public office. It also led to his opposition to the Bank of the United States. Up to lackson's first administration the Federal appointments on the whole were based upon merit, although the important administrative offices were necessarily filled by men in sympathy with the national Administration. John Quincy Adams. for instance, refused to remove the collector at the port of New York, although

urged to do so for the reason that this officer supported Jack- seems to have been sufficient to bring a

magistracy, it soon became apparent that son's administration. Colonel Benton he proposed in the administration of the "The crowds which congregate as

PRESIDENT JACKSON, before many patronage to adopt the custom which had months of his first administration for some ten or twelve years been followed had passed, made it clear that in two im- in New York State and City. There the portant matters he was influenced by his offices were looked upon as the perquisites

> sonal ambition and party success could be attained. where else in the Union was this view adopted, excepting possibly in Virginia, where the association of politicians then called the " Richmond Junta " parcelled out the patronage with a view to partisan supremacy. That President lackson proposed to follow the same plan was indicated even before his inauguration. The Washington"Telegraph." a few days before the presidential election of 1828, said: "We take it for granted that General Jackson will reward his friends and punish his enemies." That mere announcement



HENRY CLAY.

son in 1824 against Adams. The Presi- great crowd of office-seekers, and for the dent declared that, so long as the officer first time, to Washington, as soon as Jackwas faithful in his service, it made no son was inaugurated, and what Colonel difference what his personal preferences Benton wrote thirty years afterwards in his recollections of public life was espe-After Jackson's advent to the chief cially true of the early days of Jackcapital with every change of administra- tending for victory, they avow their intention, as suppliants for office, are humiliat- tion of enjoying the fruits of it. If they ing, and threaten to change the contest of fail, they will not murmur. If they win, the parties from a contest for principle they expect to reap all the advantages, into a struggle for plunder."

scenes which Colonel Benton calls humiliating, was due directly to the New York inexpectation of further aid. In New York the later Tammany. City, the "Bucktails," or "Anti-Clintonians," names which characterized different elements all associated with Tammany Hall, received every one of the Federal offices. The Secretary of State, Mr. Van Buren, who was the warm friend of and associate with Tammany, and his subordinates controlled this patronage. Speedily this new policy caused much criticism, and it became necessary to defend the New as the Federal Senate.

TESTIMONY AGAINST VAN BUREN.

Upon the break-up of President Jackson's first cabinet, Van Buren was nominated for minister to the court of St. James. The Senate declined to confirm the nomination; but no sooner had the Senate finally oppose the bank. Buren on to his post. This action when be scrambled for by partisans; a system," had brought from the State in which he formerly lived, and had for so long a time practised a part in its political transactions." This was a direct charge that for adopting the "spoils" system into national politics, which it is the bad distinction of the Jackson administration to have accomplished, chief credit was due to Mr. Van Buren, an associate of Tammany, and that he had therein but expanded a system long practised by him and other New York poli-

Senator Marcy, a man long associated with Tammany, replied to Clay. But his reply was little more than a frank admission "It may be that the politicians of New York," said he, "are not so fastidious as some gentlemen are. They boldly preach

They see nothing wrong in the rule, that The practice then begun, leading to to the victors belong the spoils of the enemy.'

The policy thus boldly avowed and defluence. The public offices were awarded fended, was from that time steadfastly by the President as rewards for services maintained, and the influences flowing from done in the campaign of 1828, and in the it are in no small measure responsible for

As for Tammany's association with the Jackson administration in the war on the United States Bank, William H. Seward, writing long afterwards, said: "The existing institution [the Bank of the United States was obnoxious to the State banks [in New York City], which desired to secure for themselves the pecuniary profits derived by the Bank of the United States from deposits, transfers, and management of the York system, even in so important a place public funds. The Republicans [Democrats of New York, under the lead of Mr. Van Buren, encouraged President Jackson in his premature demonstration against the bank, and thus raised a party issue for the approaching presidential election." Thurlow Weed, in his "Memoirs," makes the charge yet more directly, declaring that Van Buren persuaded President Jackson to And once, in conversaadjourned, than the President sent Van tion with the late August Belmont, Mr. Weed said that the New York City bankers, the Senate met again was the subject of at least those of them who were associated warm debate, and Henry Clay in speaking with the "Bucktails," or Tammany men, of it took occasion to denounce "the per- were the first to suggest to Van Buren nicious system of party politics adopted that it would be a good thing if the Bank by the present Administration, by which of the United States were refused a new the honors and the offices were put up to charter. That President Jackson's attitude was enthusiastically indorsed by Tamhe said, "which the minister to London many, is indicated by the fact that the organization sent to Albany almost the full delegation of members of the legislature from New York City, and that these members secured the passage of a resolution indorsing the President's policy, and afterwards, in caucus, nominated Jackson to the presidency for a second term.

THE BEGINNING OF THE LOBBY.

In an earlier article, mention was made of the fact that Aaron Burr, then a Tammany leader, procured a charter for a State bank in a questionable way. This bank proved so profitable that capital was attracted largely to the banking business. Other charters were obtained, and there was always suspicion as to the means by which what they practise. When they are con- they were secured. April 19, 1832, William

H. Seward, at that time a member of the State Senate, wrote from Albany; "The Tammany in the legislature and the higher lobby are becoming corrupt and impudent, elective offices were men of standing. It Yesterday, after I had made up my mind to vote for the Leather Manufacturers' mg me to vote for it because it would be Roosevelt, and Charles P. Clinch. Of to the interest of the writer. I threw the these the last is perhaps the best known letter into the fire, and told Mr. Tracey to this generation. He served for many that I was almost disposed to vote against years as Deputy Collector of the Port,

On the whole, the representatives of sent, for instance, to the legislature, between 1835 and 1840, such men as A. C. Bank charter, I received a letter request- Wheeler, Prosper M. Wetmore, James T. the bank. The bill passed. To-day the was an author of some reputation, and the



THE PIRST TAXIMADA HALL AS PIRST RESULT—THE PRESENT

gentleman appeared and told me that any intimate friend of Fitz-Greene Halleck, J. amount of stock I wanted in the bank I could have at ten per cent. He said he could not offer it before the Bank Bill passed. I told him I wanted no stock in his bank." In the winter of 1880, Mr. A. D. Barbour, who had been familiar with legislative matters for more than forty years, speaking of the lobby, said that it spect to the United States Bank caused him began when the "Bucktails," or Tammany to sever his association with the Jackson men, got into the habit of sending men up men. Others began to organize into opto the capital to try to influence legislators, position. They called themselves Conand that that was as much as fifty years servatives, and at the charter election in before the time when he was speaking.

Rodman Drake, and Washington Irving.

Perhaps the most prominent of the Tammany men of that time was Nathaniel P. Tallmadge. He had been elected to the United States Senate, having the favor both of Tammany and the Albany Regency. The policy of President Jackson with re-New York City, in 1834, the opposition took

party in national politics.

THE GLENTWORTH CASE.

The political tactics of the "Loco-focos," as the Tammany Democrats were now called—a name that soon afterwards extended to Democrats throughout the Eastern and Middle States—is illustrated by what is known in history as the Glentworth A few weeks before the presidential election of 1840, a man of the name of Glentworth was arrested on the charge, made by the Loco-foco politicians, of having been hired by R. M. Blatchford, Moses H. Grinnell, Simeon E. Draper, and James Bowen, to import illegal voters from Philadelphia. He was taken before a Tammany recorder, Robert H. Morris, and a Tammany justice, Matsell. The city rang with the story, says W. H. Seward, in his "Memoirs." "Handbills were sent out; the newspapers were full of the sensation. It was charged that Governor Seward had fled." The citizens named in the accusation were among the most prominent merchants and lawyers of New York. Mr. Grinnell was perhaps the ablest shipping merchant New York has ever had. His name is perpetuated in that of a land discovered by an explorer whom Mr. Grinnell had aided to equip his expedition. Simeon E. Draper was afterwards Collector of the Port; and R. M. Blatchford was the father of the late Justice Blatchford of the Supreme Court. In an investigation by the grand jury, it was shown that Glentworth, who had formerly lived in Philadelphia, had informed the persons named in the accusation that Loco-foco politicians had arranged to bring a large number of men from Philadelphia to cast illegal votes. Glentworth declared that he could prevent it, and he was furnished with money by these persons to do Grinnell, Blatchford, and the others, paid the money, not to bring fraudulent support of the Loco-foco ticket.

and tendered him the nomination for Con-prise, however.

the name of Whigs, and was the nucleus of offered him money and the Consulate of what six years later became the triumphant Havre, if he would implicate the Whigs in this plot. In 1841 he was accused again, and was indicted; but on the trial the jury disagreed.

> Among Glentworth's papers, which were seized in course of the investigation, was found a letter, in which it was said that the men who were to be imported into New York as repeaters, were to represent that they had been employed to lay pipes upon the new Croton aqueduct. This was speedily seized by the political writers of the day, and "pipe-laying" became the convenient term, as it still remains, to desig-

nate self-seeking political intrigue.

In 1838, when Nathaniel P. Tallmadge had withdrawn from the Jackson party because he disagreed with it on the United States Bank question, the Whigs, as a matter of policy, made him their candidate for the United States Senate. The Whigs had a majority in the Assembly large enough to overcome the Loco-foco majority in the Senate. To prevent Tallmadge's election the Tammany men and their friends in the Senate decided to support no candidate. For a time they scattered their votes, and then refrained from voting at all. Senate thus failed to choose a United States Senator, and, as the law then was, there could be, under such circumstances, no joint ballot. For nearly two years New York had but one representative in the United States Senate.

There sprang up within Tammany during the bank controversy a faction which called itself the "Equal Rights party." This element opposed all banks, all paper money, . and began the agitation for the use of coin, and nothing else, as the money of the country, which was continued for years. The principle was accepted by many **Demo**crats, and is the main reason for the tradition that the Democratic party is a hard money party. In 1835 this Equal Rights faction made a very earnest attempt to upon examination, stated that they had become predominant in Tammany. It was as earnestly opposed. Finally the contest voters to support the Whig ticket, but to was brought to an issue at a caucus held prevent the importation of them for the in Tammany Hall, which proved a most violent and noisy demonstration. The grand jury, instead of holding the confusion was at its height, the great Glentworth, censured the recorder. Pub- crowd found itself in darkness. Some of lic sentiment was roused to such a pitch those who opposed the Equal Rights facthat a procession of more than fifteen thou- tion had put out the gas. The Equal sand men marched to Mr. Grinnell's house Rights men were not taken wholly by sur-Immediately there apgress. He accepted it, and was elected, peared a multitude of flickering flames from running far ahead of his ticket. Glent- a hundred candles which the Equal Rights worth made oath that the Loco-focos had party had brought with them, and were

now lighting with "Loco-foco matches." ways and canals were being planned and Within twenty-four hours the name Loco- developed. The era of travel began, and foco was applied to Tammany, irrespective capital was so abundant that immense of its factions, and the word passed from quantities of it were furnished for specumouth to mouth, so that within a month it lative enterprise all over the United States. was very rarely that any one heard the or- This abundant capital was provided by ganization called by any other name.

VAN BUREN'S ELECTION AND THE FINANCIAL PANIC OF 1837.

The policy respecting the patronage which Mr. Van Buren had persuaded Jackson to adopt, also served Van Buren's that body not to increase banks and ambition well. He was personally not a banking capital further, because, as he man of wide popularity. Even in New said, this would be "aiding an unregu-

York State it is very doubtful whether. without the aid of Federal and State patronage, and the powerful purpose of President Jackson to force his nomination, he could have commanded the New York delegation to the convention which nominated him. Those delegates were appointed by a convention controlled by Federal and State office-holders. that convention forty-eight officeholders, or a controlling number, took part, and twenty of these were postmasters. Of the delegation then

holders.

since no earnest opposition had been developed into a national party, was neverthreshold of his administration by embartowns in later years did not match. Rail- great. The President was told that twenty

banks which, with the certainty that the Bank of the United States would expire by limitation in 1836, had sprung up in such numbers as to alarm true financiers. Governor Marcy himself was forced to warn against this impulse, and in a message to the legislature in 1835, he urged

lated spirit of speculation." No heed was paid to this remonstrance. Immigration itself received a mighty impetus at this time, and during Van Buren's administration it was still further quickened by the successful experiment of ocean steam navigation. To this day there are traditions of the scenes of excitement and enthusiasm at a Tammany celebration in honor of the arrival in New York harbor of the steamship "Great Western." This, though, was in 1838.

In February, 1837. however, there came



WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

appointed, more than one-third were office- ominous portents of financial distress, Even a month before Mr. Van Buren's But Mr. Van Buren, winning the nomina- inauguration, money commanded four and tion, and gaining the election with ease, five per cent. Failures in the cotton and sugar trade in New York City were reported. A month after Van Buren entered theless to be confronted almost at the the White House, two hundred and fifty business houses in New York stopped payrassments which he never overcame. The ment. A run on the banks began, A comyear of 1836, or the presidential year, was mittee of New York merchants hastened to a season of magnificent speculation. The Washington and appealed to Van Buren city of New York had never enjoyed such a to summon Congress into extraordinary time of activity in trade, and in all channels. session. This committee asserted that The increase in public and private build- real estate in New York had been depreciing was enormous, and the city was found ated in six months by so much as forty to be growing with a rapidity which even million dollars, and that stocks had fallen the magic-like development of Western in price in the aggregate by a sum fully as

thousand men were out of employment, to Jackson by Van Buren, of distributing would make the government independent a time, be fatal to the party. of any banks, either State or National, dent found that his party in Congress could not be controlled. His adminishouse; and the only aid Congress gave treasury notes.

Of course such a financial convulsion as this had immediate effect upon the party which Mr. Van Buren represented. The signs of disintegration were alarming. The cry throughout the country was that New York methods and New York politics had brought about this unhappy condition. The Whigs, and especially those in New York, gained recruits every day. Tammany itself was demoralized, since many of its ablest and most respected men were leaving it.

PECULATIONS BY EARLY TAMMANY OFFICE-HOLDERS.

In 1837 there came the revelation that two Federal office-holders, both Tammany men and ardent politicians, were defaulters. The disclosure was made just at a moment when the panic and excitement entailed by the widespread financial disasters of the time were at their height. The offenders were Samuel Swartwout, Collector of the Port of New York, and William M. Price. the United States District Attorney for the Southern District of New York. A committee of Congress made as thorough an investigation as was possible, but its work was made difficult because Swartwout and Price had both fled to Europe. The report showed that Swartwout had embezzled one million two hundred thousand dollars, and Price as much as seventy-five thousand dollars. It was the first conspicuous scandal of a pecuniary kind in which Federal office-holders were involved. Charges were made that it was the inevitable result of the practice which began with Jackson's administration, and which had been taught

All the banks suspended specie payment the offices as political rewards. As both in May, and the Federal Government it- Swartwout and Price were Tammany apself was practically bankrupt. The ad- pointees, Tammany politicians, named for ministration both of Jackson and Van office by President Jackson because they Buren had announced in effect that the had Tammany indorsement, of course the government would receive and pay only revelations brought shame to that organiin specie, but it had no specie to pay with, zation. Mr. Van Buren was humiliated, since all that it possessed was in the vaults, and he was frank enough to confess that of the suspended banks. Mr. Van Buren this scandal, going hand in hand with the later summoned Congress into extra ses- financial convulsions, would be likely to sion, and he asked for legislation which create opposition which might, at least for

It is anticipating a little, but I will men-To his amazement and chagrin the Presi-tion here another defalcation, which was exposed some years later. Isaac V. Fowler, a Tammany sachem, and one of the tration could command support in neither most influential politicians of that organization, was appointed by President Pierce him, was the right to issue ten millions in Postmaster of New York. He received his office as a reward for his political service, and with the expectation that he would use it to aid the party. After Buchanan was nominated for the Presidency. Mr. Fowler was visited by certain Pennsylvania politicians, and solicited for a large subscription to the campaign in that State. The custom had prevailed for some years, among politicians in other parts of the country, of seeking large money contributions for campaign purposes from the rich men and politicians of New York. Patronage in New York City had so greatly extended, and the emoluments were so large, that it was easy to raise a considerable sum by assessments upon the office-holders. The Pennsylvania



GOVERNOR MARCY.



ISAAC V, FOWLER.

politicians told Mr. Fowler that they needed as much as two hundred and fifty thousand dollars to carry Pennsylvania for Buchanan.

"But I have not so much money as that, and don't know how I can raise it," Mr. Fowler replied.

They told him that he must raise it, and their pleadings were too urgent for him to resist. He proposed to them that he would advance the money from Post Office funds in his control, if they would agree to make the sum good after the election. Of course they made the promise, and of course it was never fulfilled.

Some years later, Mr. August Belmont, who at one time was chairman of the National Democratic Committee, in speaking of the Fowler defalcation to General Thomas L. James, then Postmaster-General, told him that the Post Office Department in Washington discovered the defalcation soon after Buchanan's inauguration, but that political influences in New York and Pennsylvania were strong enough to protect Mr. Fowler, chief among them being the influence of certain prominent Tammany men. Later, however, in 1860, Mr. Fowler came to grief. He was faithful to his Tammany associations, and Tammany favored the nomination of Stephen A. Douglas for the Presidency. The Post Office Department was controlled in the interest of John C. Breckenridge, and when Mr. Fowler declined to use the New York Post Office to aid the

Breckenridge party, the Post Office Department exposed him as a defaulter. He fled to Mexico, and his bondsmen were called upon to make good the loss. Then it was discovered that, after his re-appointment by President Buchanan, he had failed to renew his official bond. The Government, therefore, was unable to recover a penny. During the excitement of the civil war, the Government was persuaded to dismiss the prosecution, and Fowler returned to the United States, the Government still recovering not a dollar.

MARSHAL RYNDERS AND THE EMPIRE CLUB.

How well Tammany men had learned by this time to stand together, was rather amusingly revealed at the time of the exposure of Fowler's crime. The warrant for his arrest was given to United States Marshal Rynders, the potent leader of the turbulent and lawless element which had now grown strong in Tammany Hall. Rynders went to the New York Hotel, where Fowler lived, and entering the lobby at a time when he knew Fowler would be there, he shouted in a loud voice, "I am United States Marshal Rynders, and I have a warrant for the arrest of Postmaster Isaac V. Fowler." Every eye in that lobby, excepting Rynders's, was fixed on Fowler, who was chatting with a friend. Fowler turned, walked to the rear of the hotel, went to the street by a back



JOHN MORRESSE

office, reporting that Fowler could not be Custom House."

was accounted a man of great courage; he had some political skill of the smaller kind; and he became the idol of the Empire Club, which he organized, and which was closely allied with Tammany. Most of the members of the Empire Club were mere rowdies, some of them of the sort named "Bowery Plug-Uglies," a peculiar type, whose haunts were the saloons (very hot-beds of politics); who lived to fight, and run to fires, and train immigrants to political activity, and who commanded the approaches to the polls upon election day. It was the Empire Club, indeed, which taught the political value of the newly arrived foreigner. Its members approached the immigrants at the piers on the arrival of every steamship or packet; conducted them into congenial districts; found them employment in the city works, or perhaps helped them to set up in business as keepers of grog-shops. The effect of these attentions was speedily apparent, and the person who, a few months before, had seemed the meekest of aliens became the most enthusiastic of politicians, believing that success was the criterion in politics, and that anything was justifiable to win it.

EARLY ELECTION FRAUDS.

Fraudulent naturalization on a scale theretofore undreamed of is said to have been practised by the Empire Club under Rynders's leadership, in the presidential campaign of '44. Thousands of immigrants were rushed through the courts, and naturalization papers issued to men in no wise entitled to them, men, often, who had been in the country but a few months. Nathan Sargent, writing of this time, says: "The course pursued by the Free-Soilers [in the nomination of James G. Birney for the Presidency] was one of the causes of Mr. Polk's obtaining the vote of New York But there was one other cause which I can never forget—the frauds perpetrated by the Empire Club, managed by one not less celebrated in his day than William M. Tweed has been since—the That these notorious Isaiah M. Rynders. frauds were tremendous is now well known, as it is that this Rynders was a fit instru-

shal returned to the District Attorney's pointed to an important office in the

Daniel Webster said in a public address Rynders came from the South, and but soon after the election: "But why should little is known of his early history. He New York go against us? I approach the subject at once, for it is useless to keep it back, and I say that, in my mind, there is a great necessity for a thorough reformation of the naturalization laws." Sargent, commenting upon Webster's speech, says: "Webster's allusion to the fraudulent votes given in the city of New York by foreigners, large numbers of whom had received dishonest naturalization papers just previous to election day, and most if not all of whom had voted early and often, was fully understood."

Roscoe Conkling once said, chatting with a group of friends, that Governor Seward had told him that the Tammany frauds committed by the Empire Club in New York City in 1844 unquestionably gave Polk the meagre majority of five thousand which he obtained in New York State, and by which he was brought to the Presidency.

Tammany politics as employed in organization, in the making of voters, in the controlling of districts, and the direction of the machinery of elections, developed, from 1840 to the outbreak of the civil war, as picturesque and peculiar conditions as ever existed in a mining camp of the West. Had there lived then in New York some one who painted with the pen of Bret Harte, we should have had pictures as highly colored and as weird as any that Harte ever painted of the California camps. and pictures, too, of men who were making and unmaking administrations, and by their votes, honest and dishonest, were exerting a mighty influence upon the political life of the nation. Strange associations were organized, sometimes affiliated with Tammany as its servants, sometimes in factional quarrel against it. In these associations John Kelly, William M. Tweed, Richard Croker (then a mere lad), Daniel E. Sickles, Fernando Wood, and other men who afterwards gained national prominence, were taught their first lesson in polities. If there is any censure to be passed for these conditions, it should attach especially to the men of intelligence and high personal character who tolerated, and in fact encouraged such things, because by their aid strength was given to the national party of Tammany.

The "Dead Rabbits" of the Bowery, the ment with which to perpetrate them, and Empire Club, the Apollo Hall Association. that he was paid therefor by being ap- and the various volunteer fire companies



FERNANDO WOOD.

were political organizations, whose members lived to fight, to pack caucuses, to run in voters, and to make them as well. Important among these associations was a fire company organized in the sixth ward, which was then the very heart of the city. They called their company "Big Six," and it was among them that William M. Tweed, a young chairmaker, gained his first influence, and learned politics. He had the qualities of leadership essential to the command of such rough company, and he was speedily promoted, until at last he became chief of "Big Six," and grew into more than local repute. He organized his district so that it delivered a certain, agreed-on Tammany majority upon election day. But the Great Captain in this strange epoch was always Marshal Rynders. His name inspired terror in the hearts of all reputable citizens. His followers violently broke up the meetings of the opposition party. On one occasion they went to the Tabernacle where Wendell Phillips was to speak, with the intention of mobbing him,

"MIKE" WALSH AND HIS WAR ON TAMMANY,

But they raised up enemies of their own kind. One rough fellow there was, a man of great force and courage, a natural orator, who steadily opposed Tammany, although always a Democrat. He was "Mike" Walsh, the founder of the "Subterranean Club," which was the persistent and often the bloody foe of the Empire Club of Rynders, Walsh himself was a slender man, an inch or two above medium height, and did not suggest in his physical appearance his great strength, He was the bitterest foe in the Democratic party that Tammany had ever met. He was a warm friend of John Morrissey, and it was at Walsh's suggestion that Morrissey turned from prize-fighting to politics-so prosperous a transfer of his abilities that he was sent for one term to Congress, and afterwards was maintained for a number of years as a member of the State Senate. Walsh, as a public speaker, was esteemed a fair rival of Daniel E. Sickles, whom Tammany sent to Congress, and of Fernando Wood, who was elected mayor by Tammany in 1854, though during his term of office he quarrelled with the organization.

We may surely take Walsh's word for



THE FIRST TANMANY HALL-PRANKFORT-STREET SIDE.

hang a hat upon." And he meant by that called the municipal police, for Congress in 1854; John Kelly, after- it occurred. wards the famous leader of Tammany him. The contest was very close. There "municipal" policemen, declared that the ballot-box had either through the crowd in the hall I saw a man been stuffed, or votes which belonged to him had not been counted. A year or two later he was confirmed in this assertion by the statement of one of the inspectors, who admitted that he had put himself in danger of State's prison because of what he had done with that ballot-box,

Fernando Wood, a man of iron will, great political cunning, and absorbing ambition, a man, too, of some cultivation and very attractive manners and speech, was chosen as the Tammany mayor in the election of 1854. During his administration he quarrelled with some of the Tammany leaders, and he was reflected as the candidate of a democratic faction called the Apollo Hall party, which was opposed to Tammany. The quarrel was one of those periodical splits of which the history of Tammany shows so many,

TWO BODIES OF POLICE FIGHTING FOR SUPREMACY.

To cripple Wood, and to take the police department from under those malign in-

the condition of political morals in his day. fluences which even then had sway in it. He knew, if any one did. Standing before the legislature (then Republican) created a a great crowd of Democrats in Knicker- new police system called the metropolitan bocker Hall, a few years before the war, police. Its jurisdiction covered not only he said, "I tell you now, and I say it New York City, but Brooklyn, and some of boldly, that in this body politic of New the other suburbs. Mayor Wood ignored York, there is not political or personal the legislature, and kept his own police honesty enough left to drive a nail into to force in uniform and on duty. It was The chief remark to characterize the condition which was George W. Matsell, a warm friend of Tammany politics had created. Walsh it Wood's and a devoted Tammany man. was who first publicly charged that there Matsell furnished the mayor with a suf-. was corruption of the ballot-box after the ficient force of municipal police, and Mr. votes had been delivered. He was named Wood intrenched himself in the City Hall, as a Democratic Anti-Tammany candidate. A collision was inevitable, and on June 16

Mr. Wood had under his control, in and Hall, being the Tammany candidate against about the City Hall, some eight hundred The commiswas rioting and fighting throughout the sioner appointed by the legislature, Mr. district. Walsh was everywhere, fearing Gardner, sent fifty "metropolitan" policeno danger, but he was always surrounded men to disperse the illegal force, and by groups of his faithful club members, assume authority in and about the hall, who would have died for him had he been. As many as ten thousand persons, most of attacked. When the polls closed, the vote them bent upon violence, were assembled in was known to be very close, and as the City Hall Park and the adjacent streets, counting of the ballots went on it became. An eye-witness, describing the scene, said, manifest that the result would not be de- in the New York "Tribune" of June 17: cided until the ballots in the last box "About two o'clock, having business with were counted. But that box was found to Judge French, whose office is in the City have been stolen. It was kept hidden for Hall, I proceeded to that place. I observed more than three days; then it was pro- a great number of policemen in the halls duced, and the count gave Kelly a major- and upon the steps and around the park, ity of fourteen. Walsh denounced this whose appearance was more that of a mob result as a corruptly procured one, and than of law-abiding citizens. As I passed



GENERAL SICKLES.

